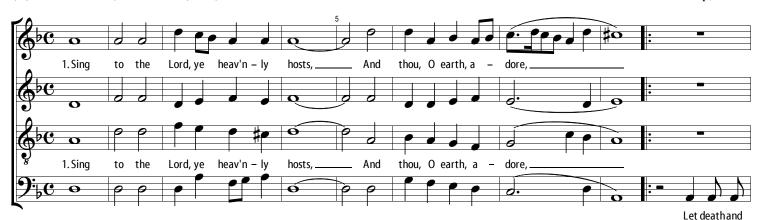
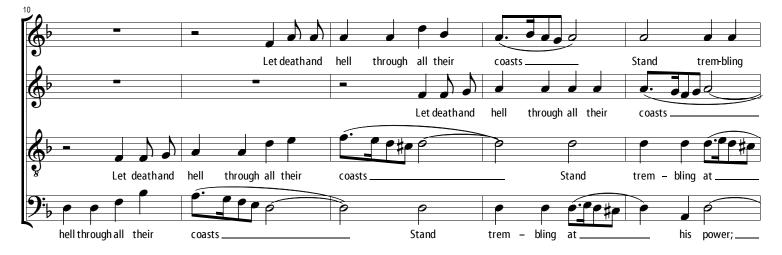
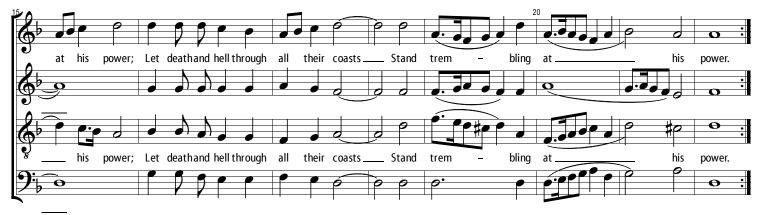
86.86.(C.M.)

Transcribed from *The Harmonist's Companion*, 1797.







- 2. His sounding chariot shakes the sky, He makes the clouds his throne; There all his stores of lightning lie, Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3. His nostrils breathe out fiery streams And from his awful tongue A sovereign voice divides the flames, And thunder roars along.
- 4. Think, O my soul! the dreadful day, When this incensed God Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea, And fling his wrath abroad.
- 5. What shall the wretch the sinner do? He once defied the Lord; But he shall dread the Thund'rer now, And sink beneath his word.
- 6. Tempests of angry fire shall roll To blast the rebel worm, And beat upon his naked soul In one eternal storm.