

Johnny Cash "The Way Worn Traveler"

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I saw a way worn traveler in tattered garments clad
And struggling up the mountain, it seemed that he was
sad
His back was laden heavy, his strength was almost
gone
But he shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will
come"

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

The summer sun was shining, the sweat was on his
brow
His garments torn and dusty, his step seemed very
slow
But he kept pressing onward, for he was wending
home
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come"

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

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