

Palms of Victory

Emmylou Harris

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear

I saw a wayward traveler in tattered garments clad
And struggling up the mountain, it seemed that he was sad
His back was heavy laden, his strength was almost gone
He shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!"

The songsters in the arbor that stood beside the way
Attracted his attention, inviting his delay
His watchword being "Onward!" he stopped his ears and ran
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!"

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I saw him in the evening, the sun was sinking low
He'd overtopped the mountain and reached the vale below
He saw that golden city, his ever lasting home
And shouted loud, "Hosanna! Deliverance will come!"

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