

The Way Worn Traveler

[Johnny Cash](#)

I saw a way worn traveler in tattered garments clad
And struggling up the mountain, it seemed that he was sad
His back was laden heavy, his strength was almost gone
But he shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come" Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear
Yes, palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear The summer sun was shining, the sweat was on his brow
His garments torn and dusty, his step seemed very slow
But he kept pressing onward, for he was wending home
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come" Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear
Yes, palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear

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