

The Gospel Train  
Charles Miles, 1917.

I'm traveling now on the safest road,  
That a traveler ever found,  
My right of way is the Word of God,  
And it runs upon solid ground.

Refrain

I am traveling on the hallelujah line,  
On the good old Gospel train,  
I am on the right track and never will go back  
To the station of sin again.  
I need no fare, I'm riding on a pass,  
'Tis the blood for sinners slain,  
I am traveling on the hallelujah line,  
On the good old Gospel train.

The will of God is my orders now,  
And I'm running right on time,  
I'm all prayed up and with signals clear,  
Up the grade I'm prepared to climb.

Refrain

My rolling stock is the best that's made,  
In the Gospel shop down here,  
From pilot's nose on the engine front,  
To the markers in the rear.

Refrain

I know my road has a tunnel, too,  
But my lamps with oil are filled.  
And I'll pass thro' with the Gospel train,  
As the Superintendent willed.

Refrain

My run shall end at the Grand Depot,  
Where the Superintendent waits;  
Receive my pay with a glad "Well done,"  
As I pass through the open gates.

Refrain