

# Judgment

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C Major  
Daniel Read, 1785  
(Revised 1804)

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

2. Be - hold, the Judge de - scends, His guards are nigh; Tem -

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

10

pest and at - tend Him down the sky. Heaven,

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

15

earth and hell draw near, Let all things come To hear His jus -

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

20

tice, and the sin - ner's doom. "But gath - er first My saints," the

25 30

Tr.   
 C.   
 T.   
 B.

Judge com - mands, "Bring them, ye an - gels. from their dis - tant lands."

1. The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,  
 Calls the south nations and awakes the north;  
 From east to west the sounding orders spread,  
 Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:  
 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;  
 His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

3. "Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,  
 Sealed by th' eternal Sacrifice in blood,  
 And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,  
 That paid the ancient worship or the new,  
 There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,  
 And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4. "I, their Almighty Savior and their God,  
 I am their Judge: ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad  
 My just eternal sentence, and declare  
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:  
 Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;  
 I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5. "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain  
 Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain  
 Without the flames of love; in vain the store  
 Of brutal off'rings that were mine before;  
 Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,  
 Flocks, herds, and fields and forests where they feed.

6. "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?  
 When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks' blood?  
 Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,  
 Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?  
 Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,  
 Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7. "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please  
 A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,  
 While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,  
 Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?  
 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,  
 Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

8. "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,  
 But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?  
 And cherish such an impious thought within,  
 That God, the Righteous, would indulge thy sin?  
 Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,  
 And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."

9. Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;  
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise;  
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,  
 Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend  
 Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear  
 Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.