

TROUBLES CAN BREAK YOU (OR MAKE YOU A MAN)
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

TROUBLES CAN BRING YOU CLOSER TO GOD
YOUR FAITH WILL INCREASE OR YOU'LL HAVE NO FAITH AT ALL
WINNING IS SOMETIMES LOSING THOUGH IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND
TROUBLES CAN BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU A MAN

MAKE YOU OR BREAK YOU, BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU
TROUBLES CAN BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU A MAN
MAKE YOU OR BREAK YOU, BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU
TROUBLES CAN BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU A MAN

TRIALS ARE BLESSINGS THEY'RE MEANT TO MAKE YOU STRONG
AND ALL OUR LITTLE TRIALS ARE MERELY STEPPING STONES
YOU CAN CLIMB EACH MOUNTAIN IF YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN
TROUBLES CAN BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU A MAN

MAKE YOU OR BREAK YOU, BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU
TROUBLES CAN BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU A MAN
MAKE YOU OR BREAK YOU, BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU
TROUBLES CAN BREAK YOU OR MAKE YOU A MAN

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HE AIN'T NEVER DONE ME NOTHIN' BUT GOOD
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

HE AIN'T NEVER DONE ME NOTHIN'
DONE ME NOTHIN' BUT GOOD
NOTHIN' BUT GOOD

JOB WAS A RIGHTEOUS MAN, THE DEVIL COULDN'T DOUBT IT
HE SURELY LOVED HIS SAVIOR THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT
SATAN CURSED HIS BODY FROM HIS FEET TO HIS HEAD
THEN HE TOLD HIM ALL HIS CHILDREN AND HIS CATTLE WERE DEAD
THEN JOB'S WIFE SAID WHY DON'T YOU CURSE YOUR GOD AND DIE
BUT JOB SAID WOMAN YOU SPEAK LIKE A FOOLISH CHILD

'CAUSE HE AIN'T NEVER DONE ME NOTHIN'
DONE ME NOTHIN' BUT GOOD
NOTHIN' BUT GOOD

I GAVE MY HEART TO JESUS AND I TOOK HIM AS MY SAVIOR
CAST MY LOT WITH THE CHOSEN FEW THEN I STARTED OUT TOWARD HEAVEN
SOON I WAS FORSAKEN, MY FRIENDS LEFT ONE BY ONE
BUT THE GOOD LORD WALKED RIGHT ALONG BESIDE ME, NEVER LEFT ME ALONE
OH HE FED ME WHEN I WAS HUNGRY AND HE CHEERED ME WHEN I WAS SAD
OH HE HAS BEEN THE DEAREST FRIEND THIS CHILD HAS EVER HAD

'CAUSE HE AIN'T NEVER DONE ME NOTHIN'
DONE ME NOTHIN' BUT GOOD
NOTHIN' BUT GOOD

HIST'RY TELLS OF POLYCARP A MARTYR FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE
THEY BUILT A FIRE AROUND HIS FEET, THEN TIED HIM TO A STAKE
BUT THE FIRE WOULD NOT CONSUME SO THEY PIERCED HIM WITH A SWORD
BLOOD RAN DOWN AND PUT OUT THE FIRE BUT STILL HE PRAISED THE LORD
ALL THESE YEARS I'VE SERVED HIM AND HE'S ALWAYS DONE ME GOOD
I WON'T REPENT AND I WON'T RECAT, JUST TELL ME WHY I SHOULD

'CAUSE HE AIN'T NEVER DONE ME NOTHIN'
DONE ME NOTHIN' BUT GOOD
'CAUSE HE AIN'T NEVER DONE ME NOTHIN'
DONE ME NOTHIN' BUT GOOD...

