

Porter Wagoner

"Pastor's Absent On Vacation"

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The old man went to meeting for the day was bright
and fair Though his limbs were tottering and it was
hard to travel there
But he hungered for the gospel so he trudged the
weary way On the road so rough and dusty neath the
summer suns burning day
Bye and bye he reached the building to his soul a holy
place And he paused for a moment and wiped the
sweat from his thin wrinkled face
But the old man looked around bewildered for the old
bell didn't toll And the doors were shut and bolted and
he didn't see a soul
But he saw a little notice tacked up on the meeting door
So he limped along to read it o'r and o'r
Then he wiped his dusty glasses and he read it o'r
again Till his legs began to tremble and his eyes began
to pain
As the old man read the notice how it made his spirit
burn Pastor on vacation church closed till his return.
And the old man said would the farmer leave his
cattle Or the shepherd leave his sheep, why who would
give the care and shelter
And provide them food to eat. Do the markets close
there doors just to get a little rest.
Why it would be the height of nonsense for their trade
would be distress.
Did you ever know it happen or hear any body tell Satan
takin a vacation shutting up the doors of he'll. So it
strikes me very singular that a man with holy hands,
thinks he needs a vacation, and forsakes his tender
lambs
Aw, tell me when I reach that city over on the other
shore would I find a little notice tacked up on the
golden door telling me mid dreadful silence written
words that cut and burn Jesus absent on vacation
heaven closed till his return .

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