

## 227 The Final Judgment

**Mt. 25:31-46**

"The Son of Man shall come, enthroned in glory,  
To judge those from each land and territory,

With angels 'round Him, in rows hundreds deep,  
To sort mankind, as goats are rent from sheep.

He'll place goats on His left, sheep on his right,  
And tell the sheep, with eyes filled with delight,

'Come to My Father's kingdom, you most blessed,  
For whom God made a place for you to rest.

For God can outdo all in gratitude.  
You saw Me hungry and you gave Me food.

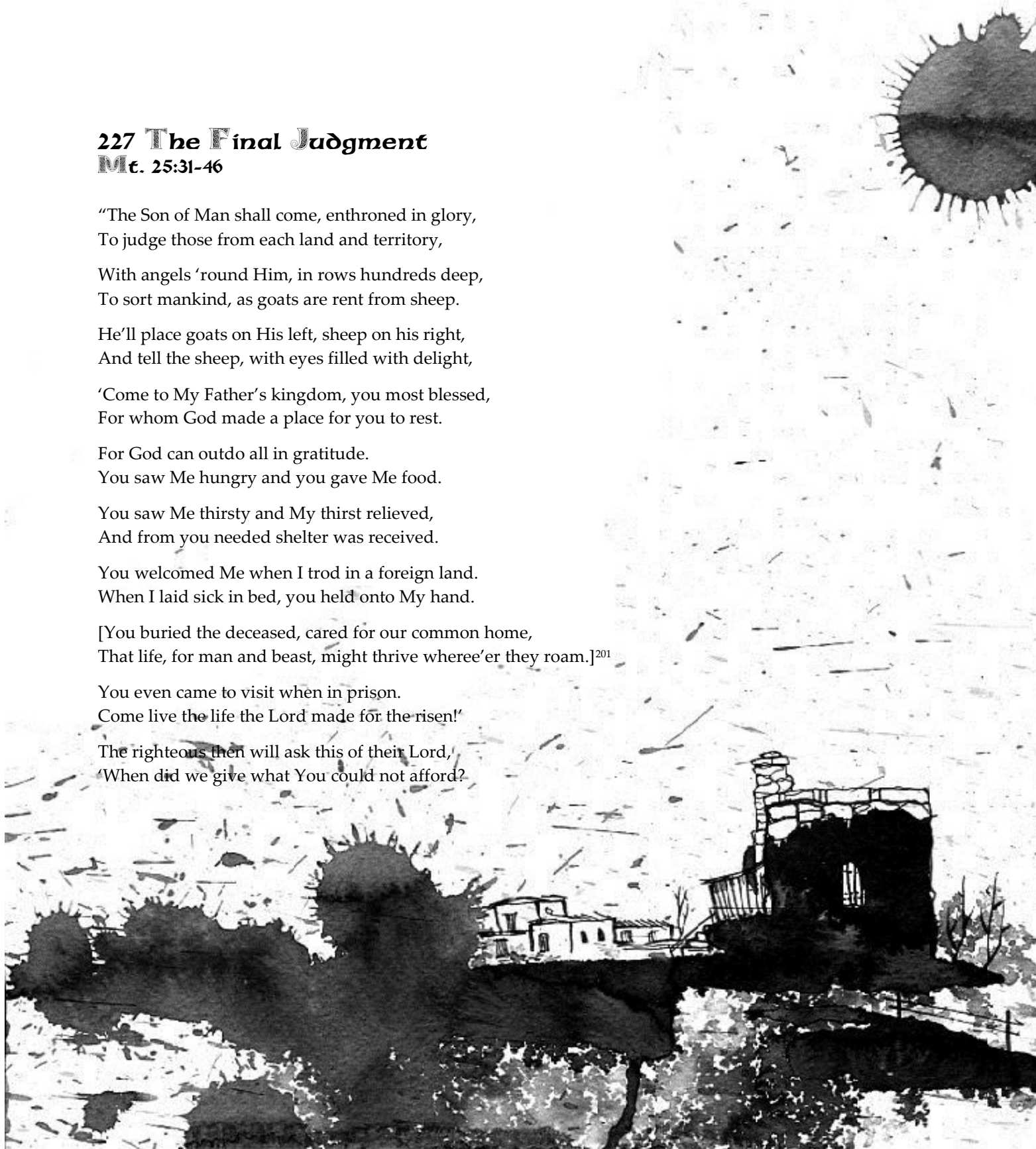
You saw Me thirsty and My thirst relieved,  
And from you needed shelter was received.

You welcomed Me when I trod in a foreign land.  
When I laid sick in bed, you held onto My hand.

[You buried the deceased, cared for our common home,  
That life, for man and beast, might thrive where'er they roam.]<sup>201</sup>

You even came to visit when in prison.  
Come live the life the Lord made for the risen!

