

When the Saints Go Marching In

We are traveling in the footsteps
Of those who've gone before,
And we'll all be reunited,
On a new and sunlit shore,

Oh, when the saints go marching in
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Lord how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

And when the sun begins to shine
And when the sun begins to shine
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the sun begins to shine

Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the trumpet sounds its call

Some say this world of trouble,
Is the only one we need,
But I'm waiting for that morning,
When the new world is revealed.



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