Some Day — Too Late

Words by Ernest G. W. Wesley
Music by Benjamin Franklin Butts

1. To-night, for thee the door stands open wide: Why choose to stay, thru unbelief outside? To-night, for thee, Christ patiently doth wait.

2. To-night the Savior will thy heart receive: Why not, just now, on Christ the Lord believe? To-night with pierced hands outstretched, He pleads;

3. To-night He calls: thou art to Him most dear; Why still refuse His loving voice to hear? To-night a crown of life He offers thee:

4. To-night, come home; come home and be at rest; Why choose to be by sin and fear distressed? To-night, come home; yet opens stands the gate;

Chorus

Why not, just now, pass in thru mercy’s gate? Why not consent to be from sin set free? Some day, some hour, Come home; come home; the hour is growing late.

’twill be too late; Some day, some hour,—closed then the gate.