

Trouble In the Amen Corner

Porter Wagoner

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

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