

Day of Wrath, O Dreadful Day!
Thomas of Celano, 13th Century.
Timothy Matthews(1826-1910)

Day of wrath, O dreadful day!
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriveling like a parched scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp and sibyl's page.

Day of terror, day of doom,
When at last the Judge shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

O just Judge, to whom belongs,
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past;
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for Thine own great name.

Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace,
Thou, who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief,
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
E'en to me, the hope of Heaven.