

1. Stop, poor sin-ners, stop and think, Be - fore you far - ther go; Will you sport up - on the brink Of ev - er - last - ing woe!

2. Say have you an arm like God, That you his will op - pose? Fear you not that i - ron rod With which he breaks his foes?

3. Ghast - ly death will quick - ly come, And drag you to his bar; Then to hear your aw - ful doom Will fill you with des - pair.

4. Though your hearts were made of steel, Your fore-heads lined with brass, God at length will make you feel— He will not let you pass.

On the verge of ru - in stop— Now the friend - ly warn - ing take; Stay your foot - steps ere you drop In - to the burn - ing lake.

Can you stand in that great day, Which his jus - tice shall pro - claim; When the earth shall melt a - way Like wax be - fore the flame.

All your sins will round you crowd; You shall mark their crim - son dye! Each for ven - geance cry - ing loud—And what can you re - ply?

Sin - ners then in vain will call, Those who now de - spise his grace, “Rocks and moun - tains on us fall, And hide us from his face.”