Rouse, Ye Saints, The World Is Dying

ROUSE, YE SAINTS

1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dying. We must work while it is day;
2. Wake, ye men, let us be doing. While the sun is in the sky;
3. Jesus, Savior, help our spirits. That we never weary be.

Sinner's lost to us are crying. For the strait and narrow way.
Let us seek the weak and erring. Precious souls that soon may die.
Leading sinners to the Fountain Ever flowing, full and free.

Chorus

We will work from morn till night, By the Spirit's pow'r and might,
Leading men up to the Light, Blessed Light of Day!

Words by C. H. Yatman
Music by P. Bilhorn

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