

AMONG THAT BAND.

O.A. Parris

John Deason

1. We have our troubles here, Dark clouds a-rise, and storms oft cause dis-may; But home is now so near, And soon will dawn a sin-less hap-py day. I'll be a-mong that

2. The far-ther on I go, The bright-er grows my hope of end-less rest; I want my light to glow, To point the way to those who are op-pressed. I'll

I'll be a-mong that

band, I'll be a-mong that band, At rest for - ev - er at my Lord's right hand; When morn-ing breaks in glo-ry-land I'll be a-mong that band.

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band,