

Records

Eleanor Long, 1908.

Charles Gabriel.

There will come a day, sometime, sometime,
When the books will be opened in Heav'n;
When the Judge will sit on the great white throne,
And the sons of men will stand forth alone,
To receive the sentence giv'n,
To receive the sentence giv'n.

Refrain

Records, records, records,
We are writing every day!
Writing, writing, writing,
As we travel life's highway!
Glory! glory! glory!
We shall dwell beyond earth's strife,
If our record's clear, and our names appear
In the Lamb's great book of life.

In that record there, somewhere, somewhere,
You are writing your record each day;
And whate'er it be, whether dark or fair,
As 'tis written there, it will stand up there,
In the record book for aye,
In the record book for aye.

Refrain

There's "another book," somewhere, somewhere;
'Tis the Lamb's book of life, pure and fair;
And His blood alone can for sin atone,
And present you faultless before the throne,
If your name's found written there,
If your name's found written there.

Refrain