

J.B.V.

John B. Vaughan

1. My broth-er, a-wake, and sing the sweet sto-ry, Soon the day of re - un - ion will come; Then O, what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry,

2. No mor-tal hath e'er con-ceived of the beau-ty, That a - waits the re-deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear broth-er, you live up to du - ty,  
*D.S. Re - un - ion, re - un - ion thru a - ges still ring-ing,*

3. Keep work-ing and sing, press on-ward my broth-er, Till the Sav-ior shall bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth - er,  
*D.S. Re - un - ion, re - un - ion thru a - ges still ring-ing,*

*Fine*

When all re-deemed sing-ers get home. Then, O what a won-der-ful, won-der-ful sing-ing, When all re-deemed sing-ers get home,  
*D.S.*

For soon our Re - deem-er will come. Then, O what a won-der-ful, won-der-ful sing-ing, When all re-deemed sing-ers get home,  
*When all re-deemed sing-ers get home.*

When all re-deemed sing-ers get home. Then, O what a won-der-ful, won-der-ful sing-ing, When all re-deemed sing-ers get home,  
*When all re-deemed sing-ers get home.*