

I'se A Methodist 'till I Die - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

I'se a Methodist 'Till I Die.

Sister Patsy went up in de clouds, and she looked down below,
She said she'd never come down any more;
She sang a little song what de angels never heard
While a preaching on de golden shore.
She put her toot on de gospel ship,
De ship it left de shore;
It took her clean up to de heavens above,
She'll never come back no more.

Refrain.

Den it's, oh, little chillen, I believe,
Oh, little chillen, I believe;
Oh, little chillen, I believe.
I'se a Methodist 'till I die.

Chorus.

I'se a Methodist. Methodist, 'tis my belief,
To be a Methodist till I die;
When cold grim death comes knocking on de dooi,
I'se a Methodist 'till I die.

Oh, de winds blow East, and de winds blow West,
It blows like de judgment day;
Now all you sinners dat's never prayed before,
Prepare for to pray dat day.
You may go dis way, you may go dat way,
You may go from door to door.
But if you haven't got de grace of de Lord,
De debil will catch you shuah.-Refrain and Chorus.