

Acton

1. Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear; Re - pent, the end is nigh;
2. Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save, Thy sins, how high they mount!

3. Death en - ters, and there's no de - fense, His time there's none can tell;
4. Thy flesh, per - haps thy chief - est care, Shall crawl - ing worms con - sume;

5. To - day, the gos - pel calls to - day: Sin - ners, it speaks to you;
6. Rich mer - cy, dear - ly bought with blood, How vile so - e'er he be,

Death at the far - thest can't be far; O, think be - fore thou die!
What are thy hopes be - yond the grave? How stands that dark ac - count?

He'll in a mom - ent call thee hence, To hea - ven or to hell.
But ah! de - struc - tion stops not there; Sin kills be - yond the tomb.

Let ev - ery - one for - sake his way, And mer - cy will en - sue.
A - bund - ant par - don, peace with God; All given en - tire - ly free.