

AN EARNEST CALL

Dear World, it is my duty
To say to you this day
That all your goals are hopeless,
That all your dreams are fey.
I know how hard you've labored,
How long stood by the last.
Still soon will come the moment
When dreams and hope are past.

You see, all of your efforts
Are spent "beneath the sun."
The days of wine and roses
Are sweet, but soon are done.
They are but fond indulgence
Which vanishes with time,
Which dissipates the energies
And trashes the sublime.

Try as you will, you cannot,
You will not change the fate
Of all who build on swamp land,
Who sorrow, but too late.
You may as well just party
And oil your fears away.
Tomorrow will betray you
As false has been today.

You're found already guilty,
Because you don't believe
That Jesus is the Savior.
You simply can't conceive
How desperate your peril,
How soon the fire will fall,
How fierce will be the judgment
On sinners one and all.

Your sons yet talk of glory.
They say, "All will be well."
Your daughters grow seductive.
Do they not know of hell?
Do you not know the outcome
Of this disease called sin,
Since even now you're playing
The game you cannot win?

But yet God still invites you
From this vain world to come
From darkness to the Savior,
To leave Byzantium,
To reach by faith to Jesus
And life eternal know,
No more to be bewildered
While walking here below.

In His name I invite you
(And weep for your sad plight)
To come while yet the Spirit
Holds back the shades of night.
You still can be converted,
Step through the door of grace,
For soon Christ comes from heaven
To judge you face to face.

by Dave Breese