The Great Judgment Morning

Every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne. Rev. 6:15-16

1. I dreamed that the great judgment morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his money Had melted and vanished away;
3. The widow was there with the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The moral man came to the judgment, But self-righteous rags would not do;

I dreamed that the nations had gathered To judgment before the white throne;
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heavy to pay;
No sorrow in heaven forever, God wiped all the tears from their eyes;
The men who had crucified Jesus Had passed off as moral men, too;

And then came a bright, shining angel, Who stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness, When death came, was left far behind!
The gambler was there, and the drunkard, And they who had sold them the drink,
The soul that had put off salvation—"Not yet; I'll get saved by and by,

And swore with his hand raised to Heaven, That time was no longer to be.
The angel that opened the records, No trace of his greatness could find.
And those who had granted the license—Together in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of religion! At last they had found time to die.

And, oh, what a weeping and wailing, As the lost were told of their fate;

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.