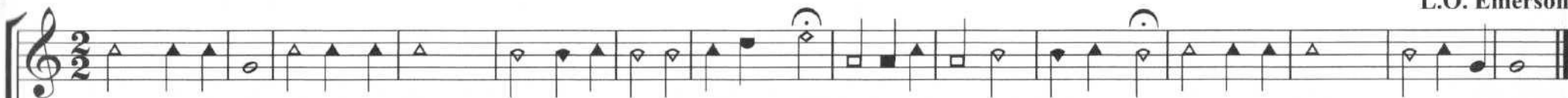


L.O. Emerson



1. Sin - ner, oh why so thought-less grown? Why in such dread-ful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap to worlds un-known, Heed-less a-gainst thy God to fly.



2. Wilt thou de-spise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de-lu-sive dreams? Mad-ly at-tempt th'in - fer-nal gate, And force thy pas - sage thru the flames.



3. Stay, sin-ner, on the gos-pel plains, And hear the Lord of life un - fold The glo-ry of His dy-ing pains, For ev-er tell - ing, yet un - told.

