

By Faith We Find the Place Above  
By Charles Wesley

Woe to the men on earth who dwell,  
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,  
When God doth all His wrath reveal,  
And shower his judgments down!

Sinners, expect those heaviest showers,  
To meet your God prepare;  
For, lo! the seventh angel pours  
His phial in the air.

Lo! from their seats the mountains leap,  
The mountains are not found;  
Transported far into the deep,  
And in the ocean drowned.

Who then shall live, and face the throne,  
And face the Judge severe?  
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,  
O where shall I appear?

Now, only now, against that hour  
We may a place provide;  
Beyond the grave, beyond the power  
Of hell, our spirits hide.

Firm in the all destroying shock,  
May view the final scene;  
For, lo! the everlasting Rock  
Is cleft to take us in.