

153. THE TRUMPETS WERE BLOWING THIS MORNING AGAIN

(I Chronicles 13:8)

Arranged by Eugene F. Amormino

Words and Music by Arlene L. Buffington

1. A song in the desert, A song in the air, It's calling, in-
2. The trumpets proclaim it's a new day at last, They play right on
3. The mountains are singing, the hills join the song, The valleys of
4. The music keeps playing, the children they run, Right in to the

vit - ing God's chil - dren to — share The lat - ter day glo - ry we
o - ver the days of the — past No sad songs of sor - row, Nor
Zi - on they all sing a - long The band, it is play - ing, the
king - dom of God's on - ly — Son His throne here a - waits Him, His

see com - ing — in The trum - pets were blow - ing this morn - ing a -
an - y of — sin The trum - pets were blow - ing this morn - ing a -
day march - es — in The trum - pets were blow - ing this morn - ing a -
reign to be - gin The trum - pets were blow - ing this morn - ing a -

gain. Oh, the trum - pets, they were blow - ing this morn - ing a - gain. _____
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