

Angel Gabriel

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Oh my soul, my soul, I'm bound for to rest
In the arms of the angel Gabriel
And I'll climb up the hill and look to the west
I'm crossing over Jordan to the land
And I'll sit me down in my old armchair
People, I will not be tired
And though Satan may speak I will take my ease
As I warm myself up by the fire

Chorus: And I'll shout and I'll dance
And I'll rise up early in the morning
I will rise and rub my sleepy eyes
When old Gabriel comes blowing on his horn

Oh my soul, my soul I'm bound for to rest
I'll rest just as sure as I am born
And I'll sing like a blackbird sitting in its nest
When old Gabriel comes blowing on his horn
And I'll throw my clothes up on the shore
New garments I will have to wear
And I'll have brand new shoes and never get the blues
The angels will come and curl my hair

Oh I shan't weep when it's time for me to leave
I'll pack up my bandbox and go
Goodbye old friends, it's no time for to grieve
Yes I'm moving up to glory very slow
And I'll eat my meals three times a day
You bet your life, I will not be late
And I'll have lots of fun when all you people come
'Cause I'm gonna take the tickets at the gate

note: This is a traditional ("campmeeting") song, sung by Atwater-Donnelly (and perhaps Doc Watson) that I know of. This version is from Atwater-Donnelly's Like the Willow Tree, on BCN Records.