

**Day of Wrath, O Day of Mourning**  
Words: Thomas of Celano, 13th Century.  
Music: John Dykes, 1861.

Day of wrath, O day of mourning!  
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.  
Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth  
When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth  
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,  
All before the throne it bringeth.  
Death is struck and nature quaking;  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo, the book, exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.  
When the Judge His seat attaineth  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding  
When the just are mercy needing?  
King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

Think, good Jesus, my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;  
Leave me not to reprobation!  
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution  
Ere that day of retribution!  
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning:  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

From that sinful woman shriven,  
From the dying thief forgiven,  
Thou to me a hope hast given.  
Worthless are my prayers and sighing;  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me!  
Nor among the goats abase me,  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.  
While the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel with heart submission,  
See, like ashes, my contrition;  
Help me in my last condition!  
Day of sorrow, day of weeping,  
When, in dust no longer sleeping,  
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!