

Forever in the Air

Dan Evans

Verse 1 Grampa picked the banjo while blowin' his old mouth harp.
 Cousin Al sang bass and strummed a hand-me-down guitar.
 Raymond carried the melody while the rest of us sang parts,
 And the harmony lingered long after dusk had turned to dark.

Chorus Singin' Jesus,
 Who walked on Galilee's Sea.
 Became my Savior,
 When He reached and rescued me.

 When the roll is called up yonder,
 We'll not be here any longer.
 In the presence of Jesus,
 There's no place we'd rather be.

Verse 2 Neighbors came from far and wide to join us Friday nights.
 We gathered on the porch by the glow of oil lights.
 Our singin' could be heard across the creek and down the road.
 The delightful times we shared were worthy of the seeds we sowed.

Verse 3 For years there wasn't a wedding or a picnic we weren't at,
 But we never made a record; they never put us on the map.
 If someone died or got baptized you could count on us to sing,
 Even at the dedication of the new school playground swing.

Verse 4 Grampa passed on home; he's pickin' for the Lord.
 Now our singin' ain't what it was without those mouth harp chords.
 But, the reunion is a comin' soon when we'll all meet him up there,
 To sing those Gospel harmonies, forever in the air.