


Sinners, Will You Scorn the Message

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But I *am* a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, *saying*, He trusted on the LORD *that* he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him. (*Psalms 22:6-8*)

For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. (*I Corinthians 1:17-19*)

Words: Attributed to Jonathan Allen, 1806. Music: "Alvan," Lowell Mason, 1854.	
(midi) (mp3)	Sinners, Will You Scorn the Message 

Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it, listen to it,
Every line is full of love.
Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's king proclaim:

“Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in His name”:
How important, how important,
“Free forgiveness in His name.”

Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds, tender heralds,
Chase away the falling tears.

False professors, groveling wordlings,
Callous hearers of the Word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you, we entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of Heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners, rebel sinners,
Glad the message will obey.