

Over the Dead-Line

Virginia Williams Moyer, 1895

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♩=85



1. O bro-ther, the Sav-ior is call-ing for thee, Long, long has He called thee in
2. O bro-ther, thine ears have been deaf to His voice, Thine eyes to His glo - ry been
3. O bro-ther, the Spir-it is striv-ing with thee; What if He should strive ne - ver
4. O bro-ther, God's pa - tience may wea-ry some day, And leave thy sad soul in the



vain; He called thee when joy lent its crown to thy days, He
dim; The calls of thy Sav - ior have so wear - ied thee, O
more, But leave thee a - lone, in thy dark - ness to dwell, In
blast; By will - ful re - sist - ance you've drift - ed a - way,



Refrain



called thee in sor - row and pain.
what if they should wea-ry Him? O turn, while the Sav-ior in mer-cy is wait-ing, And
sight of the heav - en - ly shore?
O - ver the dead - line at last.



steer for the har - bor light; For how do you know but your soul may be drift - ing



O - ver the dead-line to - night?

