

Triumph

1. Be-hold, the Judge de-scends, his guards are nigh; Tempest and fire at-tend him down the sky: Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come To hear his jus-tice,

and the sin-ner's doom: "But gather first, _____ But gather first my saints," the Judge com-mands, "Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."