

# The Trumpet Child

## Over the Rhine

The trumpet child will blow his horn  
Will blast the sky till its reborn  
With Gabriels power and Satchmos grace  
He will surprise the human raceThe trumpet he will use to blow  
Is being fashioned out of fire  
The mouthpiece is a glowing coal  
The bell a burst of wild desireThe trumpet child will riff on love  
Thelonious notes from up above  
Hell improvise a kingdom come  
Accompanied by a different drumThe trumpet child will banquet here  
Until the lost are truly found  
A thousand days, a thousand years  
Nobody knows for sure how longThe rich forget about their gold  
The meek and mild are strangely bold  
A lion lies beside a lamb  
And licks a murderers outstretched handThe 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

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