

Sinner, Art Thou Still Secure
John Newton, 1779.
Ignaz Pleyel, 1791.

Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

See, His mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe His brow!
For His judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

At His presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

Who His advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned;
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the judge they once blasphemed:

Where are now their haughty looks?
O, their horror and despair!
When they see the opened books
And their dreadful sentence hear!

Lord, prepare us by Thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass,
Through the iron gate of death.

Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the Gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.