SING, SWING, SAINTS

I'm gonna sing, sing, sing, I'm gonna shout, shout, shout I'm gonna sing, I'm gonna shout, Praise the Lord! And when those gates swing open wide, I'm gonna sit by Jesus' side. I'm gonna sing, I'm gonna shout, Praise the Lord! Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home. Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home. Oh, when the saints... go marching in, Oh when the saints go marching in. Lord, I want to be in that number, When the saints go marching in. This train is bound for glory, this train. This train is bound for glory, this train. This train is bound for glory, Don't carry nothin' but the righteous and holy, This train is bound for glory, this train.