

William Walker

1. Poor mourn-ing soul! in deep dis-tress, Just wak-ened from a slum-ber,  
Who wan-ders in sin's wil-der-ness, One of the con-demned num-ber; The thun-der roars from Si-nai's mount Fills him with aw-ful ter - ror, And

2. Oh, woe is me that I was born! Or af-ter death have be-ing!  
Fain would I be some earth-ly worm, Which has no fu - ture be-ing: Or had I died when I was young, Oh, what would I have giv-en! Then

3. But now may I la - ment my case, Just worn a - way by trou-ble,  
From day to day I look for peace, But find my sor - rows dou-ble: Cries Sa-tan, "Des-p'rate is your state, Time's been, you might re-pent-ed, But

he like naught in God's ac-count, All drowned with grief and sor - row.

might with babes my lit - tle tongue, Been prais - ing God in heav - en.

now you see it is too late, So make your-self con - tent - ed."

4. How can I live! how can I rest! Under this sore temptation:  
Fearing the day of grace is past, Lord, hear my lamentation!  
For I am weary of my life, My groans and bitter crying,  
My wants are great, my mind's in strife, My spirit's almost dying.

5. Without relief I soon shall die, No hope of getting better,  
Show pity Lord, and hear the cry Of a distressed sinner;  
For I am resolved here to trust, At Thy footstool for favor,  
Pleading for life tho death be just, Make haste, Lord, to deliver.

6. "Come, hungry, weary, naked soul For such I ne'er rejected;  
My righteousness sufficient is, Tho you have long neglected:  
Come, weary souls, for right you have, I am such soul's protector  
My honor is engaged to save All under this character."

7. "I come to seek, I come to save, I come to make atonement,  
I lived, I died, laid in the grave, To save you from the judgment;"  
By faith my glor'ous Lord I see, O how He doth amaze me!  
To see Him bleeding on the tree, From hell and death to raise me.