

Waiting for My Call to Glory

Roy Acuff

My days on earth are numbered I can see the journey,s end
Gon-na ride that train to glory When it comes around the
bend

I,m leaving all my worries and for-get a-bout my cares
Gonna wear them golden slippers when i climb the golden
stairs

Wait-ing for my call to glo-ry
Where i,ll know the good and true
There i,ll learn my neigh-bor
Like he want-ed me to do

I,ve wandered ra-ther aim-less through the wil-der-ness
of time
But i see that glo-ry moun-tain that we mor-tals have to
climb
I,ll walk with Heav-en,s An-gels in a land that knows no
sin
When that glo-ry gateswings o-pen for his son to en-ter
in

I,ll find my joy and laugh-ter that the good-book say,s
i,ll find
When i reach the great here-af-ter on the road to peace
of mind
I,ll hear the harps a- play-ing for the An-gels in the
sky
And i,ll say hel-lo to Heav-en when I bid this wold good-
bye