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The Last Judgement

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The Last Judgement

Cover Page Footnote

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The Last Judgment

As the faint last breath by the cloak of death
Is held within its folds,
And the clay-like shell, that you knew so well
To life no longer holds;
Then a voice you hear that is strong and clear
Grimly grips your soul and all,
Like the constant thrum of a distant drum
And you rise to seek the call.

Through the rocky craigs on these weary legs
You stumble on your way,
Where the yew tree stands with its outstretched hands
(Still farther on you sway.)
'Till at last you spy with a stone-cold eye
A host all wrapped in shrouds,
And you take a place in an empty space
In that court beyond the clouds.

Then with sudden fear you slowly hear
That of you they loudly speak
Until one by one the last is done
With your deeds so bold and meek.
Now the Judge looks down with a knowing frown,
His gaze falls on your spot,
Will he say "Well done, thou faithful son,"
Or "Go, you knew Me not!"

MICHAEL JUDD '59