

METRE 2 Isaac Watts

WINDSOR C.M.

Christopher Tye

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' ap - point - ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

2. Thou love - ly Chief of all my joys, Thou Sov' - reign of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice, Pro - nounce the sound "de - part!"

3. The thun - der of that dis - mal word Would so tor - ment my ear, 'Twould tear my soul a - sun - der, Lord, With most tor - ment - ing fear.

4. What, to be banished for my life, And yet for - bid to die! To ling - er in e - ter - nal pain, Yet death for - ev - er fly!