

Come On Down

Stomp your feet with fancy foot-work mister clap your hands.
Sister shake your body twister. Bang some pots and pans.
Make a joyful noise to heaven six or seven times a day.
We'll praise the Lord with one accord. Hallelu! Hip-hip-hurray!
Come on down to the celebration! Come on down to the jubilee!
Come on down. There's sweet elation over all that we can be.
Let that Spirit power flower in the hearts of you and me.
Come on down. Party Hardy! it's for free!

It's free and for the takin' makin' you a happy soul.
There's good news to awaken you to what will make you...
Wholly santifyin' satisfaction liftin' you on high,
a fraction of the action in the sweet by and by!
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They haven't played a harp in heav'n since Joshua came a around.
His wailin' horn to rock was born when the walls came tumblin' down.
David on a synthesizer traded in his lyre.
And the heav'nly hosts got the Holy Ghost to boogie with the choir!
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