

The Rose Tree

Anonymous, before 1810

78. 78. 78. 78.

Transcribed from *Supplement to The Kentucky Harmony*, 1825.

A Major

Ananias Davisson, 1820

Tr. 1. { There is a land of plea - sure, Where peace and joy forever roll; 'Tis } Thick darkness dwelt around me,
 there I have my trea - sure, And there I long to rest my soul: } With scarcely once a cheering ray;

T. 2. { My way is full of dan - ger, But 'tis the path that leads to God, And } Now I will gird my sword on,
 like a faith-ful sol - dier, I'll march along the heavenly road: } My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,

B. 3. { I'm on my way to Ca - naan, Still guided by my Savior's hand; Come } To all that stay be-hind me, I bid a long, a long farewell;
 on a - long, dear sin - ner, And view Emmanuel's happy land: }

Tr. 1. But since my Sa - vior's found me, A lamp has shone a - long my way.

T. 2. And fight the host of Sa - tan, Un - til I reach the heavenly field.

B. 3. O come, or you'll re - peat it, When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4. The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before;
 Why should I fear or tremble
 To hear the dismal waters roar?
 His hand will then support me
 And keep my soul from sinking there,
 From sinking down to darkness,
 Into the regions of despair.

6. Then come, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy dagger lay me low;
 I'll sooner reach those mansions
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 O Christians, I must leave you,
 No more to join your social band;
 No more to stand beside you,
 Till at the judgment bar we stand.

5. This stream shall not affright me,
 Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
 If Jesus stands besides me,
 I'll smoothly ride o'er Jordan's wave,
 His word has calmed the ocean,
 His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale,
 O may this friend be with me
 When thro the gates of death I sail,

7. Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll;
 Then we shall see our Jesus,
 With shining ranks of angels, come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransomed children home.

A folk hymn (Jackson 1953b, No. 92).