



OVER THE DEAD-LINE

By Virginia W. Moyer

*O sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee!
Long, long has He called thee in vain.
He call'd thee when joy
let its crown to thy days,
He call'd thee in sorrow and pain.*

Chorus:

*O turn while the Saviour in mercy is waiting
And steer for the Harbour Light!
For how do you know but your soul may be
drifting
Over the dead-line tonight?*

*O sinner, thine ears have been
deaf to His voice!
Thine eyes to His glory been dim.
The calls of thy Saviour have so wearied thee,
O what if they should weary Him?*

*O sinner, the Spirit is striving with thee.
What if He should strive never more?
But leave thee alone in thy darkness to dwell
In sight of the heavenly shore?*

*O sinner God's patience may weary some day
And leave thy sad soul in the blast!
By willful resistance you've drifted away -
Over the dead-line at last.*

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