

THAT awesome day will surely come,  
The appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Thou source and focus of my joys,  
Thou sovereign of my heart!  
How could I bear to hear Thy voice  
Pronounce the word, 'Depart'?
- 3 O wretched state of deep despair;  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my soul forever where  
I must not taste His love!
- 4 Tell me, Lord, that my worthless name  
Is graven on Thy hands;  
Show me some promise in Thy Word,  
Where my salvation stands!
- 5 Give me one kind, assuring word  
To calm my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Its threescore years and ten.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*