Marching Up to the Heavenly Road.

In tempo marcia

Marching up the heavenly road; marching up the heavenly road I'm

Bound to fight until I die; marching up the heavenly road, road.

(1) my
(2) O
(3) O
Get em' so I lift the field
stitch you saw and come a cross
lean from all my ages to closed

(3)
Chorus:

O may don't you weep, don't you mourn,
O may don't you weep, don't you mourn.

Weep don't you mourn, Pharaoh's army
Weep don't you mourn, Pharaoh's army.

Some of these mornings bright and fair, Take they wing and

Close the air, Pharaoh's army got drowned. O may don't you.
(1) Some of those morning bright and fair, take my wings and

(2) Close the air, Pharaoh's army get dissipated many shall you

(3) When I get to Heaven gain sing out shout
Nobody there for to turn me out

(3) When I get to Heaven goin' put on my shoes
Run about glory and tell all the news.
HYMN at DEDICATION
of
FISK MEMORIAL CHAPEL,
June 11, 1893.
Arise, shine; for thy light is come and the glory of
the Lord is risen upon thee. Isa. 60:1.

1. Oh God, most merciful, most great,
To thee this house we dedicate;
Through one beloved gift was given,
No more of earth, transferred to heaven;
Oh may it long in beauty stand
Safe kept and guarded by thy hand!

2. Now let the joyous anthem raise
The hearty tribute of our praise;
Religion, learning, art combined
A common altar here shall find,
A beacon light to ev'ry eye,
The cross of Christ uplifted high.

3. Oh day of gladness, night is past,
For God's own sun hath shone at last!
He comes to set the captive free,
To give the pris'ner liberty;
Rise up, oh nation, rise and shine
Bathed in a glory all divine.

4. Oh happy they in thee who trust!
The proud are humbled in the dust,
The righteous poor on thee that wait,
Are ne'er at length left desolate;
Though sorrow's night seem long, at last
'Tis but a dream when it is past!

5. As in thy gates with joy we bow
Accept our oft repeated vow:
These lands, these houses fair to see,
We consecrate them all to thee,
Foundation stone to pinnacle—
Within their walls thy presence dwell!
Old Satan's mad and I am glad
Come and see the
He sneezed that he thought he had
Come and see she