Soon The Evening Shadows

ARE YOU READY?

1. Soon the evening shadows falling, Close the day of mortal life;
2. Soon the awful trumpet sounding, Calls thee to the judgment throne;
3. Oh, how fatal ’tis to linger! Are you ready—ready now—
4. Priceless love and free salvation, Freely still are offered thee:

Soon the hand of death appalling, Draws thee from its weary strife.
Now prepare, for love abounding, Yet has left thee not alone.
Ready, should death’s icy finger Lay its chill upon thy brow?
Yield no longer to temptation, But from sin and sorrow flee.

Chorus

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready?

’Tis the Spirit calling: Why delay? Are you ready? Are you ready?

Words by J. W. Slaughenhaupt
Music by E. S. Lorenz
Soon The Evening Shadows

Are you ready? Are you ready?
Do not linger longer; come today.

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