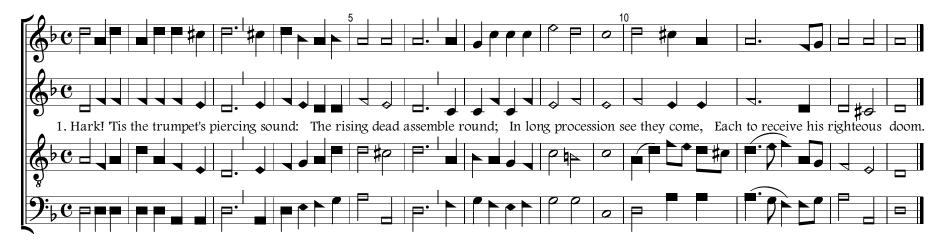
Alibama

D minor Oliver Holden, 1800

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- 2. The heart, dejected, sighs to know, Why vice triumphant reigns below; Why saints have fall'n in ev'ry age, The victims of tyrannic rage.
- 3. Fast roll successive years away; Fast hastens on th' important day, When, to th' astonish'd world's surprise, God's high tribunal shall arise.
- 4 Lo! there, a vile, degenerate race; Pale terror sits on ev'ry face: Here, on the right, a joyful band, The sons of suff'ring virtue stand.

- 5. The sentence pass'd, lo! these arise To bliss and glory in the skies: While those, who once stood high in fame, Sink to contempt, remorse, and shame.
- 6. Thus shall God's government appear Without a shade, divinely fair; And blushing doubts, with joy, confess, The Lord's a God of righteousness.