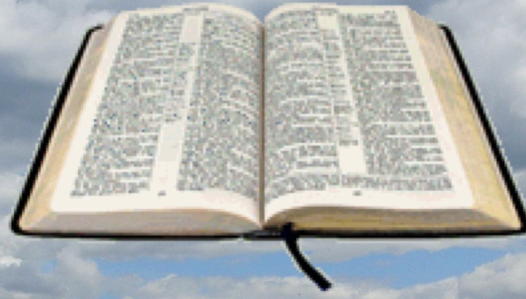


The Judgment Seat



It is a scene so somber set, no laughter now is heard
For Christ Himself sits on that seat, His judgments to declare.
Around him stand the heavenly hosts a very solemn sight
And light shines from his personage, in brilliance ever bright.

There is no court on earth like this, distinct it is alone
The Christ of God is seated there, upon judicial throne.
Celestial choirs will sing no song in purest heights sublime
It is the works that I have done, make no mistake it's mine.

I shall not stand for someone else, to borrow or to give
But each alone shall stand right there to get as they did live.
And all my past shall rise at last and ne'er a moment miss
There's not a thing that can be changed, no matter how I wish.

The books He then will open, and I shall take my place
In righteousness he'll judge me, no review of this case.
Its not that I shall silent stand, God says now give account
Since from the very moment saved, at Calvary's crimson fount.

Of what will he then judge me, as He reviews my past?
Both on the days so sunny, and others overcast.
The times when I once walked with him, in fellowship so grand
The times when I was far from him, upon the desert sand.

The matter first attended, so solemn now to tell
Is how I dealt with saints on earth, Oh pray did I do well?
Ah then I'll see, yes fearful see, I trampled some right down
I wonder which to whom he'll give, the glory and the crown.

I'll wish I loved more gently, considering the sheep
And ever so more kindly, the erring ones to seek.
And tolerate in graciousness, their little quirks in life
Instead of isolating them and causing e'en more strife.

And then a second book comes forth, and I with trembling fright
How did I build the Church of God, or leave it in a plight.
My preaching, teaching, study too, I now shall see its worth
Gold, silver, precious stones are they, or just a lot of dirt.

The Judgment Seat



Now that which will determine, is not what once I thought
For God will test the motives, to see just what I wrought.
Were all my works from ego and for appearance too
Or does the love of God, of Christ, come plainly into view?

Oh what a very solemn place that judgment seat will be
For nothing ever will be changed throughout eternity.
And if I've any sense at all, I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll start to live alone for God above, and stand for what is true.

But what if I have motives pure, and sought his will alone?
Then He shall warmly commend me, while sitting on the throne.
"Well done my child", I'll hear him say, in deep sincerest praise
And I shall join the glorious throng, and anthems loud we'll raise.

I'll then be given a garment, a robe of spotless white
And then a golden diadem, to rule with him in light.
To be an overcomer, in each and every way
Then I shall sing his praises, in God's eternal day.

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2nd Nov. 2001