

Yet more to swell the raging storm,
From heaven's four points the wild winds
blow;
Driven by the might of angels strong
To expedite destruction's flow.

Jehovah's work of six days now,
The furious flame asunder whirls ;
How great Thy wealth who missest not,
The shipwreck of a thousand worlds !

While death's fell grasp binds all below,
And all creation's being o'erthrown ;
The Judge will bring His presence near,
To end each matter from His throne.

Then will He move from heaven's height,
On His majestic throne come down ;
With pageantry ne'er seen before,
And with divinity clothed round.

A thousand thunders in His hand,
He holds, His foes to spoil in wrath ;
All trembling ready to go forth,
Like dogs in fury for the chase.

Their eyes fixed steadfast on their king
Myriads of angels round Him stand,
To any place He may them send,
To run with speed, at his command.

O Judas ! and thy brethren all
In treason ; to his presence come ;
Ye who renounced Christ's precious faith,
Or sold him for a worthless sum.

Before God's heaven of bliss and joy,
Deluded souls ! ye loved bright gold ;
Your gathering woes, caused by yourselves,
And woeful error, now behold.