

To right and left, the mighty tide
Of human souls awaiting there:
The bliss of Heaven, or dark despair;
Brought near, or banished from Thy side?

Who, O who, can bear that day
When Thou the judge of all shalt read
Each hidden thought, each secret deed,
That sinners fondly thought unknown,
E'en to Jehovah on His Throne?
But Thou each hidden thought can read.

Who, O who, can bear that day
When Thou the sentence shalt declare,
To saints and sinners waiting there;
To these "Come up, my way you
sought;"
To those, "Depart, I know you not;"
And they in solemn silence hear?