

All the dumb creation praised their Maker in  
that hour,  
And bowed their heads in reverence to His  
majesty and power.

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And in that righteous Judgment, where countless  
millions stood,  
The Angels sang the chorus, "Lord God, Thy  
ways are good!"  
And patiently He judged the Souls who fought  
'gainst Him on the Earth,  
And sadly—He cast them forth from His won-  
drous great New Birth.

The dead in Christ walked on the Earth in shin-  
ing robes of white—  
The glorious Redeemed who had passed from  
Earth's dark night;  
The land was filled with brightness, the glory of  
God's grace,  
And love and gladness shone on each transfigured  
face.

The children of the East came with palms in their  
hands,  
The children of the West, and South, and North,  
from all the lands—