

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Cabin in Gloryland

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Many years I've been looking for a place to call home
But I failed here, to find it, so I must travel on
Don't care for fine mansions on earths' sinkin' sand
Lord, build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland.

cho: Build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland
In the shade of the Tree of Life, that it may ever stand
Where I can hear the Angels sing and shake Jesus' hand
Lord, build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland.

There's many dear loved ones, who's gone on the way
That great final morning, shall I hear them say
Come join in our singing and play in our band
Lord, build me a cabin in the corner of Gloryland.

I won't ask You, Dear Saviour, to live in Thy bliss
For I feel I'm not worthy, to receive all of this
I'm praying Dear Saviour, from Thy blessed hand
For just a little cabin in the corner of Gloryland.

recorded by Roy Acuff & The Smoky Mountain Boys
MGM/Metro M/MS-508

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