

An adventure in rhythm and word painting, this arrangement of a traditional spiritual was written for the Dale Warland Singers in 1996.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes!  
Oh, wait till I put on my robe,  
wait till I put on my robe,  
wait till I put on my robe.  
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

I tell you, bretheren, a mortal fact:  
if you want to get to heaven don't ever look back.

I want to know before I go,  
yea, whether you love-a the Lord or no.  
Ever since I have been newly born,  
I love to see God's work go on.

*refrain* – Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

I was in the church and prayin' loud,  
and on my knees to my Jesus bowed.  
Ol' Satan told me to my face,  
"I'll get you when you leave-a this place!"  
Oh, brother, that scared me to my heart.  
I was afraid to walk when it was dark.  
I started home but I did pray,  
and I met ol' Satan on the way.  
Ol' Satan made-a one grab at me,  
but he missed my soul and I went free.  
My sins when lumb'rin' down to hell,  
and my soul went a-leapin' up Zion's hill.

*refrain* – Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

If ever I land on the other shore,  
I'll never come here for to sing no more.  
All 'round my waist a golden band,  
and the palms of vict'ry in my hand,  
and the golden slippers on my feet,  
gonna walk up and down that golden street.

*refrain* – Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

duration: c. 3:45