

# Over The Rhine, The Trumpet Child

The trumpet child will blow his horn  
Will blast the sky till it's reborn  
With Gabriel's power and Satchmo's grace  
He will surprise the human race

The trumpet he will use to blow  
Is being fashioned out of fire  
The mouthpiece is a glowing coal  
The bell a burst of wild desire

The trumpet child will riff on love  
Thelonious notes from up above  
He'll improvise a kingdom come  
Accompanied by a different drum

The trumpet child will banquet here  
Until the lost are truly found  
A thousand days, a thousand years  
Nobody knows for sure how long

The rich forget about their gold  
The meek and mild are strangely bold  
The lion lies beside the lamb  
And licks a murderer's outstretched hand

The trumpet child will lift a glass  
His bride now leaning in at last  
His final aim to fill with joy  
The earth that man all but destroyed