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The Watchman's Call

Transcribed from *Southern Harmony*, 1835, and *Christian Harmony*, 1867.

A minor

William Walker, 1835
Alto by William Walker, 1867

Tr. 5 1. 2. 10

1. { The watchmen blow the trumpet round, Come, listen to the so - lemn sound, } Your days on earth will soon be o'er, And time to you return no more;
And be assured there's danger nigh; How many are prepared to die? }

A. 5

2. { Come old and young, come rich and poor; You'll all be called to stand before } Will you remain quite unconcerned, While for your souls the watchmen mourn:
The God that made the earth and sea. And there proclaim his ma - jes - ty. }

T. 5

3. { O mortals! view the dream of life, And see how thousands end the strife, } Will you for fancied earthly toys Deprive yourselves of heavenly joys
Who though convinced do still delay, Till death ensues and drags a - way; }

B. 5

Tr. 15

1. O think thou hast a soul to save, What are thy hopes beyond the grave?

A. 15

2. They weep to think how you will stand With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.

T. 15

3. And will the calls you have to - day Be slighted still and pass a - way?

B. 15

4. The trying scene will shortly come.
When you must hear your certain doom.
And if you then go unprepared.
You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard;
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round.
While death will bring you to the ground:
The coffin, grave, and winding sheet.
Will hold your lifeless frame complete.

5. Your friends will then pass by your tomb,
And view the grass around it grown,
And heave a sigh to think you're gone
To the land where there's no return.
O mortals! now improve your time,
And while the gospel sun doth shine
Fly swift to Christ, he is your friend,
And then in heaven your souls will end.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018.

Whole piece transposed down from A Major to G Major, as suggested by Jackson 1952.
A folk hymn (Jackson 1952, No. 175).