## When the Saints Go Marching In

D G I'm just a weary pilgrim D A	D G My mother, may God bless her. D A
Plodding through this world of sin.  D  G	I can see her now as then.  D  G
Getting ready for that city,  D A7 D	With a robe of white a—round her, D A7 D
When the saints go marching in.	When the saints go marching in.
D	D
When the saints go marching in, A	When the saints go marching in, A
When the saints go marching in, D G	When the saints go marching in, D G
Lord, I want to be in that number, D A7 D	Lord, I want to be in that number, D A7 D
When the saints go marching in.	When the saints go marching in.
D G	D G
D G My father loved the Savior D A	D G Up there I'll see the Savior D A
D G My father loved the Savior D A What a soldier he had been! D G	D G Up there I'll see the Savior D A Who redeemed my soul from sin. D G
D A	D A
D A What a soldier he had been! D G But his steps will be more steady,	D A Who redeemed my soul from sin. D G With extended hands He'll greet me,
D A What a soldier he had been! D G But his steps will be more steady, D A7 D	D A Who redeemed my soul from sin. D G With extended hands He'll greet me, D A7 D
D A What a soldier he had been! D G But his steps will be more steady, D A7 D When the saints go marching in.	D A Who redeemed my soul from sin. D G With extended hands He'll greet me, D A7 D When the saints go marching in.  D When the saints go marching in,
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