

Should all the bankers close their doors,
My Bank stands open wide
To all the chosen of the Lord,
For whom the Saviour died.

Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says,
"Why don't you oftener come?"
And when I draw a little bill,
"Why not a larger sum?"

"Why live for ever in such want,
When I in wealth abound?
Why come and draw some paltry pence,
When you can have a pound?"

A leper had a little note—
"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou can!"
The Banker paid the little note,
And saved that wretched man.

And once there hung a dying thief,
Right by the Banker's side,
The crown of life he got, when "Lord
Remember me," he cried.

Richer and richer still I grow;
As poorer I become;
And thus continually will it be
Till I arrive at home.

With angels then, and princes, too,
I shall for ever dwell;
And to the praise of sovereign grace
My grateful anthems swell.