When The Saints



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Saints

E Α I am just a lonely pilgrim, E H7 Plodding through this world of sin. Ε Α But I want to build a city, Ε H7 Е Where all people can marching in. Е Oh when the Saints go marching in, H7 Oh when the Saints go marching in, E Α Oh Lord I want to be in that number Ε H7 F when the Saints go marching in.

Roll on Jordan, roll on high. Roll one side as we go by. There's a better world a-coming, And the Saints go marching in. Oh when the Saints . . .

I am just a weary traveler, Travelling through this world of woe, But I'm working for that morning, When there'll be peace down here below. Oh when the Saints . . .

Some say this land of trouble Is the only one we need, But I'm waiting for that morning When the new world is relieved. Oh when the Saints . . .

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