

# Divine Wrath

John Keble, 1827.

Edward Hopkins, 1869.

Thus evermore the saints' avenging God  
With His dread fires hath scathed th' unholy ground;  
Nor wants there, waiting round th' uplifted rod,  
Watchers in Heaven and earth, ay faithful found.

God's armies open-eyed His aim attend,  
Wondering how oft these warning notes will peal,  
Ere the great trump be blown, the Judge descend:  
Man only wears cold look and heart of steel.

Age after age, where Antichrist hath reigned,  
Some flame-tipt arrow of th' Almighty falls;  
Imperial cities lie in heaps profaned,  
Fire blazes round apostate council-halls.

And if the world sin on, yet here and there  
Some proud soul cowers, some scorner learns to pray;  
Some slumberer rouses at the beacon glare,  
And trims his waning lamps, and waits for day.