

# Trouble In the Amen Corner

Bill Anderson

Rock of ages cleft for me  
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 naught  
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  
Let me hide myself in Thee

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>