

A Sombre Message to the Netherlands  
Dated February 2011

Oh proud nation of the Netherlands, you who were raised up from the sea  
Hearken unto My voice, you who were once so blessed by Me  
For your sins have reached to heaven, you have surely filled your cup  
When I send forth My judgments, who then shall lift you up?

Oh proud nation of the Netherlands, you have forgotten your great past  
When once you were a godly nation and the truth you once held fast  
But now you have succumbed to lies, the truth you now refuse  
And you embrace false prophets of this age and My messengers abuse.

Oh haughty nation of the Netherlands, you who think you rule the seas!  
Who have no ears to hear My Voice, nor to hear My pleas!  
Who has no heart to turn from sin, but revels in the same  
Who delights in immorality and blasphemes My Holy Name!

It is enough! I say, for you now refuse the warnings of the wise  
Who warn you to flee from My wrath to come, but their words you do despise,  
You set at naught My Counsel, and My Word you mock and scorn  
But the day is near when you will be no more and the world shall weep and mourn.

You take pride in your great dykes and think they'll save you from the seas!  
But I tell you they shall surely fail – who then shall hear your pleas?  
For I have clapped My Hands, I've summoned the seas, I've stirred up the mighty  
waves,  
For from thence shall your great terror come and sweep you to your graves!

For the Great and Terrible Day of the Lord is here, the Day of Reckoning has come  
Now man must pay the price for sin, for all the evil he has done  
For I now arise to judge the earth, I shall pour out My holy wrath  
It shall be poured out on the proud and haughty and on those who mock and scoff.

But Oh wicked nation of the Netherlands, you have gloried in your shame!  
You have multiplied your sins on earth and used them to make gain  
You have exalted your great cities that are filled with filth and vice  
You have decked them with great temptations, the simple sinner to entice.

They have whores on most every corner, half dressed women on every street,  
There is such gross darkness there, scarce a righteous one you'll meet.  
The drinking bars, the dancing halls, the underworld of crime  
The drugs, the gays, the alcohol, have eaten up your time.

Oh once great nation of the Netherlands, how I would that you had turned  
And repented of all your sinful ways – for this My heart has yearned!  
But My patience has been sorely tried, I'll not always strive with man,  
For I am a God of Judgement, and for Judgement I must stand.

For I have granted you both time and space, and warnings to repent  
But you have spurned My messengers – those whom I have sent!  
You have embraced this grossest darkness and have despised My Holy Light  
Therefore I shall surely come upon you, just as a thief does in the night.

But of all of your most wicked sins, the most monstrous of them all  
Is that you've now embraced that bloodstained Whore, it's she who caused your fall!  
When your fathers paid such a price for truth, they paid it with their own blood,  
You do sell your souls to hell, and bring dishonour on your God!

For you have made a pact with Antichrist, you've made a covenant with Rome!  
Whose guilty of the most wicked sins the world has ever known!  
You have slept that Adulteress, that great Jezebel, that Whore!  
That usurper on the Seven Hills, whose ways I so abhor!

That Mystery Babylon the Great who is drunken with the blood  
Of saints and holy prophets, of the messengers of God,  
When once you stood your ground against this great edifice of lies  
Now you embrace her unholy ways, and My holy ways despise!

Once I delivered you and protected you from the might of Spain,  
Once I strengthened your people to bear the martyr's flame,  
Once I caused you to prosper and blessed your barren soil,  
And once I did watch over you in all your daily toil.

Oh Netherlands, how did you forget the great price your fathers paid?  
For liberty of conscience – for that great foundation that was laid?  
When most others were held in darkness and bowed before the Pope of Rome  
You took your stand with the Reformers and shook the Papal throne!

I say, once you were a blessed nation, blessed in all your ways  
Go, I say, and read for yourself how I blessed you in those days\*  
For once you had a faithful remnant who refused to bow the knee  
To Rome and all her idols under every grove and every tree.

Where now are your Seven Provinces who did separate from Rome?  
Where now are your faithful witnesses who were driven from their homes?  
Where now are your faithful martyrs who sealed their faith with their own blood?  
Where now is My pure and undefiled and faithful church of God?

Once the faithful bride of Christ - now you play the harlot!  
Once were robed in purest white – now you're dressed in scarlet!  
Once you did delight to kneel before My holy Throne  
Now you bend the knee to that Man of Sin who sits in Rome!

You behold and see the nations that now pass beneath My Rod -  
And do you think that you shall escape the Judgement of your God?  
I've judged and found you guilty of neglecting your salvation!  
So prepare yourselves for that fearful day – the day of My Visitation!

By Sharon Seales  
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Note: \* We recommend these few books that should be read by those who wish to acquaint themselves with that period of Netherlands' History.

1. "De Wonderen des Allerhoogsten" or "The Wonders of the Most High" by Abraham Van de Velde (Dutch and English)
2. "The History of Protestantism in the Netherlands" Vol. 3, Book 18 in Wylie's "History of Protestantism" (available in both Dutch and English)
3. "Historie Der Martelaren" by Adrianus Haemstedius
4. "Fox's Book of Martyrs" by John Fox