

Amos' Sermon
from *Cold Comfort Farm*

Ye miserable, crawlin'worms. Are ye here again then? Have ye come like Nimshi, son of Rehoboam, secretly out of your doomed houses, to hear what's comin' to ye? Have ye come, old and young, sick and well, matrons and virgins - if there be any virgins amongst you, which is not likely, the world being in the wicked state that it is. Aye. Have ye come to hear me tell ye... of the great crimson, licking flames of hell fire?

You've come, dozens of ye, like rats to the granary, like field mice when there's harvest home. And what good will it do ye? You're all damned! Damned!

Do you ever stop to think what that word means? No, you don't. It means... endless, horrifying torment. It means your poor, sinful bodies stretched out on red-hot gridirons... in the nethermost fiery pit of hell... and those demons mocking ye while they waves cooling jellies... in front of ye.

You know what it's like when you burn your hand... takin' a cake out of the oven... or lighting one of them Godless cigarettes? And it stings with a fearful pain. Aye? And you run to clap a bit of butter on it to take the pain away, aye? Well, I'll tell ye. There'll be no butter in hell!

And your body will be burnin'and stingin' with that terrible pain! And your blackened tongue will be stickin' out of your mouth, and your parched lips will be cryin' out for...

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