


Weight of Eternal Glory

Hillbilly Thomists

D G D




I grew up in Jack-son Coun - ty in a West Vir-gin - ia farm house, We had

A D




ma-ny hands a-work - in' and so ma - ny miles to tread. I asked Ma-ma how she's ab - le to go

G D A D



one day to an-oth - er, She took up the fam - 'ly Bi - ble, looked at me, and then she said,

G D




"I am suf - f'ring un - der the weight of e - ter - nal glo - ry, I find my

A



place in the good Lord's sto - ry I keep His pro-mis-es by my bed. Take the

D G D



hand of the lov - ing Sav - ior, He guides my way while I still stay here. You can

find the same way your-self, dear, If you just let your-self be led."

*Found myself down in Nashville, in a place just off of Broadway,
Sittin' at the bar was a lovely cowgirl, she had a tear drop in her eye.
I said, "Lady, do I know you? If I don't then I think that I'd like to."
She just turned to me with sadness and said, "Honey, I'm not gonna lie."*

*Was a late night in December, I was traveling through the canyon,
My truck went off the road near the highway, I was barely left alive.
The nurse that took my hand said, "Mister, the doctor says you are baely stable."
She put the cross into my hand, I looked her in the face, and then I cried:*

Last chorus:

*"I am suff'ring under the weight of eternal glory,
I find my place in the good Lord's story, I hope in His promises when I'm dead.
Take the hand of the loving Savior, To guide your way while you still stay here.
You can find the same way yourself, dear, if you just let yourself be led."*