

## **Bill Anderson**

# **"Trouble In The Amen Corner"**

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Rock of ages cleft for me  
It was a stylish congregation you could see, they'd  
been around  
And they had the biggest pipe organ of any church in  
town  
But over in the Amen Corner of that church sat Brother  
Ira  
And he insisted every Sunday on singing in the choir

His voice was cracked and broken age had touched his  
vocal chords  
And nearly every Sunday he'd get behind and miss the  
words  
Well at last the storm cloud burst and the church was  
told in vine  
That Brother Ira must stop his singing or the choir was  
gonna resign

So the pastor appointed a committee, I think it was  
three or four  
And they got their big fine car and drove up to Ira's  
door  
They found the choir's great trouble sittin' in an old  
arm chair  
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his snow  
white hair

Said, "York, we're here, dear brother with the best  
resapprobation"  
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation  
Now it was our understanding when we bargained for  
the chair  
That they were to relieve us that is they'd do the singin'  
for us

Now we don't want no singin' except what we've bought  
The newest tunes are all the rage the old ones stand  
for naught  
And so we have decided, are you listenin', Brother Ira?  
You'll have to stop your singin' it's messin' up our choir

The old man raised his head a sign that he did hear

And on his cheek the three men caught the glitter of a  
tear  
His feeble hands pushed back the locks as white as  
silky snow  
And he answered the committee in a voice both soft  
and low

"I've sung the songs of David nearly eighty years", said  
he  
They've been my staff and comfort all along life's  
dreary way  
I'm sorry if I disturbed the choir I guess, I'm doin'  
wrong  
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't hold back  
a song

I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet  
In that far off Heavenly temple where my Master, I shall  
meet  
Yes, I wonder if when I try to sing the songs of God up  
higher  
I wonder if they'll kick me out up there for singin' in  
Heaven's choir

A silence filled the little room the old man bowed his  
head  
The committee went on back to town but Brother Ira  
was dead  
Oh the choir missed him for a while but he was soon  
forgot  
And a few church goers watched the door but the old  
man entered not

Far away his voice is sweet and he sings his heart's  
desire  
Where there are no church committees and no  
fashionable choirs  
Let me hide myself in Thee

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