

SYMPHONY. 10s. 6 lines.

1. The Lord, the Sov-'reign, sends His sum-mons forth, Calls the south na-tions, and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sound-ing or-ders spread Thro' dis-tant

2. Be - hold the Judge de-scends; His guards are nigh; Tem-pests and fire at-tend him down the sky: Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come, To hear His

worlds, and re-gions of the dead: \*No more shall athe-ists mock His long de-lay; His ven-geance sleeps no more: be-hold the day.

jus - tice and the sin-ner's doom: \*But ga-ther first my saints, (the Judge com-mands,) Bring them, ye an - gels, from their dis-tant lands.

\* The bass and treble may be silent here one strain.