

Th' obedient clouds their masses part ;
Behold the final Judge displayed !
Now coming through His chamber door,
In endless pomp and glory clad.

The rainy-bow His head surrounds,
Like the vale's flood His sounding voice ;
His eyes look as the lightning quick,
When thro' the clouds it shoots with noise.

The king of day his sceptre yields,
Lost in the glory of that blaze ;
His dazzling light is quickly quenched,
Before the great Light-giver's face.

A mourning garment shrouds his globe ;
The moon seems as if girt with blood ;
The powers sidereal trembling shake,
Loos'd from the stations where they stood.

As fruit on trees in times of storm,
They flutter in the frightful skies ;
Descending like the thickening rain—
Their glory like to dead men's eyes.

On a fire-chariot He'll sit down,
And round Him thunder's roar shall send,
Its awful voice to heaven's extreme ;
The clouds tempestuously to rend.

Forth from His chariot wheels shall come,
On fire of wrath, a flaming stream ;
And it shall spread out on all sides,
Enveloping the world in flame.

As wax is melted down by fire,
The elements shall melted be ;
The hills and mountains upward blaze,
And furious boil the raging sea.