

Then condemnation is thy due,
The angel straight replied ;
For when he stretched his hand to you,
You basely turned aside.

No other way can I reveal
By which thou canst be spared ;
The sentence God will not repeal,
No prayer will now be heard.

Did all the angels round the throne,
Conspire to save the soul ;
And all their strength unite in one,
God could their power control.

Just as he uttered this last word,
An angel from on high
Proclaimed, your presence is required ;
Delay not, quickly fly.

Poor soul, he cried, I now must haste
Pefore the throne of God ;
Urge forward to thy destined place—
With that they onward trod.

And now before the gate they stood,
The angel cried aloud,—
Ye portals of the fiery flood
Obey the word of God.

Expand your gates, a soul receive,
By Justice doom'd to die ;
A soul not fit in heaven to live,
Condemned in hell to lie.

And now upon the brink of hell,
Poor soul, she trembling stood ;
I heard the bitter sighs and wails
Of those within the flood.

The dreadful gates wide open flew,
The fiery gulf I saw ;
The souls that tossed to and fro,
In wretchedness and woe.

The smoke in awful columns black,
And flames burst through the gate ;