

O all ye varied tribes of men,
Your cherished home at last must die ;
Rise sleeping dead to life again,
For now the final Judge is nigh.

The dreadful sound of that last trump,
Shall rock these seas, the mountains shake ;
Earth's sleeping dead shall leap to life,
And those who live with terror quake.

With his tempestuous oral gale,
This world he furiously shall rend ;
And as the ant hill, when it moves,
The grave its dead will upward send.

Then bones on earth, placed far apart,
At His command shall come apace ;
And tumult through their armies reign,
While each one finds its proper place.

Behold from heaven's exalted dome,
To many a tomb bright spirits wing ;
To meet their precious bodies raised,
From their long sleep, in bliss to sing.

With heavenly joy their heads they raise,
Their day of freedom now has come ;
And in their souls their Saviour shines,
As does a fruit tree in its bloom.

Internal beauties deck their souls :
The Holy Ghost the work has wrought ;
Without Christ's robe of righteousness,
In all its glory shows no spot.

See next a horrid reptile tribe,
Roused in black terror from the tomb ;
While, in thick hosts, from hell their souls,
To give them awful meeting come.