



A Dialogue Between DEATH & THE SINNER.

Death

O, sinner I'm come by heaven's decree, my warrant is to summon thee,
And whether thou art prepared or no, this very night with me must go

Sinner

Oghastly Death but thou look'st pale and opens a door to heaven or hell,
And wilt thou not with me forbear and spare me yet another year.

Death

My years and months are past and gone, you now must stand before the throne
To give account of all thy ways, and how thou'st spent thy youthful days.

Sinner

O Death, have mercy on my age and spare me yet upon the stage,
I'm but a flower just in bloom, and wilt thou cut me down so soon.

Death

For youth or age I'll ever spare, and if thou look'st in yon Churchyard,
Shu'lt see them there in hundreds lay whom I have made my sovereign prey.

Sinner

O Death, behold my parents dear stand round my bed with many a tear,
And loth they are to part with me, a leafless, fruitless, barren tree.

Death

The tears of friends or parents dear th'cauer blunt nor break my spear,
My name is Death, my sting is sin, close thine eye and stretch thy limb.

Sinner

If time to me, was to begin, I'd hate the road that leads to sin,
And to the Lord I'd earnest prey, and wrestle to the break of day.

Death

The Saviour thou hast grieved sore, and time with thee shall be no more,
For when the Lord did thee invite, the ways of sin were thy delight.

Sinner

O spare me Death, a little space, that I may run a Christian race,
Methinks I my Saviour say, O spare him yet another day.

Death

The Lord he hath long spared thee—a fruitless, leafless, barren tree—
But heaven's command I must obey, and cut thee down this very day.

Sinner

O, Death, no mercy wilt thou show, but unto Jesus I will go,
Who rose triumphant from the grave, a guilty wretch like me to save.

Death

ough sin consigned thee to the grave, Jesus has died thy soul to save,
blood did flow in streams divine to save that guilty soul of thine.

Sinner

And when that blood extracts the sting I'll turn my head and sweetly sing,
To him who raised me when I fell, and saved my soul from sin and hell,

Death

The cross I see all stained with blood, I view the suffering Son of God,
Whose precious blood was spilled for me on the Cross on iCalvary.

Sinner

Now, Death thy sting I do defy, for lo! I see my Saviour nigh,
Draw near, O Death, and strike the blow, and let me to my Saviour go
Glory to God, I now do see that Death becomes a friend to me,
To take me from this world of woe, and let me to my Saviour go.

Now all my friends whom I love dear, I hope you will to Christ draw near,
And do not shed a tear for me, where Jesus Christ is there shall be.
My dying words do not forget, but turn before it is too late,
And seek the Lord until you find a change of heart and peace of mind.

My weeping friends I now must part, give me thy hand, give God thy heart,
Adieu my friends a long farewell, for now the love of God I feel,
O Mother of Car st thou spotless maid, we sinners make our prayers to thee,
Remind thy Son that he has paid, the price of our iniquity;