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TOO MUCH TO GAIN TO LOSE
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

TOO MANY MILES BEHIND ME
TOO MANY TRIALS ARE THROUGH
TOO MANY TEARS HELP ME TO REMEMBER
THERE'S TOO MUCH TO GAIN TO LOSE

TOO MANY SUNSETS LIE BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN
AND TOO MANY RIVERS MY FEET HAVE WALKED THROUGH
TOO MANY TREASURES ARE WAITING OVER YONDER
THERE'S TOO MUCH TO GAIN TO LOSE

I'VE CROSSED THE HOT BURNING DESERT
STRUGGLING THE RIGHT ROAD TO CHOOSE
SOMEWHERE UP AHEAD THERE'S COOL CLEAR WATER
AND DEFEAT IS ONE WORD I DON'T USE

TOO MANY SUNSETS LIE BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN
AND TOO MANY RIVERS MY FEET HAVE WALKED THROUGH
TOO MANY TREASURES ARE WAITING OVER YONDER
THERE'S TOO MUCH TO GAIN TO LOSE

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HARBOR IN TIME OF A STORM
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

I FEEL THE WIND A-BLOWING ACROSS THE SEA OF LIFE
ANGRY WAVES GROW HIGHER AS THEY ROLL
THE LIGHT'NING PAINTS THE HEAVENS MY SHIP IS TOSSED ABOUT
ALMOST DEVOURING MY SOUL

AND YOU WONDER WHY I'M SMILING THROUGH THE THUNDER
YOU WONDER WHY MY SOUL FEELS NO ALARM
THERE'S AN UNSEEN HAND GUIDING MY VESSEL
HE'S MY HARBOR IN TIME OF A STORM

THE STORM WILL SOON BE OVER, THE CLOUDS WILL ROLL AWAY
AND I SHALL SEE THE LIGHTS UPON THE SHORE
BUT UNTIL THE LAST WIND THREATENS HIS ANGELS PILOT ME
'TIL I REACH HOME TO SAIL THE SEA NO MORE

AND YOU WONDER WHY I'M SMILING THROUGH THE THUNDER
YOU WONDER WHY MY SOUL FEELS NO ALARM
THERE'S AN UNSEEN HAND GUIDING MY VESSEL
HE'S MY HARBOR IN TIME OF A STORM

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REMIND ME DEAR LORD
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

THE THINGS THAT I LOVE AND HOLD DEAR TO MY HEART
ARE JUST BORROWED, THEY'RE NOT MINE AT ALL
JESUS ONLY LET ME USE THEM TO BRIGHTEN MY LIFE
SO REMIND ME, REMIND ME DEAR LORD

ROLL BACK THE CURTAIN OF MEM'RY NOW AND THEN
SHOW ME WHERE YOU BROUGHT ME FROM
AND WHERE I COULD HAVE BEEN
REMEMBER I'M HUMAN, AND HUMANS FORGET
SO REMIND ME, REMIND ME DEAR LORD

NOTHING GOOD HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE GOD'S OWN SON
I'M NOT WORTHY OF THE SCARS IN HIS HANDS
YET HE CHOSE THE ROAD TO CALVARY TO DIE IN MY STEAD
WHY HE LOVED ME I CAN'T UNDERSTAND

ROLL BACK THE CURTAIN OF MEM'RY NOW AND THEN
SHOW ME WHERE YOU BROUGHT ME FROM
AND WHERE I COULD HAVE BEEN
REMEMBER I'M HUMAN, AND HUMANS FORGET
SO REMIND ME, REMIND ME DEAR LORD

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WHEN I LIFT UP MY HEAD
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

WHEN I'M DOWN (WHEN I'M DOWN)
WHEN I'M DOWN AND OUT (WHEN I'M DOWN AND OUT)
WHEN MY HEART (WHEN MY HEART)
IS FILLED WITH FEAR AND DOUBT (FEAR AND DOUBT)
WHEN I LIFT (LIFT) UP MY HEAD (HEAD)
AND HE LIFTS (LIFTS) UP MY HEART (HEART)
AND MY TROUBLES JUST ALL ROLL AWAY

