Come Sunday

Duke Ellington

Lord, dear Lord I've loved, God almighty
God of love, please look down and see my people throughLord, dear Lord I've loved, God almighty
God of love, please look down and see my people throughI believe that sun and moon up in the sky
When the day is gray
I know it, clouds passing byHe'll give peace and comfort
To every troubled mind
Come Sunday, oh come Sunday
That's the dayOften we feel weary
But he knows our every care
Go to him in secret
He will hear your every prayerLillies on the valley
They neither toll nor spin
And flowers bloom in spring time
Birds singOften we feel weary
But he knows our every care
Go to him in secret
He will hear your every prayerUp from dawn till sunset
Man work hard all the day
Come Sunday, oh come Sunday
That's the day

Songwriters
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