|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Silver trumpet** | http://www.billysloan.co.uk/images/clicktolisten2.jpg |

Well, I’ve never been to heaven, but I’ve been told,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel;
The gates are made of pearl and the streets are made of gold,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.
            *O hand me down, O hand me down,
            O hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel.
            Send it down, hand it down,
            Any ol’ way, just get it down!
            Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.*

If religion were a thing that money could buy,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel;
The rich would live and the poor would die,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.
         *O hand me down....*

Well now, if you want a silver trumpet like mine,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel;
You’d better learn to play it in plenty of time,
Hand me down my silver trumpet, Lord.
         *O hand me down....*