

1. Sin-ners, take the friend-ly warn-ing—Soon that aw-ful day will break, And the trum-pet with its dawn-ing All the slumb'ring mil-lions wake.

2. See as-sembled eve-ry na-tion! Loft-y cit-ies, tem-ples, tow'rs, Wrapt in dread-ful con - fla - gra - tion, Earth and sea the flames de-vour!

3. Ye who to the world dis-sem-ble, While you prac-tice deeds of night; Sin-ners, now be - hold and trem - ble, All your crimes are brought to light.

4. Ye who now con - vic-tion sti-ffing, Waste your time, the loss de - plore; Hear the an-gel—cease your tri - fling—“Time,” he cries, “shall be no more.”