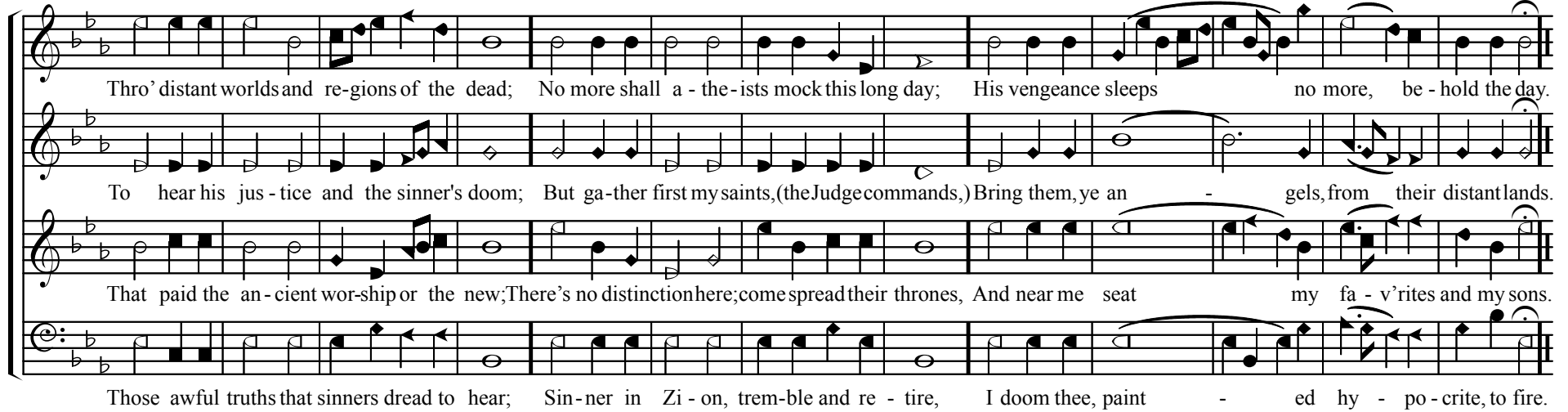


SOVEREIGN SUMMONS—Continued

239



Thro' distant worlds and re-gions of the dead; No more shall a - the - ists mock this long day; His vengeance sleeps no more, be - hold the day.

To hear his jus - tice and the sinner's doom; But ga - ther first my saints, (the Judge commands,) Bring them, ye an - gels, from their distant lands.

That paid the an - cient wor - ship or the new; There's no distinction here; come spread their thrones, And near me seat my fa - v'rites and my sons.

Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear; Sin - ner in Zi - on, trem - ble and re - tire, I doom thee, paint - ed hy - po - crite, to fire.