

Life's Railway To Heaven

Smokey River Boys

Life is like a mountain railway... with an engineer that's brave...
We must make the run successful... from the cradle to the grave
...
Watch the curves... the fills, the tunnels... never falter, never quail...
Keep your hand upon the throttle... and your eye upon the rail.
..

Blessed Savior... thou wilt guide us...
Till we reach... that blissful shore...
Where the angels wait to join us...
In thy praise for ever more...

You will often find obstructions... look for storms of wind and rain...
On a fill, 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.
..

Blessed Savior... thou wilt guide us...
Till we reach... that blissful shore...
Where the angels wait to join us...
In thy praise for ever more...

As you roll across the trestle... spanning Jordan's swelling tide...
You behold the Union Depot... into which your train will glide.
..
There's you'll meet the Superintendents... God the Father, God the Son...
With a hearty, joyous plaudit..."Weary pilgrim, welcome home!"

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Till we reach... that blissful shore...
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