

And Will the Judge Descend?

By Philip Doddridge 1799 AD

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 such a Sentence sound?
And thro' the Millions of the Damn'd
Spread black Despair around?

"Depart from me, Accurs'd,
"To everlasting Flame,
"For rebel Angels first prepar'd,
"Where Mercy never came".

How will my Heart endure
The Terrors of that Day,
When Earth and Heav'n before his Face
Astonish'd shrink away?

But e'er that Trumpet shakes
The Mansions of the Dead,
Hark from the Gospel's gentle Voice
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 Saviour bled,
And the last awful Day shall pour
His Blessings on your Head.

