

John Adam Granade

E.J. King

1. See how the scrip-tures are ful-fill-ing, Poor sin-ners are re-turn-ing home, The time the proph-ets were fore-tell-ing, With signs and won-ders now is come.  
 2. Ten thou-sand fall be-fore Je-ho-vah, For mer-cy, mer-cy, loud they cry, They rise, all shout-ing hal-le-lu-jah, And glo-ry be to God on high.

3. Oh sin-ners hear our in-vi-ta-tion, You are but fee-ble, dy-ing worms; Oh fly to Je-sus for sal-va-tion, Or you must meet God's aw-ful frown.  
 4. Now God is call-ing ev-'ry na-tion, The bond, the free, the rich the poor, These are the days of vis-i-ta-tion, Sweet gos-pel grace will soon be o'er.

The gos-pel trum-pets now are blow-ing From sea to sea, from land to land; God's Ho-ly Spir-it down is pour-ing, And Chris-tians join-ing heart and hand.  
 But hea-thens cry, it's all dis-or-der, And dis-be-lieve God's ho-ly word; Yet Chris-tians sing, and shout the loud-er, All glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lord.

We warn you in the name of Je-sus, The aw-ful Judge of quick and dead, But if you still re-fuse to hear us, Your blood shall be up-on your head.  
 The Lord shall come, all clothed in thun-der, And light-ning stream-ing to and fro, Oh, then He'll cut His foes a-sun-der, And cast them with the damned be-low.

This beautiful old tune was set to music by E.J. King, junior author of the *Sacred Harp*, who died in a few weeks after its publication, in 1844, much lamented by his Christian brethren and musical friends.