Poor Sinners! Little Do They Think

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

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| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
  Poor  sinners! little     do they think With

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
  whom they have to   do! But

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
  stand securely     on the brink Of

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  everlasting       woe.
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The other verses

2 Belshazzar thus, profanely bold,
The Lord of hosts defied;
But vengeance soon his boasts controlled,
And humbled all his pride.

3 He saw a hand upon the wall
(And trembled on his throne)
Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall
In characters unknown.

4 Why should he tremble at the view
Of what he could not read?
Foreboding conscience quickly knew
His ruin was decreed.

5 See him o'erwhelmed with deep distress!
His eyes with anguish roll;
His looks, and loosened joints, express
The terrors of his soul.

6 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford;
O sinner, ere this case be thine,
Begin to seek the Lord.

7 The law like this hand-writing stands,
And speaks the wrath of God;
But Jesus answers its demands,
And cancels it with blood.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.