

# WESTON L.M.

1. Sin - ners, oh, why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Daring to leap to worlds unknown! Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly.

2. Wilt thou despise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's delusive dreams? Madly at the in - fer - nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames?

3. Stay, sinner, on the gos - pel plains, And hear the Lord of life un - fold The glories of his dy - ing pains!— For - ev - er tell - ing, yet un - told!