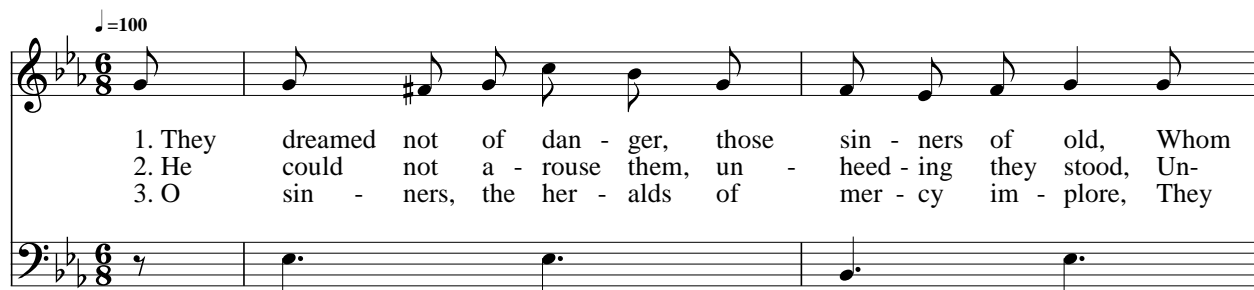


# Out of the Ark

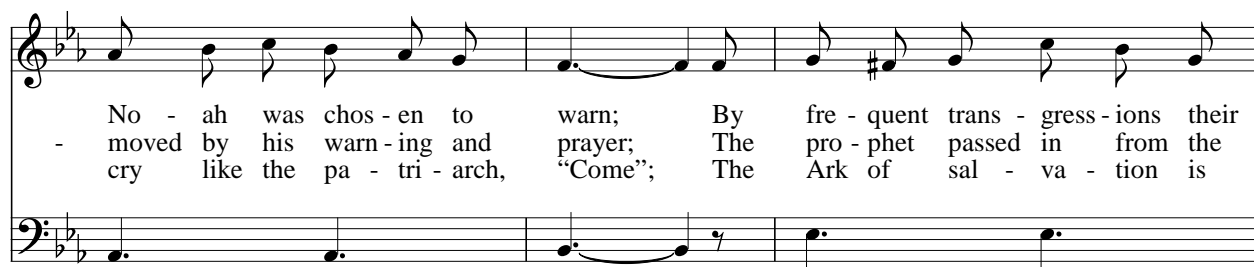
Rebecca Smith Pollard, 1876

Philip Paul Bliss

$\text{♩} = 100$

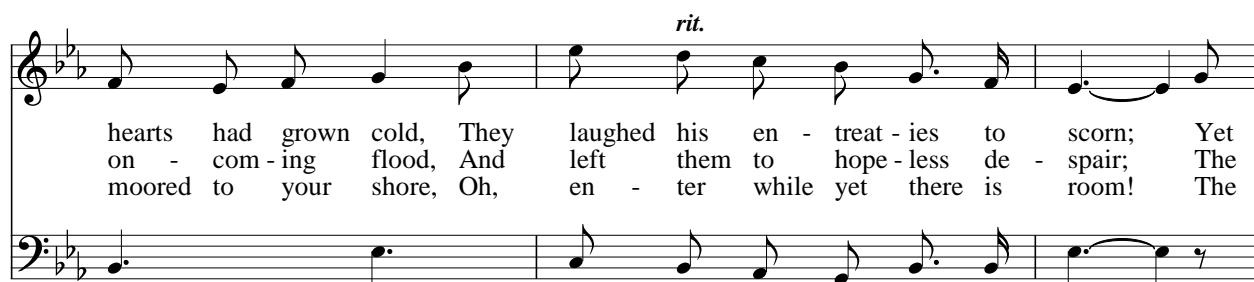


1. They dreamed not of dan - ger, those sin - ners of old, Whom  
2. He could not a - rouse them, un - heed - ing they stood, Un -  
3. O sin - ners, the her - als of mer - cy im - plore, They




No - ah was chos - en to warn; By fre - quent trans - gress - ions their  
- moved by his warn - ing and prayer; The pro - phet passed in from the  
cry like the pa - tri - arch, "Come"; The Ark of sal - va - tion is

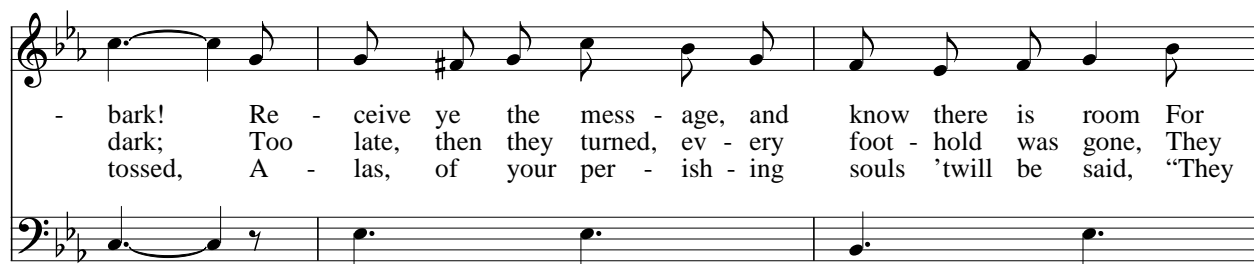
*rit.*



hearts had grown cold, They laughed his en - treat - ies to scorn; Yet  
on - com - ing flood, And left them to hope - less de - spair; The  
moored to your shore, Oh, en - ter while yet there is room! The



dai - ly he called them, "Oh come, sin - ners, come, Be - lieve and pre - pare to em -  
flood - gates were o - pened, the del - uge came on, The heav - ens as mid - night grew  
storm cloud of jus - tice rolls dark o - ver - head, And when by its fu - ry you're



- bark! Re - ceive ye the mess - age, and know there is room For  
dark; Too late, then they turned, ev - ery foot - hold was gone, They  
tossed, A - las, of your per - ish - ing souls 'twill be said, "They

*rit.* *Refrain*

all who will come to the Ark.”  
 per - ished in sight of the Ark. Then come, come, oh, come; There’s  
 heard— they re - fused— and were lost!”

re - fuge a - lone in the Ark; Re - ceive ye the mess-age, and know there is room For

*rit.*

all who will come to the Ark.