

The Gladiators

"Merrily"

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Merrily, merrily
I'm a rowing my boat
Gently, gently
Upon the waters

I said I'm riding away
From destruction
Moving away from tribulation
I'm riding away from starvation
Moving away from corruption

My cup is full
And running over
Right now

So I've got to move
I surely got to move

Tell you I can hear the sound of the trumpet
See them heathen an' how them a fret
I can hear them bawling for mercy
But too late, too late
Mercy God
So,

Merrily, merrily
I'm a rowing my boat
Gently, gently
Upon the waters.....

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