ROLL 'EM ALL AWAY LORD (ROLL AWAY)
TROUBLES ALL AWAY LORD (ROLL 'EM ALL AWAY LORD)
ROLL 'EM AWAY LORD (ROLL AWAY)
TROUBLES ALL AWAY LORD (ROLL 'EM ALL AWAY LORD)
WHEN I LIFT (LIFT) UP MY HEAD (HEAD)
AND HE LIFTS (LIFTS) UP MY HEART (HEART)
AND MY TROUBLES JUST ALL ROLL AWAY

WELL I CAN'T SEE THE SUN WITH MY HEAD TO THE GROUND
TEARS DIM MY VISION AND WEIGHT MY HEART DOWN
BUT I FOUND THE SECRET WHEN I KNELT TO PRAY
WHEN I LIFT (LIFT) UP MY HEAD (HEAD)
AND HE LIFTS (LIFTS) UP MY HEART (HEART)
AND MY TROUBLES JUST ALL ROLL AWAY

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NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

DUSTY LANE LOOKS FAMILIAR
CATTLE GRAZING IN THE FIELDS
PAPA SWINGING ON THE FRONT PORCH
MAMA COOKING SUNDAY MEALS
NOTHING QUITE SO SWEET, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME
NO PLACE I'D RATHER BE, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME

THERE'S A SPECIAL KIND OF FEELING 'BOUT GOING HOME
FRIENDLY ARMS TO GREET YOU AT THE DOOR
BLACKBERRY JAM, COUNTRY HAM, CHICKEN ON THE STOVE
I'VE DREAMED MYSELF BACK HOME A THOUSAND TIMES, I KNOW
PLAYING GAMES IN THE SUMMER RAIN, OLD FOLKS SINGING SONGS
THE CLOSEST THING TO HEAVEN'S GOING HOME

HONEYSUCKLE LACED IN IVY
SPINNING WHEELS AND ROCKING CHAIRS
GRANNY'S BIBLE MARKED AND OPEN
ON THE TABLE BY THE STAIRS
NOTHING QUITE SO SWEET, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME
NO PLACE I'D RATHER BE, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME

THERE'S A SPECIAL KIND OF FEELING 'BOUT GOING HOME
FRIENDLY ARMS TO GREET YOU AT THE DOOR
BLACKBERRY JAM, COUNTRY HAM, CHICKEN ON THE STOVE
I'VE DREAMED MYSELF BACK HOME A THOUSAND TIMES, I KNOW
PLAYING GAMES IN THE SUMMER RAIN, OLD FOLKS SINGING SONGS
THE CLOSEST THING TO HEAVEN'S GOING HOME

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MAMA ALWAYS HAD A SONG
WRITERS: DOTTIE RAMBO AND REBA RAMBO

WINTER'S DREARY AND LONG ON KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN
THE WIND BLOWS COLD AND THE SNOW IS WET AND DEEP
I REMEMBER PAPPY TRAPPIN' SWAMP RABBITS IN WILD CAT HOLLER
MORE THAN ONCE THAT WAS ALL WE HAD TO EAT

WINTER PASSED AND SUMMER FILLED THE MOUNTAIN
THE WARM WIND SMELLED OF CORN AND GOLDEN GRAIN
PAPPY SPENT HIS LAST DOLLAR ON THE CROPS DOWN IN THE HOLLER
THEN THE FLOOD RUSHED IN AND WASHED THEM ALL AWAY

BUT MY MAMA ALWAYS HAD A SONG TO SING
SHE TAUGHT ME THAT A MELODY COULD CHANGE MOST ANYTHING
SO I WIPE AWAY MY TEARS, MAMA SING ME HOME SWEET HOME
AND NEARER MY GOD TO THEE, AND LOVE, MAMA, LOVE LIFTED ME

NOW THE LEAVES ARE TURNIN' BROWN ON KENTUCKY HILLSIDES
OLD FRIENDS PAID THEIR LAST RESPECTS TODAY
NOW THE PREACHER WAS MAMA'S BEST FRIEND
HE SAID SON I'M GONNA MISS HER AMENS
BUT SHE'S HAPPY SINGING ON THE HOLY HILLS TODAY

