



DIALOGUE BETWEEN DEATH AND THE SINNER.

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DEATH.

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

SINNER.

O ghostly 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.

Thy years and months are past and gone, you now must stand before the
throne

To give account of all the ways, and how you've spent your 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 never spare, and if thou look'st in your Churchyard,
You'll see them there in hundreds lie whom I have made my sovereign pray

SINNER

Death behold my parents stand, around my bed with many a tear,
and loth they are to part with me, their child so dear.

DEATH.

The tears of friends or parents dear, can neither blunt nor break my spear.
My name is death, my sting is sin, close thine eyes, and stretch thine limb.

SINNER.

Do this to me was to begin, I'd heat the road that leads to sin,
And to the Lord I'd earnestly pray, and wrestle to the break of day.

DEATH.

Thy Saviour thou have grieved sore and time with thee will be no more,
For when the Lord did thee invite, the way of sin were thy delight.

SINNER.

O spare me Death, a little space, that I may run a christain race.
My thanks, I hear the 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

Oh 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 sinners save that guilty soul of mine

SINNER

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

And all my friends whom I love I hope you will to Christ draw near
And do not shed a tear for me where Christ is there shall be no fear,
Your 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.

