

The Gospel Railroad
Martha Whitten, 1906.
John Thomas.

Heard you not that railroad whistle?
Lo, the Gospel train is here.
Get aboard, ye earth-worn pilgrims,
She is safe, there's naught to fear.
She is built of God's own timbers,
Coaches ample and complete;
Rails are laid in faith and patience,
And each tie a promise sweet.

Refrain

All aboard the Gospel railroad.
All aboard, ere 'tis too late;
We are bound for Heaven's depot,
Where the angel porters wait.

Storm-tossed sinner o'er life's billow,
Come on board this train today;
There are stations rich in blessing
Scattered all along the way.
Get your ticket, God's forgiveness;
Jesus paid the fare, you know,
And His telegrams of mercy
Up and down this railroad go.

Refrain

We're equipped in Gospel armor
For the conflicts by the way,
And our food is heav'nly manna
God dispenses day by day.
Oh the richness of His mercy;
How it satisfies and saves!
While the banner of salvation
O'er our railroad proudly waves.

Refrain

We've a brave and true conductor,
And the Bible is our guide;
And the Holy Ghost supplies us
With our "moving power" beside.
All the brakemen are God's servants,
Standing firm at duty's post,
Carrying trainloads into Canaan
Lo, a great unnumbered host.

Refrain

See the Gospel headlight streaming
Far adown our foremost track,
To disclose the open switches
Satan leaves to hurl us back.
He may plan wrecks and disasters,
To derail or ditch our train,
But we'll make the run successful;
All his efforts prove in vain.

Refrain

Lo, our engineer keeps sighting
Down the track with eagle eye,
If perchance some threatening danger
Half concealed may near us lie.
Down the tracks are dark obstructions,
Trials, troubles, pain and care;
Hark! He signals "danger!" "danger!"
Down with brakes! "beware!" "beware!"

Refrain

We are sweeping on to glory,
O'er each culvert, 'round each curve;
Up the grade of consecration,
Where our train must never swerve.
We are speeding o'er the bridges,
Where a break means certain death;
O'er the mountains, thro' the tunnels,
Where we ride with bated breath.

Refrain

Soon we'll reach the heav'nly depot;
Lo, its spires arise in sight
As we slow up at the station,
At our journey's end alight.
Oh, the shouts of angels greet us!
Kindred long gone on before;
And the superintendent hails us,
"Welcome, welcome! evermore!"

Refrain