Deliverance Will Come

1. I saw a way-worn traveler In tatter'd garments clad,

And struggling up the mountain It seemed that he was sad;

His back was laden heavy His strength was almost gone,

His watch word being "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

Words: John B. Matthias
Music: Old Melody, Arr.

2. The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow,

His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow:

But he kept pressing onward For he was wending home;

He saw the golden city— His ever-lasting home—

3. The songsters in the arbor That stood beside the way

Attracting his attention, Inviting his delay:

His watch word being "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

They bore him on their pinions Safe o'er the dashing foam;

4. I saw him in the evening, The sun was bending low,

He'd overtopped the mountain, And reached the vale below:

He saw the golden city— His ever-lasting home—

Then, casting his eyes backward On the race which he had run,

5. While gazing on that city, Just o'er the narrow flood,

A band of holy angels Came from the throne of God:

Say-ing, Jesus has redeemed us To suffer never more:

His back was laden heavy His strength was almost gone,

They bore him on their pinions Safe o'er the dashing foam;

6. I heard the song of triumph They sang upon that shore,

And struggling up the mountain It seemed that he was sad;

His back was laden heavy His strength was almost gone,

Then, casting his eyes backward On the race which he had run,
Deliverance Will Come

Yet he shouted as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.
Still shouting as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.
And shouting loud, Hosanna, Deliverance will come!
He joined him in his triumph, Deliverance has come!

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

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