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| **The Day of Doom** |
| By Michael Wigglesworth (1631–1705)http://xtf.lib.virginia.edu/xtf/view?docId=chadwyck\_ap/uvaGenText/tei/chap\_AM9010.xml&chunk.id=d5&toc.id=d5&brand=default |

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| STILL was the night, serene and bright, |  |
|   When all men sleeping lay; |  |
| Calm was the season, and carnal reason |  |
|   Thought so ’t would last for aye. |  |
| Soul, take thine ease, let sorrow cease, | *5* |
|   Much good thou hast in store: |  |
| This was their song, their cups among, |  |
|   The evening before. |  |
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| Wallowing in all kind of sin, |  |
|   Vile wretches lay secure: | *10* |
| 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 clos’d their eyes; yea, and the wise | *15* |
|   Through sloth and frailty slumber’d. |  |
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| For at midnight break forth a light, |  |
|   Which turn’d the night to day, |  |
| And speedily an hideous cry | *35* |
|   Did all the world dismay. |  |
| Sinners awake, their hearts do ache, |  |
|   Trembling their loins surpriseth; |  |
| Amaz’d with fear, by what they hear, |  |
|   Each one of them ariseth. | *40* |
|   |  |
| They rush from beds with giddy heads, |  |
|   And to their windows run, |  |
| Viewing this light, which shines more bright |  |
|   Than doth the noonday sun. |  |
| Straightway appears (they see ’t with tears,) | *45* |
|   The Son of God most dread; |  |
| Who with his train comes on amain |  |
|   To judge both quick and dead. |  |
|   |  |
| Before his face the heavens gave place, |  |
|   And skies are rent asunder, | *50* |
| With mighty voice, and hideous noise, |  |
|   More terrible than thunder. |  |
| His brightness damps heaven’s glorious lamps, |  |
|   And makes them hide their heads, |  |
| As if afraid and quite dismay’d, | *55* |
|   They quit their wonted steads.

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| 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: | *85* |
|   Horror the world doth fill |  |
| With weeping eyes, and loud outcries, |  |
|   Yet knows not how to kill. |  |
|   |  |
| Some hide themselves in caves and delves |  |
|   In places under ground: | *90* |
| 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, | *95* |
|   And dreaded presence shun. |  |
|   |  |
| In vain do they to mountains say, |  |
|   Fall on us and us hide |  |
| From judge’s ire, more hot than fire, |  |
|   For who may it abide? | *100* |
| No hiding place can from his face, |  |
|   Sinners at all conceal, |  |
| Whose flaming eye hid things doth spy, |  |
|   And darkest things reveal.The Mountains smoak, the Hills are shook, the Earth is rent and torn, As if she should be clean dissolv'd, or from her Centre 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 th'day of Doom: Forthwith he cries, *Ye dead arise*, *and unto Judgement come.* No sooner said, but 'tis obey'd; Sepulchres open'd are; Dead bodies all rise at his call, and's mighty power declare.XVIIIBoth sea and land at his command, their dead at once surrender: The fire and air constrained are also their dead to tender. The mighty word of this great Lord links body and soul together, Both of the just and the unjust, to part no more for ever.Thus every one before the Throne of Christ the Judge is brought, Both righteous and impious, that good or ill had wrought. A separation, and diff'ring station by Christ appointed is To sinners sad ('twixt good and bad,) 'twixt Heirs of woe, and bliss.XXIIAt Christ's right hand the sheep do stand, his Holy Martyrs who For his dear Name, suffering shame, calamity, and woe, Like Champions stood, and with their blood their Testimony sealed; Whose innocence, without offence to Christ their Judge appealed. |  |

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| Whom God ordains to endless pains, |  |
|   By law unalterable, |  |
| Repentance true, obedience new, | *195* |
|   To save such are unable: |  |
| Sorrow for sin, no good can win, |  |
|   To such as are rejected: |  |
| Nor can they grieve, nor yet believe, |  |
|   That never were elected. | *200* |
|   |  |
| Of man’s fall’n race who can true grace |  |
|   Or holiness obtain? |  |
| Who can convert or change his heart, |  |
|   If God withhold the same? |  |
| Had we applied ourselves and tried | *205* |
|   As much as who did most |  |
| God’s love to gain, our busy pain |  |
|   And labor had been lost. |  |
|   |  |
| Christ readily makes this reply; |  |
|   “I damn you not because | *210* |
| You are rejected or not elected, |  |
|   But you have broke my laws: |  |
| It is but vain your wits to strain |  |
|   The end and means to sever: |  |
| Men fondly seek to part or break | *215* |
|   What God hath link’d together. |  |
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| Then to the bar, all they drew near |  |
|   Who died in infancy, |  |
| And never had or good or bad | *235* |
|   Effected personally, |  |
| But from the womb unto the tomb |  |
|   Were straightway carried, |  |
| (Or at the last ere they transgress’d) |  |
|   Who thus began to plead: | *240* |
|   |  |
| “If for our own transgression, |  |
|   Or disobedience, |  |
| We here did stand at thy left hand, |  |
|   Just were the recompense: |  |
| But Adam’s guilt our souls hath spilt, | *245* |
|   His fault is charged on us; |  |
| And that alone hath overthrown, |  |
|   And utterly undone us. |  |
|   |  |
| Not we, but he ate of the tree, |  |
|   Whose fruit was interdicted: | *250* |
| Yet on us all of his sad fall, |  |
|   The punishment ’s inflicted. |  |
| How could we sin that had not been, |  |
|   Or how is his sin our |  |
| Without consent, which to prevent, | *255* |
|   We never had a power? |  |
|   |  |
| O great Creator, why was our nature |  |
|   Depraved and forlorn? |  |
| Why so defil’d, and made so vild |  |
|   Whilst we were yet unborn? | *260* |
| If it be just and needs we must |  |
|   Transgressors reckon’d be, |  |
| Thy mercy, Lord, to us afford, |  |
|   Which sinners hath set free. |  |
|   |  |
| Behold we see Adam set free, | *265* |
|   And sav’d from his trespass, |  |
| Whose sinful fall hath split us all, |  |
|   And brought us to this pass. |  |
| Canst thou deny us once to try, |  |
|   Or grace to us to tender, | *270* |
| When he finds grace before thy face, |  |
|   That was the chief offender?” |  |
|   |  |
| Then answered the judge most dread, |  |
|   “God doth such doom forbid, |  |
| That men should die eternally | *275* |
|   For what they never did. |  |
| But what you call old Adam’s fall, |  |
|   And only his trespass, |  |
| You call amiss to call it his, |  |
|   Both his and yours it was. |  |

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