

HYMN

- 1 There is a day, 'tis hastening on,
When Zion's God shall purge his floor;
His own elect shall then be known,
For he shall count those jewels o'er.
- 2 And who shall stand the fiery test
Of this tremendous awful day;
When thou in wrath and terror dress'd,
Shalt fan the worthless chaff away?
- 3 Nought but the grains of gospel gold
Will ever stand this trying day;
When like a scroll, together rolled,
The starry heavens shall pass away.
- 4 How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesu's blood thy only plea?
Is he thy great forerunner there?
- 5 Is thy proud heart subdued by grace,
To seek salvation in his name?
There's wisdom, power and righteousness,
All cent'ring in the worthy Lamb.
- 6 Then thou mayest rest, assured of this,
And lift thy favoured head with joy;
Thy hopes of heaven's eternal bliss,
Earth, hell, and sin shall ne'er destroy.

J. KENT