

## Sara Groves "When The Saints"

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Lord I have a heavy burden of all I've seen and know  
It's more than I can handle  
But your word is burning like a fire shut up in my bones  
and I cannot let it go

And when I'm weary and overwrought  
with so many battles left unfought

I think of Paul and Silas in the prison yard  
I hear their song of freedom rising to the stars  
And when the Saints go marching in  
I want to be one of them

Lord it's all that I can't carry and cannot leave behind  
but your word has compelled me  
when I think of all who've gone before me and lived the  
faithful life

And when I'm weary and overwrought  
with so many battles left unfought

I think of Paul and Silas in the prison yard  
I hear their song of freedom rising to the stars

I see the shepherd Moses in the Pharaohs court  
I hear his call of freedom for the people of the Lord

And when the Saints go marching in  
I want to be one of them  
And when the Saints go marching in  
I want to be one of them

I see the long quiet walk along the Underground  
Railroad  
I see the slave awakening to the value of her soul

I see the young missionary and the end of the spear  
I see his family returning with no trace of fear

I see the long hard shadows of Calcutta nights  
I see the sisters standing by the lepers side

I see the young girl huddled on the brothel floor  
I see the man with a passion come and kicking down  
the door

I see the man of sorrows and his long troubled road  
I see the world on his shoulders and my easy load

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