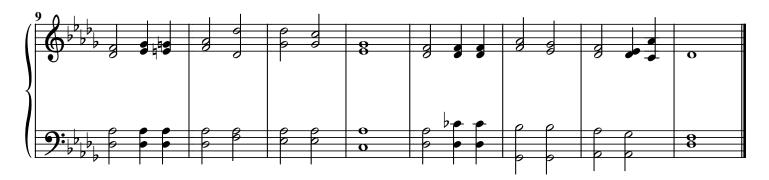
Sinners, obey the gospel word





Sinners, obey the gospel-word! Haste to the supper of my Lord! Be wise to know your gracious day; All things are ready, come away!

Ready the Father is to own And kiss his late-returning son; Ready your loving Saviour stands, And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love Just now the stony to remove, To apply, and witness with the blood, And wash and seal the sons of God. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Is ready, with their shining host: All heaven is ready to resound, "The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

A pardon written with his blood, The favour and the peace of God; The seeing eye, the feeling sense, The mystic joys of penitence;

The guiltless shame, the sweet distress, The unutterable tenderness, The genuine, meek humility, The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

Charles Wesley

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