

I've still another tale to tell,
 You—are on a voyage as well,
 Don't think you will forever dwell,
 In the Old Country.

And just as I was coming here,
 Left friends and things that I held dear,
 So you must leave all sin, 'tis clear,
 In the Old Country.

Just think you're speeding onward fast,
 Where do you think you'll land at last,
 When life and every chance is past,
 In the Old Country?

Let me advise you do beware,
 Pack up to-day, for Heaven prepare,
 There's welcome awaiting all up there,
 From the Old Country.

TELEPHONE.

(May be sung to "There is a happy Land").
 Early in the days of youth,
 GOD rang you up,
 You were startled by the truth.
 God rang you up,
 To the Sabbath school you went,
 Mother taught you to repent,
 Conviction to your heart was sent,
 GOD rang you up.

You were led to kneel in prayer,
 God rang you up,
 You said, "Hello, please, who is there?"
 God rang you up,
 You remember the reply,
 "Be not afraid, My Child, 'tis I,"
 To make you ready for to die,
 I ring you up."

There you learned how vile you'd been,
 God rang you up,
 There you learned you must be clean,
 God rang you up,
 There you learned, the blood alone,
 Could for every sin atone,
 Speaking o'er the Heavenly phone,
 GOD rang you up..

Oh be thankful you're a'live,
 When GOD rings you up,
 Remember He won't always strive,
 Or ring you up,
 You may call on Him in vain.