

Out of the Ark

Words: Kate Harrington, 19th Century.

Music: Philip Bliss.

They dreamed not of danger, those sinners of old,
Whom Noah was chosen to warn;
By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown cold,
They laughed his entreaties to scorn;
Yet daily he called them, "Oh come, sinners, come,
Believe and prepare to embark!
Receive ye the message, and know there is room
For all who will come to the Ark."

Refrain

Then come, come, oh, come;
There's refuge alone in the Ark;
Receive ye the message, and know there is room
For all who will come to the Ark.

He could not arouse them, unheeding they stood,
Unmoved by his warning and prayer;
The prophet passed in from the oncoming flood,
And left them to hopeless despair;
The floodgates were opened, the deluge came on,
The heavens as midnight grew dark;
Too late, then they turned, every foothold was gone,
They perished in sight of the Ark.

Refrain

O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, "Come";
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm cloud of justice rolls dark overhead,
And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
"They heard-they refused-and were lost!"

Refrain