

Joseph Hart, 1759
86. 86. (C. M.)

Acton

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G minor
Abraham Wood, 1793

1. Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear; Repent, the end is nigh, Death at the farthest can't be far; O, think before thou die!
2. Reflect, thou hast a soul to save, Thy sins, how high they mount! What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark account?

3. Death enters, and there's no defense, His time there's none can tell; He'll in a moment call thee hence, To heaven or to hell.
4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care, Shall crawling worms consume; But ah, destruction stops not there; Sin kills beyond the tomb!

5. Today, the gospel calls, to - day: Sinners, it speaks to you; Let everyone forsake his way, And mercy will en - sue.
6. Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood, How vile so-e'er he be, Abundant pardon, peace with God; All given entirely free.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015.

Sharp accidental removed from C in Tenor, measure 7.