Thou Judge of quick and dead



Thou Judge of quick and dead, before Whose bar severe, With holy joy, or guilty dread, we all shall soon appear; Our cautioned souls prepare for that tremendous day, And fill us now with watchful care, and stir us up to pray.

To pray, and wait the hour, that wondrous hour unknown, When, robed in majesty and power, Thou shalt from Heaven come down The immortal Son of Man, to judge the human race, With all Thy Father's dazzling train, with all Thy glorious grace.

O may we thus be found obedient to His Word, Attentive to the trumpet's sound, and looking for our Lord! O may we thus ensure a lot among the blest; And watch a moment to secure an everlasting rest!

Charles Wesley