The Great Judgement Morning

Verse 1

I dreamed that the great judgment morning; Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown; I dreamed that the nations had gathered; To judgment before the white throne; From the throne came a bright, shining angel,; And he stood on the land and the sea, And he swore with his hand raised to Heaven, That time was no longer to be.

Refrain

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.

Verse 2

The rich man was there, but his money; Had melted and vanished away; A pauper he stood in the judgment, his debts were too heavy to pay; The great man was there, but his greatness, When death came, was left far behind! The angel that opened the records, Not a trace of his greatness could find. *Refrain*

Verse 3

The widow was there with the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries; No sorrow in heaven forever, God wiped all the tears from their eyes; The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man that had sold them the drink, With the people who gave him the license, Together in hell they did sink. *Refrain*

Verse 4

The moral man came to the judgment, But self-righteous rags would not do; The men who had crucified Jesus; Had passed off as moral men, too; The soul that had put off salvation, "Not tonight; I'll get saved by and by, No time now to think of religion!"At last they had found time to die.

Refrain

-end-

Bertram H. Shadduck, 1894

