



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 will thou cut me down so soon.

Death

For youth or age I never 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, behld my parents dear stand round my bead 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 theaer blunt nor break my spear, ni
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 pray, 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

Though sin consigned thee to the grave, Jesus has died thy soul to save,
His 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 sufferiag Son of God,
Whose precious blood was spilled for me on the Cross on iCalvary.

Sinner

Now, Death thy sting I do defy, for 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.

