

Over the Dead-Line  
Virginia Moyer, 1895.  
Henry Gilmour.

O brother, the Savior is calling for thee,  
Long, long has He called thee in vain;  
He called thee when joy lent its crown to thy days,  
He called thee in sorrow and pain.

Refrain

O turn, while the Savior in mercy is waiting,  
And steer for the harbor light;  
For how do you know but your soul may be drifting  
Over the dead-line tonight?

O brother, thine ears have been deaf to His voice,  
Thine eyes to His glory been dim;  
The calls of thy Savior have so wearied thee,  
O what if they should weary Him?

Refrain

O brother, the Spirit is striving with thee;  
What if He should strive never more,  
But leave thee alone, in thy darkness to dwell,  
In sight of the heavenly shore?

Refrain

O brother, God's patience may weary some day,  
And leave thy sad soul in the blast;  
By willful resistance you've drifted away,  
Over the dead-line at last.

Refrain