

Churchman's Road

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The churchman comes from dry Carmarthen
Down to the river he will ride
Though this isn't the River Jordan
He's crossing to the other side
Riding down the road to old Glamorgan
Crossing the river by lantern light
Turning his back on the old church organ
Coming for a drink tonight

Sunday evening, his sermon's ended
Satan's snares snapped shut in vain
Common folk from Hell defended,
He's riding down the road again
(Chorus)

Sunday is the day of Heaven
Doors to Hell must be shut fast
Over the river the pubs are serving
He's coming down the road at last
(Chorus)

The road to Heaven is steep and narrow
You have to walk, there's no room to ride
You could roll to Hell in a one-wheeled barrow
The road's so smooth and wide
(Chorus)

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Coming for a drink tonight