The Great Judgment Morning

REVELATION 6:16
Bertram H. Shadduck, 1894

Leander L. Pickett

I dreamed that the great judgment morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;

The rich man was there, but his money Had melted and vanished away;

The widow was there with the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;

The moral man came to the judgment, But self-righteous rags would not do;

From the throne came a bright, shining angel, And he 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 the man that had sold them the drink,

The soul that had put off salvation, ‘Not to-night; I’ll get saved by and by,

And he swore with his hand raised to Heaven, That time was no longer to be,

The angel that opened the records, Not a trace of his greatness could find.

With the people who gave him the license, Together in hell they did sink.

No time now to think of religion!” At last they had found time to die.
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.