

When our labor all retire
There will be a trial by fire
Will your treasure pass the test
Or will it burn up with the rest
You may build upon a sure foundation
With your building in dilapidation
When it all comes down to rubble
Will it be wood, hay, or stubble
Or precious stones, gold and silver-
Are you really sure?

And we all will stand at the Bema Seat
All will be revealed - it will be complete
Will there be reward in the fiery heat
When we see our lives at the Bema Seat

Every talent will be sure counted
Every word will have to be accounted
Not a story will be left untold
We will stand watch the truth unfold
Every score - will be evened - nothing to defend

Every building will be shaken
Every motive will be tried
He'll give reward to the faithful
Will you receive or be denied?