

IF JESUS CAME TO YOUR HOUSE

If Jesus came to your house to spend a day
or two
If He came unexpectedly, I wonder what
you'd do.
Oh, I know you'd give your nicest room to
such an honored guest,
And all the food you'd serve to Him would
be the very best.
And you would keep assuring Him you're
glad to have Him there
That serving Him in your own home is joy
beyond compare.

But—when you saw Him coming, would you
meet Him at the door
With arms outstretched in welcome to your
heav'nly visitor?
Or would you have to change your clothes
before you let Him in,
Or hide some magazines and put the bibles
where they'd been?
Would you turn off the radio and hope He
hadn't heard
And wish you hadn't uttered that last loud,
hasty word?
Would you hide your worldly music and put
some hymn books out?
Could you let Jesus walk right in, or would
you rush about
And I wonder—if the Saviour spent a day or
two with you,
Would you go right on doing the things you
always do?
Would you keep right on saying the things
you always say?
Would life for you continue as it does from
day to day?

Would your family conversation keep up its
usual pace,
And would you find it hard each meal to say
table grace?
Would you sing the songs you always sing
and read the books you read
And let Him know the things on which your
mind and spirit feed?
Would you take Jesus with you everywhere
you'd planned to go,
Or would you maybe change your plans for
just a day or so?

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