

# THE SOWER.

## A CALL TO CHRIST.

**W**ILT thou, sinner, be converted,  
Christ, the Lord of glory see,  
By His own denied, deserted,  
Bleeding, bound, and scourged for thee?  
Look again O soul, behold Him  
On the cross uplifted high;  
See the precious life-blood flowing  
See the tears that dim His eye.  
Love has pierced the heart that break,  
Loveless sinner, for thy sake.  
Hearken till thy heart is broken,  
To His cry so sad and sweet;  
Hearken to the hammer smiting  
Nails that pierced His hands and feet.  
See the side whence flows the fountain  
Of His love and life divine,  
Riven by a hand unthankful,  
Lo! that hand is thine.  
See the crown of thorns adorning  
God's beloved Holy Son,  
Then fall down in bitter mourning,  
Weep for that which thou hast done.  
Thank Him that His heart was willing  
So to die for love to thee;  
Thank Him for the love that maketh  
This world's joy but gall to be.  
And till thou in heaven adore Him  
Fight for Him in knightly guise;  
Joy in shame and toil and sorrow,  
Glorious is the prize.