

Porter Wagoner "Trouble In The Amen Corner"

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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 nought.

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.

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