

# The Power of Song: Lyrics Sheet

## City Called Heaven\*

I am a po' pilgrim of sorrow,  
Tossed out in this wide world alone.  
No hope have I for tomorrow,  
I've started to make it my home.

Sometimes I'm tossed and I'm driven,  
Sometimes I don't know where to roam.  
But oh I've heard of a city called Heaven,  
And I've started to make it my home.

My mother, she's reached her bright glory,  
My father still walks in sin.  
My brothers and my sisters, they won't own me,  
Because I'm trying to get in.

Sometimes I'm tossed and I'm driven,  
Sometimes I don't know where to roam.  
But oh I've heard of a city called Heaven,  
And I've started to make it my home.

Who is that yonder coming?  
My blood runs so chilly and cold.  
I know it must be King Jesus,  
The one who came and saved my soul.

Sometimes I'm tossed and I'm driven,  
Sometimes I don't know where to roam.  
But oh I've heard of,  
Has anybody heard of,  
I'm wondering have you heard of,  
Of a city called Heaven,  
I've started to make it my home.

\*Interpretation created by Cleo Kennedy, soprano and Carlton Reese during the Birmingham Alabama Movement, *Voices of the Civil Rights Movement: Black American Freedom Songs 1960-1966* (Smithsonian Folkways Recordings).



1026 E. Kearsley  
Flint, MI 48502  
(810) 232-7111  
[www.fpl.info/powerofsong](http://www.fpl.info/powerofsong)