

A Dread Hath Come on Me  
Simon Dach, 1640.

A dread hath come on me,  
I know not where to flee,  
My pow'rs can naught avail me;  
My trembling limbs grow weak,  
My lips refuse to speak,  
My heart and senses fail me.

For thinking on that sound  
That once shall pierce the ground  
And make its slumb'ers tremble,  
"Arise! the day of doom  
Is come at last! come!  
Before the judge assemble!"

Ah God! no tempest's shock  
That cleaves the solid rock  
Could make my spirit shiver  
As doth that awful tone;  
Were my heart steel or stone  
'Twould hear that voice and quiver.

I eat, or wake, or sleep,  
I talk, or smile, or weep,  
Yet still that voice of thunder  
Is sounding through my heart  
"Forget not what thou art,  
The doom thou liest under!"

For daily do I see  
How many deaths there be,  
How swiftly all things wither;  
How sickness fills the grave,  
Or fire, or sword, or wave  
Is sweeping thousands thither.

My turn will soon be here,  
The end is drawing near,  
I hear its warning plainly;  
Death knocketh at my door  
And tells me all is o'er,  
And I would fly him vainly.

Ah! who in this my strait  
Will be mine advocate?  
Will all things leave me friendless?  
My wealth and power are dust,  
This judge is ever just,  
His righteous doom is endless.

Lord Jesus Christ! 'tis Thou  
Alone canst help me now,  
But 'twas for this Thou camest,  
To save us in this hour  
Then show Thy mercy's power,  
For they are safe Thou claimest.

Speak Thou for me! Thou art  
The refuge of my heart;  
With gladness let me hear Thee;

Bid me to Thee ascend,  
Where praise shall never end,  
And love shall aye be near Thee.