

Charles Wesley

Thomas Hastings

1. Lo, on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two un-bound-ed
 2. O God, my in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my

3. Be - fore me place, in dread ar - ray, The pomp of that tre-

4. Be this my one great bus'-ness here, With ho - ly trem-bling,
 5. Then, Sav-ior, then my soul re-ceive, Trans-ported from this

seas I stand, Yet how in - sen - si - ble! A point of time—a mo-ment's space—Re-moves me to yon heav'n-ly place, Or—shuts me up in hell.
 thought-less heart, E - ter - nal things im-press; Give me to feel their sol-emn weight, And save me e'er it be too late—Wake me to righ-teous-ness.

men-dous day, When Thou with clouds ap - pear, A-noint-ed Judge of hu - man kind; And tell me, Lord, may I there find Se - cu - ri - ty from fear?

ho - ly fear, To make my call-ing sure; Thy ut-most coun-sel to ful - fil, And suf-fer all Thy righ-teous will, And to the end en - dure.
 vale, to live and reign with those a - bove; Where faith is sweet-ly lost in sight, And hope in full, su-preme de-light, And ev - er - last-ing love.