

THE JUDGMENT DAY

In that great day,
People, in that great day,
God's a-going to rain down fire.
God's a-going to sit in the middle of the air
To judge the quick and the dead.

Early one of these mornings,
God's a-going to call for Gabriel,
That tall, bright angel, Gabriel;
And God's a-going to say to him: Gabriel;
Blow your silver trumpet,
And wake the living nations.

And Gabriel's going to ask him: Lord,
How loud must I blow it?
And God's a-going to tell him: Gabriel,
Blow it calm and easy.
Then putting one foot on the mountain top,
And the other in the middle of the sea,
Gabriel's going to stand and blow his horn ,
To wake the nations.

Then God's a-going to say to him: Gabriel,
Once more blow your silver trumpet,
And wake the nations underground.

And Gabriel's going to ask him: Lord
How loud must I blow it?
And God's a-going to tell him: Gabriel,
Like seven peals of thunder.
Then the tall, bright angel, Gabriel,
Will put one foot on the battlements of
heaven
And the other on the steps of hell,
And blow that silver trumpet
Till he shakes old hell's foundations.

And I feel Old Earth a-shuddering –
And I see the graves a-bursting –
And I hear a sound,
A blood-chilling sound.
What sound is that I hear?

It's the clicking together of the dry bones,
Bone to bone – the dry bones.
And I see coming out of the bursting graves,
And marching up from the valley of death,
The army of the dead.
And the living and the dead in the twinkling
of an eye
Are caught up in the middle of the air,
Before God's judgment bar.

Oh-o-oh, sinner,
Where will you stand,
In that great day when God's a-going to rain
down fire?
Oh, you gambling man – where will you
stand?
You whore mongering man – where will you
stand?
Liars and backsliders – where will you
stand,
In that great day when God's a-going to rain
down fire?

And God will divide the sheep from the
goats,
The one on the right, the other on the left.
And to them on the right God's a-going to
say:
Enter into my kingdom.
And those who've come through great
tribulations,
And washed their robes in the blood of the
Lamb,
They will enter in –
Clothed in spotless white,
With starry crowns upon their feet,
And harps within their hands; –

And two by two they'll walk
Up and down the golden street,
Feasting on the milk and honey
Singing new songs of Zion,
Chattering with the angels,
All around the Great White Throne.

And to them on the left God's a-going to
say:
Depart from me into everlasting darkness,
Down into the bottomless pit.
And the wicked like lumps of lead will start
to fall,
Headlong for seven days and nights they'll
fall,
Plumb into the big, black, red-hot mouth of
hell,
Belching out fire and brimstone.
And their cries like howling, yelping dogs,
Will go up with the fire and smoke from hell,
But God will stop his ears.

Too late, sinner! Too late!
Good-bye, sinner! Good-bye!
In hell, sinner! In hell!
Beyond the reach of the love of God.

And I hear a voice, crying, crying:
Time will be no more!
Time will be no more!
Time will be no more!
And the sun will go out like a candle in the
wind,
The moon will turn to dripping blood,
The stars will fall like cinders,
And the sea will burn like tar;
And the earth shall melt away and be
dissolved,
And the sky will rill up like a scroll.
With the wave of his hand God will blot out
time,
And start the wheel of eternity.

Sinner, of, sinner,
Where will you stand
In that great day when God's a-going to rain
down fire?

James Weldon Johnson God's Tombstone