

## **Swing Down, Chariot**

Why don't you swing down chariot,  
stop and let me ride?

Swing down, chariot, stop and let me ride.  
Rock me, Lord, rock, me Lord, calm and easy.  
I've got a home on the other side.

Well, Ezekiel went down in the middle of the field.  
He saw an angel working' on a chariot wheel.  
He wasn't particular 'bout the chariot wheel,  
He just wanted to see how the chariot feels.

Why don't you swing down chariot,  
stop and let me ride?

Swing down, chariot, stop and let me ride.  
Rock me, Lord, rock, me Lord, calm and easy.  
I've got a home on the other side.

Well, Ezekiel went down and he got on board,  
The chariot went a bump-in on down that wild road.  
He wasn't particular 'bout the bump-in of the road.  
He just wanted to lay down his heavy load.

Why don't you swing down chariot,  
stop and let me ride?

Swing down, chariot, stop and let me ride.  
Rock me, Lord, rock, me Lord, calm and easy.  
I've got a home on the other side.

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Rock me, Lord, rock me, Lord, calm and easy.  
I've got a home on the other side.

# **Hallelu, Hallelu**

Hallelu, hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah; Praise ye the Lord!

Hallelu, hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah; Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah;

Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah;

Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah; Praise ye the Lord!

# **Daw-Kee, Aim Daw-Tsi-Taw**

(Great Spirit, Now I Pray)

Great Spirit, now I pray to you,  
I pray now to you, Great Spirit, hear me;  
My soul is weary,  
now I pray that your spirit will dwell in me.

**In the Garden** ~ C. Austin Miles

I come to the garden alone,  
While the dew is still on the roses  
And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear,  
The Son of God discloses  
And He walks with me, and the talks with me  
And He tells me I am His own.  
And the joy we share as we tarry there,  
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice,  
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,  
And the melody That He gave to me  
Within my heart is ringing

And He walks with me, and the talks with me  
And He tells me I am His own.  
And the joy we share as we tarry there,  
None other has ever known.

I'd stay in the garden with Him  
Through the night around me be falling  
But He bids me go; Through the voice of woe,  
His voice to me is calling

And He walks with me, and the talks with me

And He tells me I am His own.

And the joy we share as we tarry there,

None other has ever known.