

Bring in your notes to Zion's bank,  
You'll surely have your cash ;  
And if you have but one small note,  
Fear not to bring it in ;  
Come boldly to this throne of grace—  
The banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,  
Man-merits are rejected ;  
There's not a single note will pass,  
That God has not accepted.  
'Tis only those beloved of God,  
Redeem'd by precious blood,  
That ever had a note to bring—  
These are the gift of God.

Though a thousand ransom'd souls may say  
They have no notes at all,  
Because they feel the plague of sin,  
So ruined by the fall :  
This bank is full of precious notes,  
All signed, and sealed, and free :  
Though many doubting souls may say  
There is not one for me.

Base unbelief will lead the child  
To say what is not true ;  
I tell the soul that feels self-lost,  
These notes belong to you.