Still was the night, Serene & Bright,   
when all Men sleeping lay;  
Calm was the season, & carnal reason   
thought so 'twould last for ay.  
Soul, take thine ease, let sorrow cease,  
much good thou hast in store:  
This was their Song, their Cups among,   
the Evening before.

Wallowing in all kind of sin,   
vile wretches lay secure:  
The best of men had scarcely then   
their Lamps kept in good ure.  
Virgins unwise, who through disguise  
amongst the best were number'd,  
Had closed their eyes; yea, and the wise   
through sloth and frailty slumber'd.

For at midnight brake forth a Light,   
which turn'd the night to day,  
And speedily a hideous cry   
did all the world dismay.  
Sinners awake, their hearts do ake,   
trembling their loynes surprizeth;  
Amaz'd with fear, by what they hear,   
each one of them ariseth.

They rush from Beds with giddy heads,  
and to their windows run,  
Viewing this light, which shines more bright  
than doth the Noon-day Sun.  
Straightway appears (they see 't with tears)  
the Son of God most dread;  
Who with his Train comes on amain  
to Judge both Quick and Dead.

Before his face the Heav'ns gave place,  
and Skies are rent asunder,  
With mighty voice, and hideous noise,  
more terrible than Thunder.  
His brightness damps heav'ns glorious lamps  
and makes them hang their heads,  
As if afraid and quite dismay'd,  
they quit their wonted steads.

No heart so bold, but now grows cold  
and almost dead with fear:  
No eye so dry, but now can cry,  
and pour out many a tear.  
Earth's Potentates and pow'rful States,  
Captains and Men of Might  
Are quite abasht, their courage dasht  
at this most dreadful sight.

Mean men lament, great men do rent  
their Robes, and tear their hair:  
They do not spare their flesh to tear  
through horrible despair.  
All Kindreds wail: all hearts do fail:  
horror the world doth fill  
With weeping eyes, and loud out-cries,  
yet knows not how to kill.

Some hide themselves in Caves and Delves,  
in places under ground:  
Some rashly leap into the Deep,  
to scape by being drown'd:  
Some to the Rocks (O senseless blocks!)  
and woody Mountains run,  
That there they might this fearful sight,  
and dreaded Presence shun.

In vain do they to Mountains say,  
fall on us and us hide  
From Judges ire, more hot than fire,  
for who may it abide?  
No hiding place can from his Face  
sinners at all conceal,  
Whose flaming Eye hid things doth 'spy  
and darkest things reveal.

The Judge draws nigh, exalted high,  
upon a lofty Throne,  
Amidst a throng of Angels strong,  
lo, Israel's Holy One!  
The excellence of whose presence  
and awful Majesty,  
Amazeth Nature, and every Creature,  
doth more than terrify.

The Mountains smoak, the Hills are shook,  
the Earth is rent and torn,  
As if she should be clear dissolv'd,  
or from the Center born.  
The Sea doth roar, forsakes the shore,  
and shrinks away for fear;  
The wild beasts flee into the Sea,  
so soon as he draws near.

Before his Throne a Trump is blown,  
Proclaiming the day of Doom:  
Forthwith he cries, Ye dead arise,  
and unto Judgment come.  
No sooner said, but 'tis obey'd;  
Sepulchres opened are:  
Dead bodies all rise at his call,  
and 's mighty power declare.

His winged Hosts flie through all Coasts,  
together gathering  
Both good and bad, both quick and dead,  
and all to Judgment bring.  
Out of their holes those creeping Moles,  
that hid themselves for fear,  
By force they take, and quickly make  
before the Judge appear.

Thus every one before the Throne  
of Christ the Judge is brought,  
Both righteous and impious  
that good or ill hath wrought.  
A separation, and diff'ring station  
by Christ appointed is  
(To sinners sad) 'twixt good and bad,  
'twixt Heirs of woe and bliss.