Call Them In

Words: Miss Anna Shipton
Music: Ira. D. Sankey

1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wanderers from the fold; Peace and pardon freely offer; Can you weigh their worth with gold? "Call them in"—the weak, the weary, Laden with the doom of sin; Bid them come and rest in Jesus; He is waiting—"Call them in."

2. "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentle; Bid the stranger to the feast; "Call them in"—the rich, the noble, From the highest to the throne, are they possessed, yet of safety vainly think: Bring them in—the careless scoffers, Pleased to seekers of the earth, Full of God's most gracious offers, And of Jesus' price less worth. Robe, and ring, and royal sandals, Wait the lost ones—"Call them in."

3. "Call them in"—the mere professors, Slumbering, sleeping, in death's brink; Nought of life are they possessors, Yet of highest in the tomb, See, the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will be seen; Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming—"Call them in."

4. "Call them in"—the broken-hearted, Cowling near the brand of shame; Speak Love's message low and tender, 'Twas for sinners Jesus came; See the shadow lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will be seen; Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming—"Call them in."

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