

**W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless one as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though so far short I fall—  
But can I bear the solemn thought,  
What if my name should be left out,  
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;  
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
In this accepted day;  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear!  
To calm my unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see Thy smiling face;  
Then loudest of that throng I'll sing,  
When Heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With songs of sovereign grace.