

# Day of Wrath, O Day of Mourning

END TIMES

Words: Thomas of Celano, 13th Century. Translated by William J. Irons, 1848.  
 Music: 'Dies Irae (Dykes)' John Bacchus Dykes, 1861. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.  
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♩ = 100

1. Day of wrath, O day of mourn - ing! See ful - filled the  
 3. Won - drous sound the trum - pet fling - eth, Through earth's sep - ul -  
 5. Lo, the book, ex - - act - ly word - ed, Where - in all hath  
 7. What shall I, frail man, be plead - ing? Who for me be  
 9. Think, good Je - sus, my sal - va - tion Caused Thy won - drous

pro - phet's warn - ing, Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing.  
 chers it ring - eth, All be - fore the throne it bring - eth.  
 been re - cord - ed; Thence shall judg - ment be a - ward - - ed.  
 in - - ter - ced - ing When the just are mer - cy need - ing?  
 in - - car - na - tion; Leave me not to re - pro - ba - - tion!

2. Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth When from Heav'n the  
 4. Death is struck and na - ture qua - king; All cre - a - - tion  
 6. When the Judge His seat at - tain - eth And each hid - den  
 8. King of ma - jest - y tre - men - dous, Who dost free sal -  
 10. Faint and wear - y Thou hast sought me, On the cross of

Judge de - scend - eth On whose sen - tence all de - pend - - - - eth!  
 is a - wa - king, To its Judge an an - swer ma - - - - king.  
 deed ar - rain - eth, No - thing un - a - venged re - main - - - - eth.  
 va - tion send us, Fount of pit - y, then be - friend us.  
 suff - 'ring bought me; Shall such grace be vain - ly brought me?

11. Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution  
 Grant Thy gift of absolution  
 Ere that day of retribution!  
 12. Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
 All my shame with anguish owning:  
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13. From that sinful woman shriven,  
 From the dying thief forgiven,  
 Thou to me a hope hast given.  
 14. Worthless are my prayers and sighing;  
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
 Rescue me from fires undying.

15. With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me!  
 Nor among the goats abase me,  
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.  
 16. While the wicked are confounded,  
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
 Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

17. Low I kneel with heart submission, See, like ashes,  
 my contrition; Help me in my last condition!

18. Day of sorrow, day of weeping, When, in dust no  
 longer sleeping, Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!