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T H E  
Day of Judgment.

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An O D E,

*Attempted in English Sapphick.*

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I.

**W** H E N the Fierce North-wind with his  
Airy Forces  
Rears up the *Baltick* to a foaming Fury,  
And the red Lightning with a Storm of Hail comes  
Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor Sailers stand amaz'd and tremble !  
While the hoarse Thunder like a Bloody Trumpet  
Roars a loud onset to the gaping Waters  
Quick to devour them.

III.



III.

Such shall the Noise be and the Wild disorder,  
(If things Eternal may be like these Earthly)  
Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel  
Shakes the Creation,

IV.

Tears the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,  
Breaks up old Marble the Repose of Princes;  
See the Graves open, and the Bones arising,  
Flames all around 'em.

V.

Hark the shrill Out-cries of the Guilty Wretches !  
Lively bright Horror and amazing Anguish  
Stare thro' their Eyelids, while the living Worm lies  
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts like old Vultures prey upon their Heart-  
strings,  
And the smart twinges, when their Eye beholds the  
Lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance  
Rolling afore him.

VII.



## VII.

Hopeless Immortals! how they scream and shiver  
 While Devils push them to the Pit wide Yawning  
 Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong  
 Down to the Centre.

## VIII.

Stop here my Fancy: (All away ye horrid  
 Doleful Ideas;) Come arise to *Jesus*,  
 How he fits Godlike! And the Saints around him  
 Thron'd and adoring!

## IX.

O may I fit there when he comes Triumphant  
 Dooming the Nations: Then arise to Glory,  
 While our *Hosannahs* all along the Passage  
 Shout the Redeemer.

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Confession