The Man At The Gate

1. Just under the shadow of God's own house Was left a poor cripple to wait, Till Peter and John pass by that way,

2. Sad, sad is his plight as he waits so near Sad-der still be our own sad fate Should we pass the lost un-heeded by,-

3. The field is the world we all well know; Let world-wide love never a-bate; Our hand, in Christ's name, should never forget all can re-late: Her wandering boy has gone from home,-

4. A mother's fond heart is pleading just now, Her story we Chorus

And save the poor man at the gate. Or neglect the man at the gate. Stretch forth thy hand, O "Oh, save thou my son at the gate." work-er for God, Be-fore it's for-ev-er too late! In Christ's pre-cious
The Man At The Gate

name say, "Rise and walk," Oh, save thou the man at the gate. at the gate.