

men,
at last must die ;
e again,
e is nigh.

at last trump,
ountains shake ;
ll leap to life,
h terror quake.

l gale,
shall rend ;
it moves,
upward send.

ed far apart,
ome apace ;
armies reign,
proper place.

ted dome,
pirits wing ;
ies raised,
bliss to sing.

eads they raise,
v has come ;
our shines,
bloom.

souls :
k has wrought ;
hteousness,
spot.

oe,
m the tomb ;
hell their souls,
ng come.

Then will the spirit wailing tell,
Its wretched, beastly, dreadful cage :
" Alas ! why hast thou risen up,
To make our torments two-fold rage ?"

" O must thy horrid jail of filth,
Once more confine this weary soul ?
Alas ! why did I e'er with thee,
In pleasure's fatal courses roll ?"

" O can I ever with thee part ?
Or ever, ever, shalt thou die ?
Can fire consume thine iron bones ?
Or God's great wrath thy flesh destroy ?"

Behold earth's kings, and great men rise ;
No power or sceptre now they have ;
Unknown among the gathered host,
From him they kept their abject slave.

The hell bred tribe of pride who spurned,
To do Jehovah's spoken will,
Behold, upon their bended knees,
Their prayers arising to each hill.

" O circling rocks upon us fall,
With crushing shower of solid stone ;
Destroy us from the land of life,
Hide from Jehovah's wrathful son !"

From Tophet's den the Prince of sin,
And his black angels, pour their throng ;
Hard is his fate, but he must come,
His fetters chanting dismal song.

The heavens assume a crimson hue,
As when the sun foreshows his rise ;
His herald, who, with dreadful day,
Comes radiant through the blushing skies.