The righteous then will ask this of their Lord,  
'When did we give what You could not afford?



When did we visit You, in sickbed or in jail?  
When did we house You when You walked a foreign trail,  
Or give you clothes, not that we want to disagree?  
'What's done for the least of My brethren's done for Me.'

Then those placed on His left side will be cursed,  
'Be gone, for fates are only once reversed!

For I was hungry, but you gave no food,  
A stranger far from home and you were rude.

If naked, thirsty, locked in jail, or ill,  
The aid that I received from you was nil.'

The wicked then will ask Him in reply,  
'When did we charity for You deny?'

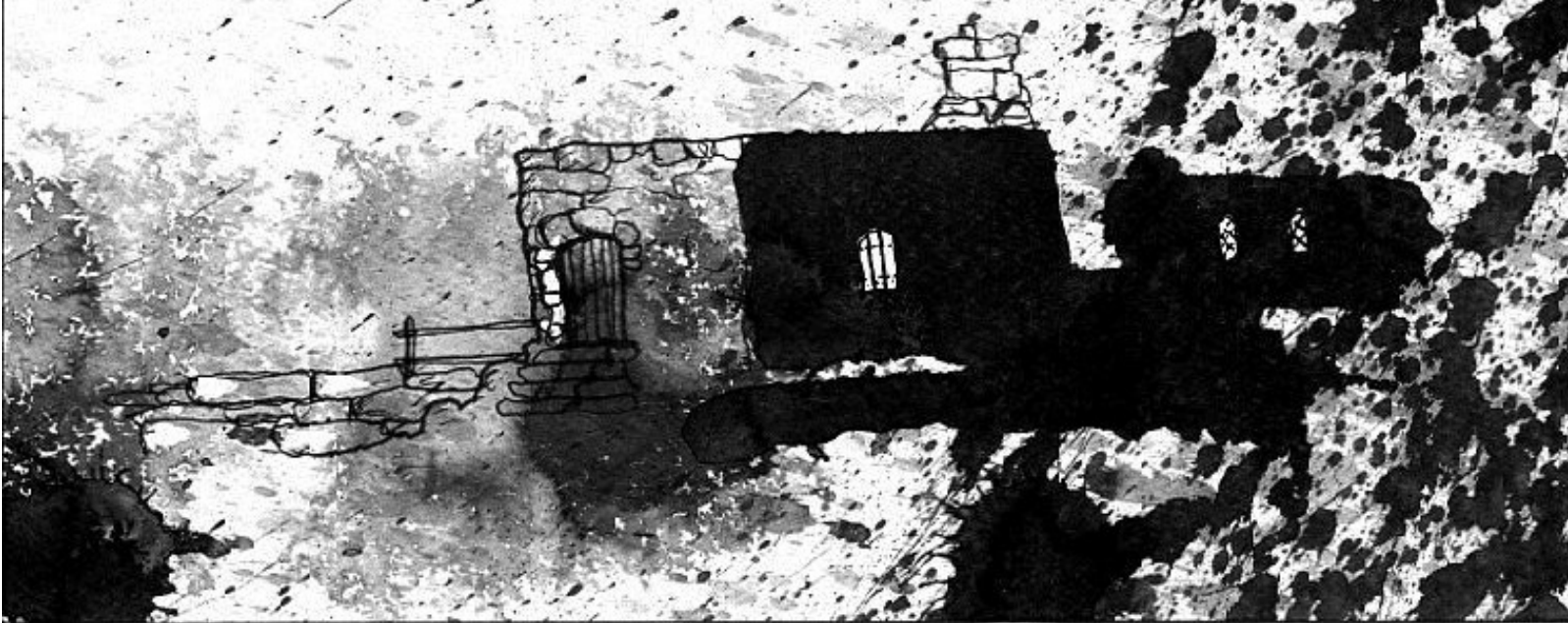
'If you let starve one single little child,<sup>202</sup>  
You have the wrath of the Almighty riled.

To leave in need when help you can afford  
Is to abandon and forsake your Lord.

To visit sick or those in jail you gave no time,  
No matter how they suffered or had done no crime.

To foreigners, you cast them out as strangers,  
To face the cold and any other dangers.

You passed the homeless with your pockets full.  
You saw them cold and sold your excess wool.



They laid in rags, or naked as when they were born,  
And they only received your laughter and your scorn.

For you cared not if God's children were cold,  
If helping them meant lessening your gold.

What crime is worse, when wanting to your wealth maintain,  
Than letting children in hunger and thirst remain?

As thirsty as kids were, you let them thirst,  
With bellies swollen like they soon could burst.

You saw their need and did not do a thing,  
And so deserve eternal suffering.

You'll burn in blazing flames throughout an endless age,  
He'll tell these selfish people, with eyes filled with rage.

They will be sent to the eternal fire,  
While selfless folk join God's angelic choir."