

William Walker

1. The watch-men blow the trum-pet round, Come, lis-ten to the sol-lemn sound, And be as-sured there's dan-ger nigh; How man-y are pre-pared to die?  
 2. Come old and young; come, rich and poor; You'll all be called to stand be-fore The God that made the earth and sea, And there pro-claim His maj-es-ty.

3. O mor-tals view the dream of life, And see how thou-sands end the strife, Who, tho con-vinced do still de-lay Till death en-sues and drags a-way;  
 4. The try-ing scene will short-ly come, Then you must hear your cer-tain doom; And if you then go un-pre-pared, You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard.

Your days on earth will soon be o'er And time to you re-turn no more; Oh, think thou hast a soul to save; What are thy hopes be-yond the grave?  
 Will you re-main quite un-con-cerned, While for your soul the watch-men mourn? They weep to think how you will stand With fright-ful ghosts at God's left hand.

Will you, for fan-cied earth-ly toys, De-priv-e your-selves of heav'n-ly joys? And will the calls you have to-day Be slight-ed still and pass a-way?  
 Your spar-king eyes will then roll round, While death will bring you to the ground; The cof-fin; grave, and wind-ing sheet Will hold your life-less frame com-plete.