

De World Am A-rushin' - song lyrics

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DE WORLD AM A-RUSHIN'.

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Words by M. A. Crosby Music by D. S. McCosh.

Sung in "South Before the War."

De world am a-rushin', it keeps a-rushin' on-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
Jes' hear dat roarin', it keeps a-roarin' on-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
For de day am a-coinin', it's comin' right along,
A day dat's foretold in sermon an' in song,
A day dat'll show you jes' whar' you belong-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!

Chorus.

Oh, brudder, mind your soul!

Yes, brudder. mind your soul!

For de day am a-comin', it's comin' right along;

So, brudder, mind your soul!

De world am a-rushin', it keeps a-rashin' on-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
Jes' hear dat buzzin', it keeps a buzzin' on-
Oh, brudder, mind your son!
For de time am a-comin', an' de hour am at hand
When you'll wanter know jes' whar' yo' feet shall stand,
An' whether it's rock-bed, or whether it's sand-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!-Chorus.

De world am a-rushin', it keeps a-rushin' on-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
Jes' hear dat whuzzin', it keeps a-wuzzin' on-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!
For de world am a-spinnin', a-spinnin' 'round a curve,
So hold tightly on, 'twill surely try your nerve;
An' you'll find for sure what massa you serve-
Oh, brudder, mind your soul!-Chorus.