Deliverance Will Come

Words: John B. Matthias  
Music: Old Melody, Arr.  

1. I saw a way-worn traveler In tatter'd garments clad,  
2. The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow,  
3. The songsters in the arbor That stood beside the way  
4. I saw him in the evening, The sun was bending low,  
5. While gazing on that city, Just o'er the narrow flood,  
6. I heard the song of triumph They sang upon that shore,  

His back was laden heavy  
But he kept pressing onward  
His watchword being "Onward!"  
He'd overtopped the mountain,  
A band of holy angels Came from the throne of God:  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
To suffer never more:  

And struggling up the mountain It seemed that he was sad;  
His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow:  
Attract his attention, Inviting his delay:  
He saw the golden city. His ever-lasting home,  
They bore him on their pinions Safe o'er the dashing foam;  
Then, casting his eyes backward On the race which he had run,
Deliverance Will Come

Yet he shouted as he journeyed, Deliv - er - ance will come.
Still shout - ing as he jour - n - ye d, Deliv - er - ance will come.
Still shout - ing as he jour - n - ye d, Deliv - er - ance will come.
And shout - ed loud, Hos - san - na, Deliv - er - ance will come!
And shout - ed loud, Hos - san - na, Deliv - er - ance will come!
He shout - ed loud, Hos - san - na, Deliv - er - ance has come!
He shout - ed loud, Hos - san - na, Deliv - er - ance has come!

Chorus

Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.
Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.