

That Awful Day Will Surely Come

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Christopher Tye, 1533.

That awful day will surely come,
Th'appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge,
And pass the solemn test.

Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

What! to be banished from my Life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!

O, wretched state of deep despair!
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love.

Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee
My spirit cannot rest.

O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book
Where my salvation stands!

Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.