The Model Church

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Well wife I've found a model church, and worshiped there today,
It made me think of the good old times, before my hair was grey.

The meeting house was finer built than they were years ago,
But I found out when I went in, it was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down away back by the door.
He knew that I was old and deaf, and saw that I was poor.

He must have been a christian man, he lead me bodly through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant view.

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife, it had the old time ring.
The preacher said with trumpet voice let all the people sing.

"Oh coronation" was the tune, the music upward rolled.
I thought I heard the angel choir strike on their harps of gold

I tell you wife it did me good to sing those hymns once more.
I felt just like some wrecked marine who gets a glimpse of shore.

It made me want to lay aside this weather beaten form.
And anchor in that blessed port forever from the storm.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er, the victory soon be won.
The shining strand is just ahead, our race is nearly run.

We're nearing Canaan's happy shore, our hopes so bright and fair.
Thank God we'll never sin again, there'll be no sorrow there,

There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there

Recorded by J.D.Crowe, Tony Rice, Doyle Lawson, Booby Hicks, Todd Philips
PP