

# Rhonda Vincent, Where No Cabins Fall

As my mind wanders back to the quaint little shack  
Where in childhood I used to play;  
There with mother and dad, we were happy and glad  
As we whiled the sweet moments away;  
We would all kneel in prayer and in reverence there  
We would praise the Redeemer on high.  
Now in sadness I pine for that old home of mine  
And I long for that mother's love.

I'd like to go back to that quaint little tumble-down shack.  
I'd like to spend a day where in heaven forever I'll stay,  
But time won't turn back; we must travel til Jesus shall call.  
Then we'll be happy in that land where no cabins fall.

Though I drifted away from childhood's sweet play  
I can still hear those voices sweet.  
They are calling me back to that quaint little shack  
Where the circle will never more meet;  
But some glad, happy day, up in heaven they say,  
We will praise the Redeemer on high.  
Now in sadness I pine for that old home of mine  
And I long for that mother's love.

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but time won't turn back; we must travel til Jesus shall call.  
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In that land where no cabins fall.