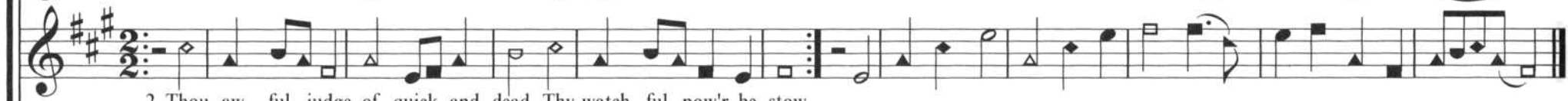


Samuel Stennett

James Carrell

*D.C.*

1. He comes! He comes! to judge the world, A-loud th' arch-an-gel cries;  
 While thun-ders roll from pole to pole, And light-nings cleave the skies. Th'af-fright-ed na-tions hear the sound, And up-ward lift their eyes;  
*D.C. The slum-b'ring ten-ants of the ground In liv-ing ar-mies rise.*



2. Thou aw-ful judge of quick and dead, Thy watch-ful pow'r be-stow.  
 So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do. If now Thou stand-est at the door, O let me feel Thee near;  
*D.C. And make my peace with God, be-fore I at Thy bar ap-pear.*

