

F# Minor. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

James P. Carrell, 1821.

1. He comes, He comes! to judge the world, A - loud th'arch - an - gel cries, Th'af - fright-ed na - tions hear the
While thun-ders roll from pole to pole, And light - ning cleave the skies;

2. A - mid the shouts of nu-m'rous friends, Of hosts di - vine - ly bright, His head and hair are white as
The Judge in sol - emn pomp de - scends, Ar - rayed in robes of light;

3. Writ on his thigh his name ap - pears, And scars his vic-t'ries tell; So he as-cends the judgment
Lo! in his hand the con-qu'ror bears The keys of death and hell:

4. Princ - es and peas - ants here ex - pect Their last, their right-eous doom; "De - part, ye sons of vice and
The men who dared his grace re - ject, And they who dared pre - sume.

5. And now in words di - vine - ly sweet, With rap - ture in his face, "Well done, my good and faith-ful
A - loud his sa - cred lips re - peat The sen - tence of his grace:

sound, And up-ward lift their eyes; The slumb'ring ten - ants of the ground In liv-ing ar-mies rise.
snow, His eyes a fier - y flame, A ra - diant crown a - dorns his brow, And Je - sus is his name.

seat, And at his dread com - mand, Myr - iads of crea - tures round his feet In sol-emn si-lence stand.

sin," The in - jured Je - sus cries, While the long kin - dling wrath with - in Flash - es from both his eyes.
sons, The children of my love, Re - ceive the scep - ters, crowns and thrones Pre - pared for you a - bove."