

Ah! me, my dreadful weight of woe,
They are saved, but I am damned.

Ah! how can it be otherwise;
I heard the Judge declare
The awful curse—Depart, he cries,
To misery and despair.

My doom is fix'd, the die is cast,
For closed is mercy's door;
Mercy is gone, poor soul thou'rt lost,
Thou'll ne'er see mercy more.

She paused when thus the angel spoke,
I cannot longer stay;
My Lord's commands must not be broke,
Press onward to the gate.

I dare not stay beyond the time
Appointed by my God;
For time is his—it is not mine—
I tremble at his word.

Ah! stay, she cried, one moment more,
'Tis all my soul would ask;
A moment's respite give before
Thou finish thy sad task.

And tell me, blessed spirit, tell,
Canst thou no comfort give;
Is there no way to shun this hell,
May I repent and live.

Poor soul, he cried, thy dreadful state
Cannot be altered now;
For here repentance comes too late,
Here Justice hears no vow.

Look upward, dost thou see that Lamb,
Did he not die for thee?
He did, the unhappy soul exclaims,
This seals my misery.

I know he died, I know he bled
To save my soul from hell;
But, ah! I ne'er to Jesus fled,
With shame this truth I tell.