



## What Then?

To die without hope – have you counted the cost?  
To die without Christ and your soul be lost?  
Renounce every idol, tho' dear it may be.  
And come to the Saviour, now pleading with thee.

When the choir has sung its last anthem  
And the preacher has made his last prayer,  
When the people have heard their last sermon  
And the sound has died out on the air,  
Then the Bible lies closed on the altar  
And the pews are all empty of men,  
And each one stands facing his record  
And the great Book is opened –  
**WHAT THEN?**

When the actors have played their last drama  
And the mimic has made his last fun,  
When the movie has flashed its last picture  
And the billboard displayed its last run,  
When the crowds seeking pleasure have vanished  
And gone out into the darkness again,  
When the trumpet of ages is sounded  
And we stand up before Him –  
**WHAT THEN?**

When the great busy plants of our cities  
Shall have turned out their last finished work,  
When our merchants have sold their last order  
And dismissed every hard-working clerk,  
When our banks have all counted the last of their notes  
And paid out their last dividend,  
When the Judge of the earth wants a hearing  
And asks for a balance—  
**WHAT THEN?**

When the choir has sung its last anthem  
And the preacher has voiced his last prayer,  
When the people have heard their last sermon  
And the sound has died out on the air,  
When the Bible lies closed in the pulpit  
And the pews are all empty of men,  
When we stand each one facing his record  
And the great Book is opened—  
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