Hear Ye Not The Trumpet Blast?

Words by Palmer Hartsough
Music by J. H. Fillmore

1. Hear ye not the trumpet blast, Ye young men of our land?
2. Hear ye not the call of right Along the length’ning line?
3. Hear ye not the note sublime Along the ages borne?

See, the hosts are gath’ring fast— A great and valiant band.
High your names in letters bright On honor’s roll shall shine.
See ye not the glorious time, The bright, auspicious morn?

Chorus

Young men, young men, Muster for the good and true;

Come forth while now the foe Stands bold in view;

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Come forth, your colors show, Christ calls for you.