


# Drinking That Wine

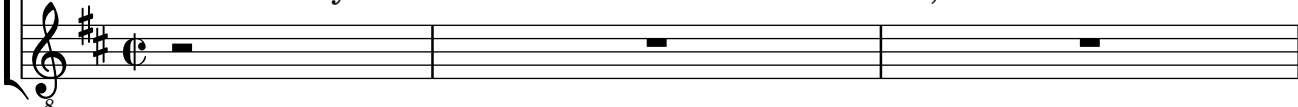
arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 45$




1. If my mo - ther asks for me, Tell her that  
2. Two white hors - es, side by side; None can  
3. When I get to the Prom - ised Land, I'm not gon - na  
4. Down by the riv - er, I'm a - gon' walk, Me and the  
5. Two white hors - es, side by side; One of these  
6. So if my mo - ther asks for me, Tell her that

Chorus

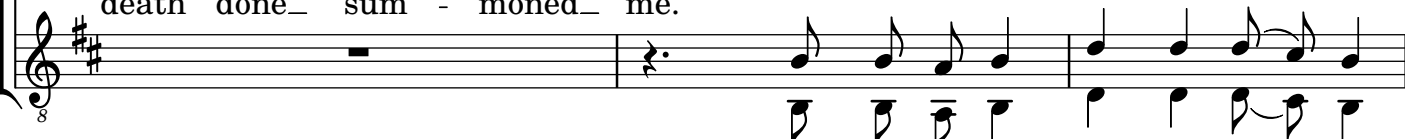


L.  $\text{♩} = 45$



death done sum - moned me. Ch. You ought-a been there ten thou-sand  
ride but the sanc - ti - fied.  
stop till I shake my fa-ther's hand.  
Lord gon-na have a lit - tle talk.  
hors - es I'm bound to ride.  
death done sum - moned me.

Ch.



L.  $\text{♩} = 45$



years, drink-ing that wine. Drink-ing that wine, wine,

Ch.



L.  $\text{♩} = 45$



wine; Drink-ing that wine, oh, yes, my Lord; You ought-a been

Ch.



2  
13  
L. 8

there ten thou - sand years, drink - ing that wine.

Ch. 8