

How wretched is the state

Robert Johnson

How wretched is the state we all are in, That sleep se-cure in un-re-pent-ed sin;

When not the great-est king on earth can say That he shall live to see the break of day: Nor

saints in heav'n, nor bless-ed ang-els know, Whe-ther the last and dread-ful trump shall blow

To judge-ment of the liv-ing and the dead, Be-fore these words I speak are ut-ter-ed. Oh wake,

Oh watch, Oh weep-re-pent and pray; Oh have in mind that last and bit-ter day.