That Awful Day Will Surely Come

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
That awful day will surely come, Th'ap-

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
pointed hour makes haste, When

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
I must stand be- fore my Judge, And

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
pass the solemn test.

The other verses

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

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

4 What, to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his Love.

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

7 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!

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

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.