

1 Why wilt thou linger?

Why wilt thou die?

God's wrath upon thee,

Judgment so nigh.

Now in salvation's day

Tread the blood-sprinkled way;

Sinner, no more delay,

Jesus will come.

2 Soon will the Saviour

Close fast the door,

Tidings of mercy

Sound nevermore;

Time's course will soon be run.

Stop then, thou Christless one,

Think of the great white throne,

Judgment will fall.

3 Then the dread sentence,

"Depart from Me,"

Room for repentance,

Gone, gone for aye.

Endless the sinner's doom,

Darkness and dismal gloom;

Now in God's house there's room,

Jesus will save.

4 Glory before thee,

Pilgrim, press on;

Share now the sorrow,

Share soon the crown.

Tell forth the Saviour's fame,

Honor His holy name,

Bear now His cross and shame,

Pilgrim, press on.

I. Fleming