

Sometime(Hewitt)

Eliza Hewitt, 1891.

William Kirkpatrick.

A voice is heard in the dewy dawn,
And the call is sweet and low;
Come now, my child to the Shepherd's fold,
Where the living waters flow;
But the gay heart answers in careless tones,
As light as the morning chime,
"Let me live for the world just a little while,
I will come to God sometime!"

Refrain

Beware! Beware! At the pearly gate
God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!
Beware! Beware! At the pearly gate
God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!

The day is nearing the noontide glow,
And the voice is heard again,
It calls the soul to a nobler life,
'Tis a patient, kind refrain;
Enter now the Master's broad harvest field,
In the strength of your early prime,
Come and bring to His work service good and true,
Still the same reply "sometime!"

Refrain

The feet are treading the western slope,
And the air is growing chill;
O can it be God is waiting yet,
That His voice is pleading still?
That He'll flood with beauty the sunset sky,
Bright rays from the Golden Clime?
But the sinner long hardened, has turned away,
With the fatal word "sometime!"

Refrain

O soul, take heed, ere the shadows fall,
And the day of grace be past,
For how shall a trembling sinner stand
By the gates of death at last?
Hear the Savior's call; at the Cross lay down
Thy burden of guilt and crime,
And the angels shall sing thee a sweeter song
Than the sad refrain "Sometime."

Refrain