

And Will the Judge Descend
Philip Doddridge, 1755.
William Daman, 1579.

And will the judge descend,
And must the dead arise
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?

And from His righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around:

"Depart from Me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came"?

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day
When earth and Heav'n before His face
Astonished shrink away?

But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread:

Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross
And find salvation there.

So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.