

Gospel

"Life's Railway To Heaven"

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Life's Railway To Heaven

Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the hills, the tunnels;
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

Chorus:

Blessed Savior, Thou wilt guide us,
Til we reach that blissful shore;
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise for evermore.

You will roll up grades of trial;
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor;
On this light'ning train of life;
Always mindful of obstruction,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle, and your eye upon
the rail.

You will often find obstruction;
Look for storms of wind and rain;
On a hill, or curve, or trestle.
They will almost ditch your train;
Put your trust alone in Jesus;
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle, and your eye upon
the rail.

As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide.
You behold the Union depot
Into which your train will guide.
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God the father, God the son

With the hearty, joyous plaudit, "Weary pilgrim,
welcome Home!"

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