Lord Build Me A Cabin In Gloryland

Bill Monroe

Many years I've been lookin' for a place to call home But I still didn't find it so I must travel on I don't care for the fine mansions on earth's sinkin sand Lord build me a cabin in the corner of gloryland

Lord build me just a cabin in the corner of gloryland In the shade of his tree of life that it may ever stand Where I can hear the angels and shake Jesus' hand Lord build me a cabin in the corner of gloryland

Listen Lord I'm not askin' to live in the midst For I know that I'm not worthy of such splendor as this When I ask Him for mercy while humbly I stand Lord build me a cabin in the corner of gloryland

I've many dear loved one's who've gone on this way On the grapevine of mournin' shall I hear them all say Come and join in the singin' and play in our band Lord build me a cabin in the corner of gloryland