

See th'Eternal Judge Descending  
Anonymous, around 1801.  
French carol melody.

See th'eternal Judge descending,  
Seated on His Father's throne,  
Now poor sinner, Christ shall show thee  
He is the eternal Son;  
Trumpets call thee, trumpets call thee,  
Come to hear thy awful doom.

Hear the sinner thus lamenting  
At the thoughts of future pain;  
Cries and tears he now is venting,  
But he cries and weeps in vain,  
Greatly mourning, greatly mourning,  
That he ne'er was born again.

Yonder stands the lovely Savior,  
With the marks of dying love;  
Oh! that I had sought His favor,  
When I felt His Spirit move!  
Doomed justly, doomed justly.  
For I have against Him strove.

All His warnings I have slighted,  
While He daily sought my soul;  
If some vows to Him I plighted,  
Yet for sin I broke the whole;  
Golden moments, golden moments,  
How neglected did they roll.

Yonder stand my godly neighbors,  
Who were once despised by me,  
They are clad in dazzling splendor,  
Waiting my sad fate to see;  
Farewell, neighbors, farewell, neighbors;  
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.

Hail ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,  
Groveling, rattling, of your chains,  
Christ has now denounced our sentence,  
We must dwell in endless pains;  
Down I'm rolling, down I'm rolling,  
Never to return again.

Now experience plainly shows me,  
Hell is not a fabled thing;  
Lo, I see my friends in glory,  
Round the throne they ever sing;  
I'm tormented, I'm tormented.  
By an everlasting sting.