

Sinners, the Voice of God Regard

John Fawcett, 1782.

John Calkin, 1875.

Sinners, the voice of God regard;

'Tis mercy speaks today;

He calls you by His sacred Word

From sin's destructive way.

Like the rough sea that cannot rest,

You live devoid of peace;

A thousand stings within your breast

Deprive your souls of ease.

Your way is dark, and leads to hell;

Why will you persevere?

Can you in endless torments dwell,

Shut up in black despair?

Why will you in the crooked ways

Of sin and folly go?

In pain you travel all your days,

To reap eternal woe.

But he that turns to God shall live

Through His abounding grace:

His mercy will the guilt forgive

Of those that seek His face.

Bow to the scepter of His Word,

Renouncing every sin,

Submit to Him, your sovereign Lord,

And learn His will divine.

His love exceeds your highest thoughts,

He pardons like a God;

He will forgive your numerous faults,

Through a redeemer's blood.