

Bill Monroe, Lord Build Me A Cabin In Gloryland

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