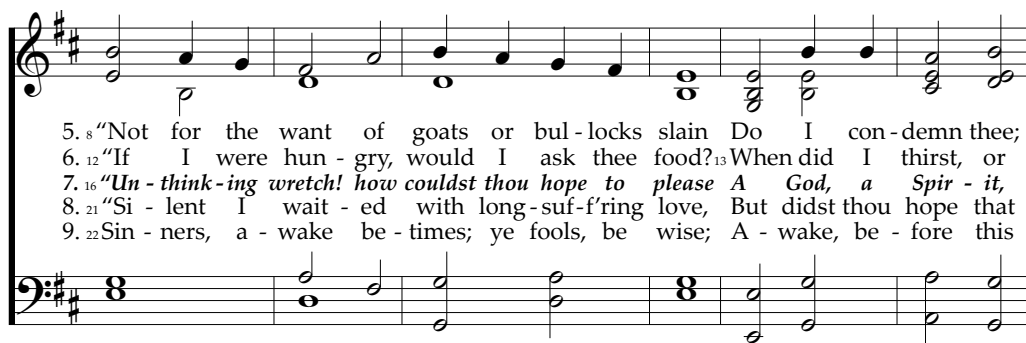
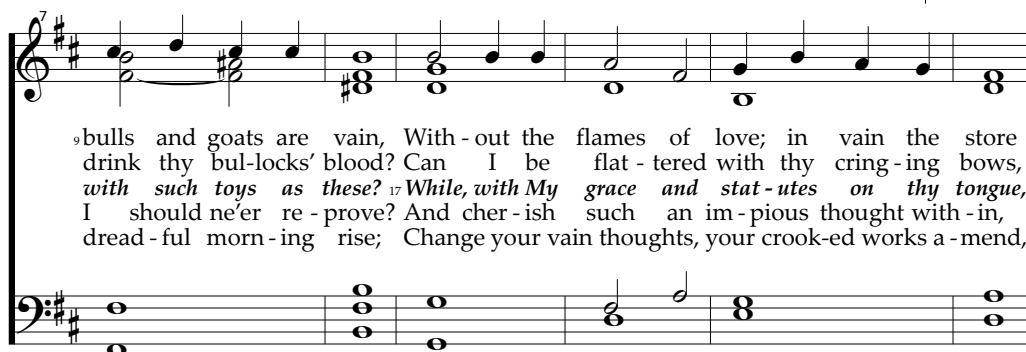


97b The LORD, the Sovereign, Sends His Summons

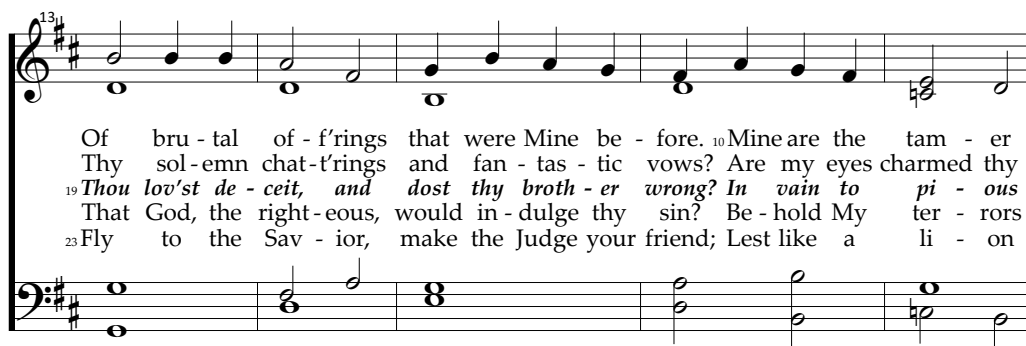
Cont'd, Psalm 50:9-23



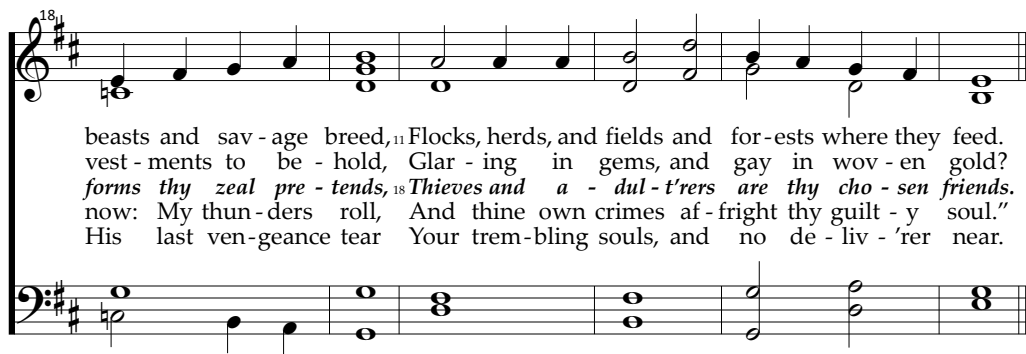
5. ⁸ "Not for the want of goats or bul - locks slain Do I con - demn thee;
6. ¹² "If I were hun - gry, would I ask thee food? ¹³ When did I thirst, or
7. ¹⁶ *"Un - think - ing wretch! how couldst thou hope to please A God, a Spir - it,*
8. ²¹ "Si - lent I wait - ed with long - suf - f'ring love, But didst thou hope that
9. ²² Sin - ners, a - wake be - times; ye fools, be wise; A - wake, be - fore this



⁹ bulls and goats are vain, With - out the flames of love; in vain the store
drink thy bul - locks' blood? Can I be flat - tered with thy cring - ing bows,
with such toys as these? ¹⁷ *While, with My grace and stat - utes on thy tongue,*
I should ne'er re - prove? And cher - ish such an im - pious thought with - in,
dread - ful morn - ing rise; Change your vain thoughts, your crook - ed works a - mend,



¹³ Of bru - tal of - f'ings that were Mine be - fore. ¹⁰ Mine are the tam - er
Thy sol - emn chat - t'ings and fan - tas - tic vows? Are my eyes charmed thy
¹⁹ *Thou lov'st de - ceit, and dost thy broth - er wrong? In vain to pi - ous*
That God, the right - eous, would in - dulse thy sin? Be - hold My ter - rors
²³ Fly to the Sav - ior, make the Judge your friend; Lest like a li - on



beasts and sav - age breed, ¹¹ Flocks, herds, and fields and for - ests where they feed.
vest - ments to be - hold, Glar - ing in gems, and gay in wov - en gold?
forms thy zeal pre - tends, ¹⁸ *Thieves and a - dul - t'ers are thy cho - sen friends.*
now: My thun - ders roll, And thine own crimes af - fright thy guilt - y soul."
His last ven - geance tear Your trem - bling souls, and no de - liv - 'rer near.