

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

[Kelly Joe Phelps](#)

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

(traditional) When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more

And the morning breaks eternal, bright and fair

The chosen ones will gather over on the other shore

And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall
rise

And the glory of his resurrection share

When all the saints will gather to their home beyond the sky

And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there Let us labour for the master from dawn till setting sun

Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care

Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done

And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there

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