

Shall I Be Saved Tonight

Fanny Crosby, 1881.

Mrs. N. Bliss Wilson.

Jesus is pleading with my poor soul, shall I be saved tonight?
If I believe, He will make me whole, shall I be saved tonight?
Tenderly, sadly, I hear Him say, "How can you grieve Me from day to day?"
Shall I go on in the old, old way, or shall I be saved tonight?

Jesus was nailed to the cross for me, shall I be saved tonight?
How can my heart so ungrateful be? Shall I be saved tonight?
Now He will save me by grace divine. Now, if I will, I can call Him mine.
Can I the pleasures of earth resign? Oh shall I be saved tonight?

Jesus is knocking at my poor heart, shall I be saved tonight?
What if His Spirit should now depart? Shall I be saved tonight?
Over and over His voice I hear, sweetly it falls on my listening ear,
Shall I reject Him, a friend so dear? Oh shall I be saved tonight?

What if that voice I should hear no more, shall I be saved tonight?
Quickly I'll open this bolted door. Save me, O Lord, tonight.
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, pity my sorrow, forgive my sin.
Now let Thy work in my soul begin, for I will be saved tonight.