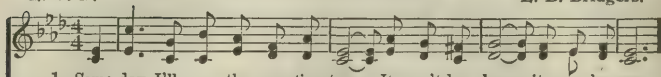


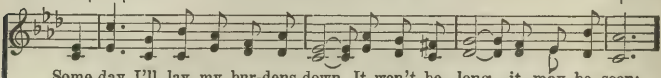
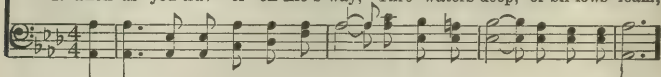
L. B. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

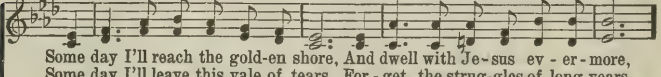
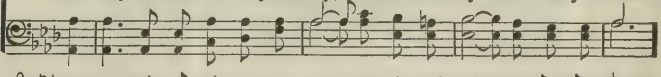
L. B. Bridgers.



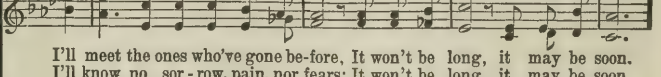
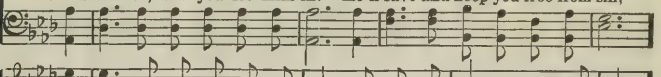
1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;



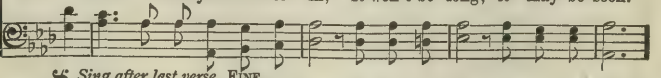
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



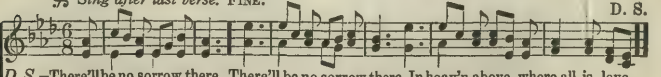
Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
 O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,



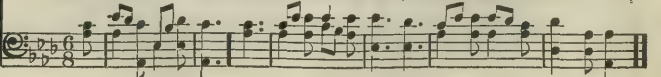
I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.



♫ Sing after last verse. FINE.



D. S.—There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,



D. S.