

ROAN. 8S.

G Major.

1. Young peo - ple, all at - ten - tion give, While I ad - dress you in God's name. I've sought for bliss in glit - t'ring toys
 You who in sin and fol - ly live, Come, hear the coun - sel of a friend.

2. He speaks, my sin's at once for - giv'n, And wash'd my load of guilt a - way, And now with trembling sense I view
 He gave me par - don, peace in heav'n, And thus I found the per - fect way;

3. But O the soul where vengeance reigns, It shrinks with groans and cease - less cries, There swallow'd up in dark - est night,
 And rolls a - midst the burn - ing flames In end - less woe and ag - o - nies;

And ranged the lur - ing scenes of vice; But nev - er knew sub - stan - tial joys, Un - til I heard my Sav - ior's voice.

Huge bil - lows roll be - neath your feet, For death e - ter - nal waits for you Who slight the force of gos - pel grace

Where de - vils howl and thun - ders roar, To rage in keen de - spair and guilt, When thou - sand thou - sand years are o'er.