





- 2. When I hear the wicked call on the rocks and hills to fall, when I see them start and shrink on the fiery deluge brink, then, Lord, shall I fully know – not till then – how much I owe.
- 3. When I stand before the throne, dressed in beauty not my own, when I see thee as thou art, love thee with unsinning heart, then, Lord, shall I fully know – not till then – how much I owe.
- 4. When the praise of heaven I hear, loud as thunders to the ear, loud as many waters' noise, sweet as harp's melodious voice, then, Lord, shall I fully know – not till then – how much I owe.
- 5. Even on earth, as through a glass darkly, let thy glory pass, make forgiveness feel so sweet, make thy Spirit's help so meet, even on earth, Lord, make me know something of how much I owe.

- 6. Chosen not for good in me, wakened up from wrath to flee, hidden in the Saviour's side, by the Spirit sanctified, teach me, Lord, on earth to show, by my love, how much I owe.
- 7. Oft I walk beneath the cloud, dark as midnight's gloomy shroud; but when fear is at the height, Jesus comes, and all is light: Blessed Jesus! bid me show doubting saints how much I owe.
- 8. When in flowery paths I tread, oft by sin I'm captive led; oft I fall, but still arise; the Spirit comes – the tempter flies: Blessed Spirit! bid me show weary sinners all I owe.
- 9. Oft the nights of sorrow reign weeping, sickness, sighing, pain, but a night thine anger burns – morning comes, and joy returns: God of comforts! bid me show to thy poor, how much I owe.