

$\text{♩} = 105$ Longing for a place at God's right hand

Lady Huntingdon's Col., 1774

1. When thou, my right-eous Judge, shalt come To take thy
 2. I love to meet a-mong them now, Be-fore thy
 3. Pre-vent, pre-vent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear
 4. Let me a-mong thy saints be found When-e'er the

ran-somed peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a
 gra-cious feet to bow, Thoughvil-est of them all; But can I
 Lord, my hid-ing-place, In this the a'cept-ed day; Thy pard'-ning
 arch-angel's trump shall sound, To see thy smil-ing face; Then loud-est

worth-less worm as I, Who some-times am a-fraid to
 bear the pierc-ing thought: What if my name should be left
 voice, O let me hear, To still my un-be-liev-ing
 of the crowd I'll sing, While heaven's re-sound-ing man-sions

die, Be found at thy right hand? Be found at thy right hand?
 out, When thou for them shalt call? When thou for them shalt call?
 fear; Nor let me fall, I pray. Nor let me fall, I pray.
 ring With shouts of sov-ereign grace. With shouts of sov-ereign grace