When this passing world is done,
when has sunk yonder glaring sun,
when we stand with Christ in glory,
looking over life's finished story,
then, Lord, shall I fully know— not till then—how much I owe.
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.
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.

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.
Chosen not for good in me,
wakened up from wrath to flee,
hidden in the Savior's side,
by the Spirit sanctified,
teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
by my love, how much I owe.