

# Hank Snow, What Then

Narrated:

When the great plants of our cities  
Have turned out their last finished work  
When our merchants have sold their last yard of silk  
And dismissed their last tired clerk  
When our banks have raked in their last dollar  
And have paid the dividends  
When the Judge of 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 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 open -- what then?

When the actors have played their last drama  
And the mimic has made his last fun  
When the film has flashed its last picture  
And the billboard has displayed its last run  
When the crowd seeking pleasure has vanished  
And gone out in the darkness again  
And all of our lives flash before us  
And we stand before Him -- what then?

When the bugle's call sinks into silence  
And the long marching column stands still  
When the captain repeats his last orders  
And they've captured the last fort and hill  
And the flag has been hauled from the masthead  
And the wounded afield checked in  
And a world that has rejected its Saviour  
Is asked for a reason -- what then?