'CAUSE MY MAMA ALWAYS HAD A SONG TO SING
SHE TAUGHT ME THAT A MELODY COULD CHANGE MOST ANYTHING
SO I WIPE AWAY MY TEARS, PREACHER SING ME HOME SWEET HOME
AND NEARER MY GOD TO THEE, AND LOVE, SWEET LOVE
LOVE, MY MAMA TAUGHT ME, LOVE, SWEET LOVE, LOVE LIFTED ME

WELL IT WAS LOVE, SWEET LOVE
LOVE, MY MAMA TAUGHT ME,
LOVE, SWEET LOVE, LOVE LIFTED ME...

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MAMA'S TEACHING ANGELS HOW TO SING
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

THERE'S A VOICE MISSING IN OUR LITTLE COUNTRY CHOIR
"ROCK OF AGES" WILL NEVER SOUND THE SAME
GOD HEARD HER SINGING, HEAVEN WAS NOT COMPLETE
NOW MAMA'S TEACHING ANGELS HOW TO SING

MAMA'S TEACHING ANGELS HOW TO SING
HEAVEN'S HALLS ARE SILENT WHEN MAMA SINGS
DAVID LAYS DOWN HIS HARP AND HEAVEN'S BELLS WON'T RING
WHEN MAMA'S TEACHING ANGELS HOW TO SING

THE OLD HOME IS EMPTY IT'S LONESOME SINCE SHE'S GONE
AND IT'S HARD TO KNOW SHE WON'T RETURN AGAIN
BUT I'LL MEET HER IN THE MORNING ON HEAVEN'S GOLDEN HILLS
WHERE MAMA'S TEACHING ANGELS HOW TO SING

MAMA'S TEACHING ANGELS HOW TO SING
HEAVEN'S HALLS ARE SILENT WHEN MAMA SINGS
DAVID LAYS DOWN HIS HARP AND HEAVEN'S BELLS WON'T RING
WHEN MAMA'S TEACHING ANGELS HOW TO SING

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NEW SHOES
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

I HEAR THE SOUND OF ANGELS COMIN' 'CROSS THE DISTANT HILLS
I HEAR THEM CALLING ME AWAY
OLD FRIENDS NOW ARE GATH'RING OUTSIDE MY MANSION DOOR
AND I CAN FEEL THE EARTH START TO FALL AWAY

SO I MADE MY RESERVATION FOR MY FINAL DESTINATION
I'M CHANGIN' MY LOCATION TO MY MANSION IN THE SKY
GONNA WEAR ME SOME NEW CLOTHES, LIKE A SHINY WHITE ROBE
WALK AROUND IN NEW SHOES, GETTIN' READY TO MOVE
READY TO MOVE

THE MARRIAGE SUPPER'S READY THEY'VE BID ME COME AND DINE
GONNA SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE WITH THE KING
DAVID'S MAKIN' READY HIS GOLDEN HARP TO PLAY
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR THE ANGELS SING

SO I MADE MY RESERVATION FOR MY FINAL DESTINATION
I'M CHANGIN' MY LOCATION TO MY MANSION IN THE SKY
GONNA WEAR ME SOME NEW CLOTHES, LIKE A SHINY WHITE ROBE
WALK AROUND IN NEW SHOES, GETTIN' READY TO MOVE
READY TO MOVE

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SACRED TREASURES

WRITER: REBA RAMBO

THERE'S A TEAR STAINED BIBLE
AND SOME FADED LETTERS MAMA WROTE ME
AND A THOUSAND MEMORIES FLOATING THROUGH MY MIND
LIKE DADDY SMILIN' WHILE HE'S SINGIN' 'ROUND THE FIRESIDE
SACRED TREASURES HIDDEN IN THIS HEART OF MINE

