

The Promised Land - song lyrics

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THE PROMISED LAND.

Words by T. H. Tooker.

Come, sinners, an' listen to what I say-
It's hard to get in de promised land.
If you want salvation, put yo' razors away
And jine de Gospel-band.
For de preacher-man's a-gwine to hold a meetin' to-night,
An' dar'll be singin' by ole sister Snow an' brudder Isaac White;
Holy Moses! how us coons will knock ole Satan out of sight
To get In de promised land.

Chorus.

Ain't it hard? ain't it hard?
Ain't it hard to get in de promised land?
Ain't it hard? yes, it's hard
If you don't jine de Gospel Band [repeat]

Now, sinners, don't laugh at what I say-
It's hard to get in de promised land;
So get on yo1 marrow-bones an1 begin to pray.
And jine de Gospel-band.
When ole Satan calls me, den I'se a-gwine to make him run;
Goodness sakes! little children, but dar'll be a heap ob fun;
For rinhoot off his whiskers wid my bran'-new gospel-gun
To get In de promised land.-Chorus.