Near the End
Lyrics: William G. Schell
Scripture:Revelation 10:5-7
Meter: 8.7.8.7 D

Time moves on with solemn footsteps
As it nears the final shore;
Fast the sun of earth is sinking,
Soon our world shall be no more.
The sixth trumpet now is sounding
To prepare the holy bride-
Many on the golden altar,
"Purified, made white, and tried."

Lo! the angel now is standing
On the sea and on the land;
How His voice the air is rending,
As to God He lifts His hand!
What an awful, awful message!
Help us, Lord, this truth to see;
When the seventh trumpet thunders,
Then shall time no longer be.

One more trumpet yet to summon
Us before the judgment seat,
Then the time of our frail planet
Will be said to be complete.
How the wicked will be wailing,
And the righteous overjoyed,
When with fire the heav'ns are burning,
And the earth shall be destroyed.

While false prophets are confiding
In a foolish, erring dream
Of millennial enjoyments,
They neglect the cleansing stream.
Oh, poor sinner, don't believe them,
There will be no age to come;
If in life you find not Jesus,
Death will seal your awful doom.