

“Loud let the trumpet sound” (Pisgah Tune)

Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Thomas Jarman, Northants (1776-1861)

Loud let the tune-ful trum-pet sound, And spread - the joy- - - ful
The rich in- he- ri- tance of heav'n, Your joy - your hope, - - is
 O hap- py souls who know the sound, Ce- le- stial light their

7

ti- dings round; Let e- v'ry soul with tran- sport hear, Let e- v'ry
free- ly giv'n; Fair Sa- lem you ar- ri- lee val waits, Fair Sa- lem
 steps sur- round, And show the Ju- bi- lee be- gun, And show the

14

soul with tran- sport hear, And hail the Lord's - ac- cep- ted
you ar- ri- lee val waits, With gol- den streets - and pear- ly
 ju- bi- lee be- gun, Which thro' e- ter- nal years shall

hear, *Fair Sa- lem* soul with tran- sport hear, And hail the Lord's ac- cep- ted
gives, you ju- bi- lee val waits, With gol- den streets and pear- ly
 gun, And show the

tran- sport hear, And hail the Lord's - ac- cep- - - ted
ri- lee val waits, With gol- den streets - and pear- - - ly
 lee be- gun, Which thro' e- ter- - - - shall

Let e- v'ry soul with tran- sport hear, And hail the Lord's ac- cep- ted
Fair Sa- lem you ar- ri- lee val waits, With gol- den streets and pear- ly
 And show the ju- bi- lee be- gun, Which thro' e- ter- nal years shall

Pisgah pg 2

20

year, gates, run, And With Which hail golthro' the den e- Lord's streets ter- ac- and nal cep- pear-years ted ly shall year. gates. run.

year, gates, run, And With Which hail golthro' the den e- Lord's streets ter- ac- and nal cep- pear-years ted ly shall year. gates. run.

year, gates, run, And With Which hail golthro' the den e- Lord's streets ter- ac- and nal cep- pear-years ted ly shall year. gates. run.

year, gates, run, And With Which hail golthro' the den e- Lord's streets ter- ac- and nal cep- pear-years ted ly shall year. gates. run.

(1)

Loud let the trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

(2)

Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

(3)

Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

(4)

The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your hope is freely given;
Fair Salem you arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

(5)

Her blessed inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
Their joys still rise with the debt.

(6)

O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show the jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.