

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon radiant sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history:
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 3 When the praise of Heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice:
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 4 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee:
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Robert Murray M'Cheyne, 1813-43