PRAYERS THAT ECHO THROUGH THE CORNERS OF MY SOUL
A MILLION DREAMS THAT ONLY GOD AND I WILL EVER KNOW
SOME GOOD FOLKS MEETIN' AT THE LITTLE CHURCH SITTING ON THE HILLSIDE
SACRED TREASURES HIDDEN IN THIS HEART OF MINE

GRANDPA'S BEDTIME STORIES ALWAYS
SEEMED TO BE ABOUT THE CHRIST CHILD
HOW HE CAME TO PURCHASE WILLINGLY THE GIFT OF LIFE
OF HIS PRECIOUS BLOOD ON CALVARY'S TREE
THAT BOUGHT THE GRACE TO PARDON ME
MY SACRED TREASURE HIDDEN IN THIS HEART OF MINE

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WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE
WRITERS: DOTTIE RAMBO AND DONY MCGUIRE

ROUGH AND ROLLIN' WATERS, PULL MY SHIP ACROSS THE SEA
GO AHEAD AND CAST YOUR FURY, YOU'RE NOT A THREAT TO ME
VOICE YOUR ANGER WITH THE WILD WINDS
CAST YOUR WAVES UPON THE SHORE
I'M SAILING WITH THE MASTER, WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE

WE'VE SAILED THROUGH THE RAIN, WE'VE SAILED THROUGH THE WIND
WE'VE WEATHERED THE TEMPTTEST, BACK ON COURSE AGAIN
THE MAN WHO BUILT THE VESSEL KNOWS IT CAN ENDURE
I'M SAILING WITH THE MASTER, WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE

HE'S TEACHIN' ME TO LISTEN, HEAR THE LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN
SEE THE BEAUTY IN THE LIGHT'NING, STORMS ARE PASSING THINGS
THERE'S MUSIC IN THE THUNDER, THE WINDS ARE NOTHING MORE
THAN A VOICE TO JUST REMIND ME WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE

WE'VE SAILED THROUGH THE RAIN, WE'VE SAILED THROUGH THE WIND
WE'VE WEATHERED THE TEMPTTEST, BACK ON COURSE AGAIN
THE MAN WHO BUILT THE VESSEL KNOWS IT CAN ENDURE
I'M SAILING WITH THE MASTER, WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE

WE'VE SAILED THROUGH THE RAIN, WE'VE SAILED THROUGH THE WIND
WE'VE WEATHERED THE TEMPTTEST, BACK ON COURSE AGAIN
THE MAN WHO BUILT THE VESSEL KNOWS IT CAN ENDURE
I'M SAILING WITH THE MASTER, WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE
I'M SAILING WITH THE MASTER, WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE
I'M SAILING WITH THE MASTER, WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE
I'M SAILING WITH THE MASTER, WE'VE WEATHERED STORMS BEFORE

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THINGS ARE GONNA BE BETTER AFTER WHILE
WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

THINGS ARE GONNA BE BETTER AFTER WHILE
TEARS SHALL PASS AND I SHALL WEAR A SMILE
WHEN EVERYTHING GOES WRONG
GONNA SING ME A HAPPY SONG
THINGS ARE GONNA BE BETTER AFTER WHILE

SKIES ARE GONNA BE BLUER AFTER WHILE
(SKIES ARE GONNA BE BLUER)
TRIALS ARE GONNA BE FEWER AFTER WHILE
(TRIALS ARE GONNA BE FEWER)

I DON'T KNOW WHERE OR WHEN
BUT THE SUN'S GONNA SHINE AGAIN
THINGS ARE GONNA BE BETTER AFTER WHILE
(AFTER WHILE)

I'VE GOT A FEELIN'
AT THE DAWNING OF TOMORROW
THE NEW DAY'S GONNA BRING ME
HAPPINESS I'VE NEVER KNOWN

SO I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT LIFE
BE THANKFUL THAT I'M LIVIN'
CHANGE THE THINGS THAT I CAN CHANGE
AND LEAVE THE REST ALONE

I'VE GOT A FEELIN'
KINDA GOT A FEELIN'
THINGS ARE GONNA BE BETTER AFTER WHILE

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