The Lord, the Judge, His Churches Warns

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
The Lord, the Judge, his churches warns, Let

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
hypocrites at- tend and fear, Who

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
place their hope in rites and forms, But

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
make not faith nor love their care.

The other verses

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong;
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

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