

When the actors have played their last drama,
 And the mimic has made his last pun;
 When the film has flashed its last picture,
 And the scoreboard displayed its last run,
 When the crowds seeking pleasure have vanished
 And gone out in the darkness again —
 When the Trumpet of the Ages has sounded,
 And we stand up before Him — what then?

When the bugle's call sinks into silence,
 And the long-marching columns stand still;
 When the captain has given his last orders,
 And they've captured the last fort and hill,
 And the flag has been hauled in from the mast-head,
 And the wounded afield have checked in,
 And a world that rejected its Savior,
 Is asked for a reason — what then?

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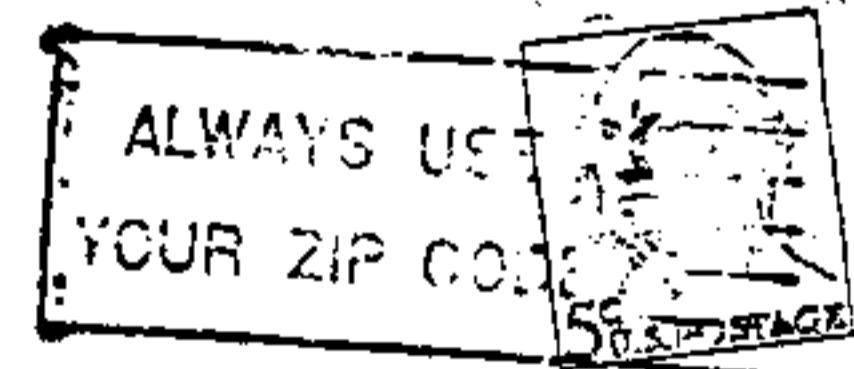
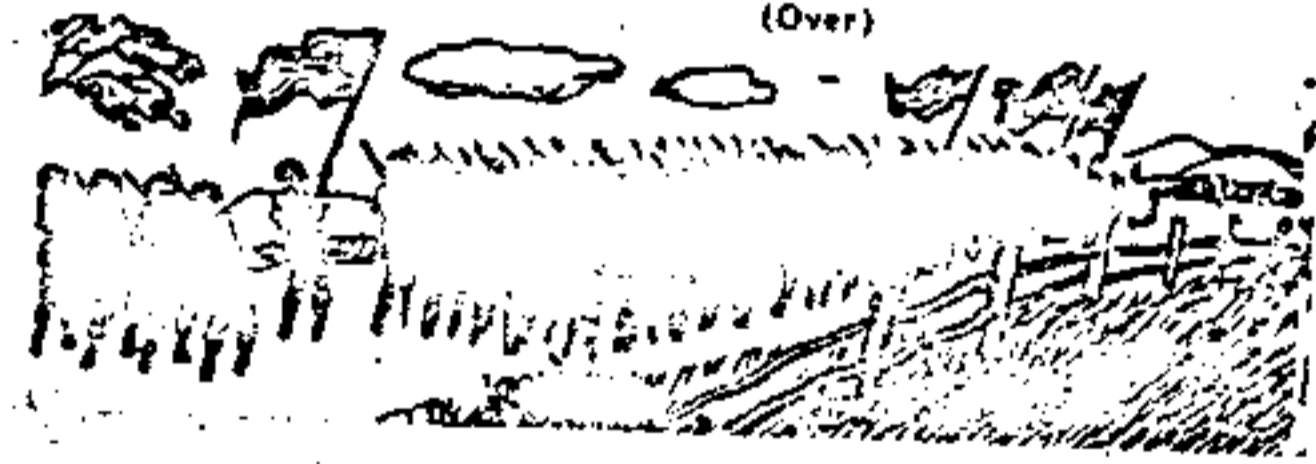
WHAT THEN?



When the plants of our mighty cities
 Have turned out their last finished work;
 When our merchants have sold their last yardage
 And have dismissed the last tired clerk,
 When our banks have raked in their last dollar
 And paid out their last dividend;
 When the judge of the earth says, "Closed for
 the night."
 And asks for a balance — what then?

When the choir has sung its last anthem,
 And the preacher has made his last prayer,
 When the people have heard their last sermon
 And the sound has died out on the air;
 When the Bible lies closed on the altar,
 And the pews are all empty of men,
 And each one stands facing his record —
 And the Great Book is opened — what then?

(Over)



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