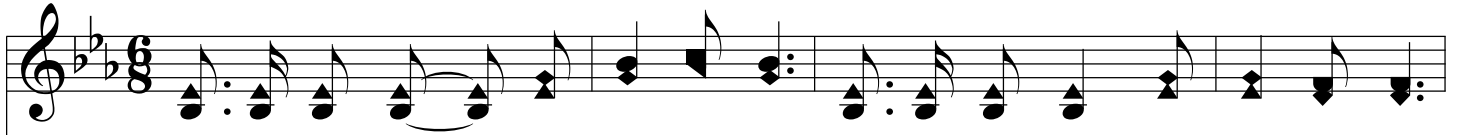
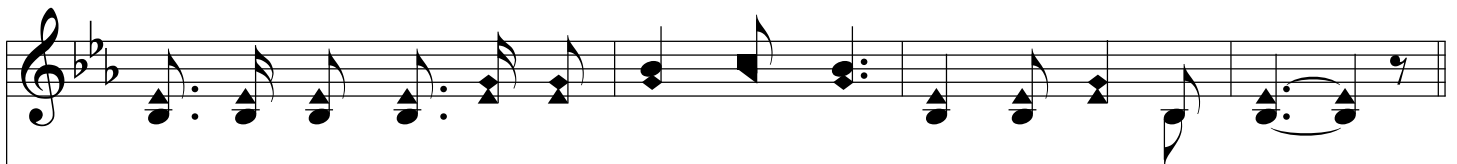
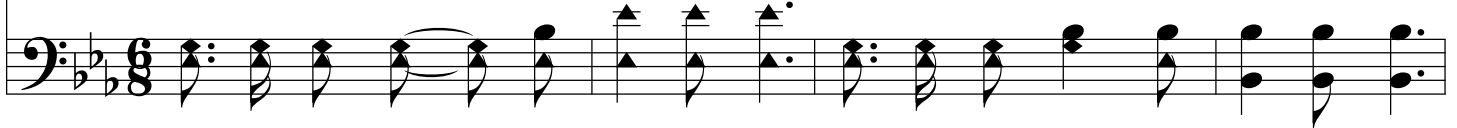


What Then?

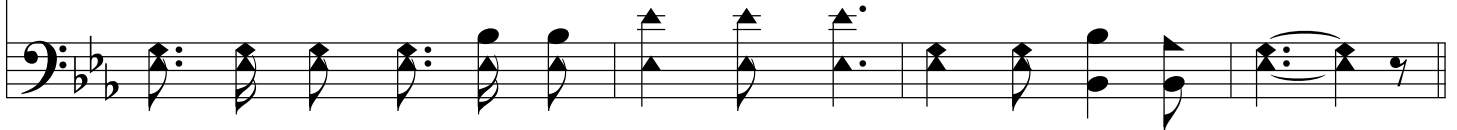
E \flat /E \flat - DO



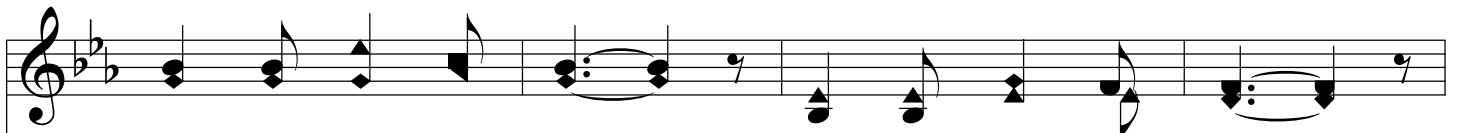
1. Af - ter the pleas - ures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face to the shore
2. Af - ter the puls - es shall cease to beat, When at the throne the Lord you meet,
3. Af - ter your heart is hush - ed and still, Af - ter the death - dews, damp and chill,
4. Af - ter the trum - pet's aw - ful blast, Af - ter the judg - ment shall be past,



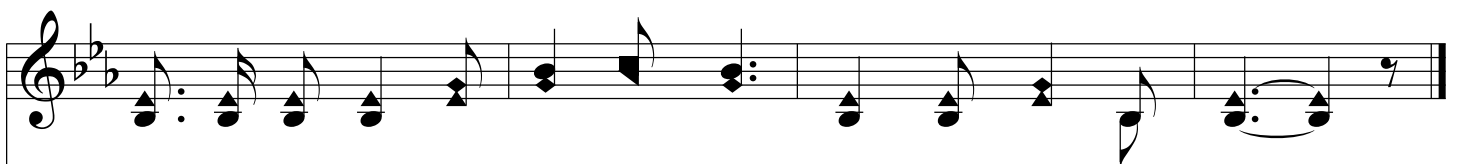
Of the dim land of the ev - er - more, Care - less soul, what then?
Wait - ing your doom at the judg - ment seat, Care - less soul, what then?
O - ver your frame of mor - tali - ty thrill, Care - less soul, what then?
When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?



Chorus



Care - less soul, what then? Care - less soul, what then?



Af - ter a life of sin and shame, Poor, lost soul, what then?

