

I love the church that Jesus bought
And know that it is right
I go there Sunday morning
But not on Sunday night.

I love to sing the songs of God
Such worship must be right
This I do on Sunday morning,
But not on Sunday night.

I love to hear the gospel too
It gives me pure delight
I hear it Sunday morning
But not on Sunday night.

God bless our preacher too
And give him power and might
And put a sinner in my place
On next Sunday night.

I'd go through mud, even snow —
Do anything that's right
To be at church on Sunday morning
But not on Sunday night.

True, the church can save the world
If it's light shines bright
I help it shine on Sunday morning
But not on Sunday night.

Yes, all of us must die
I hope I will be doing right
So I hope I die on Sunday morning
And not on Sunday night!