

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

Twila Paris

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound
And time shall be no more
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair
When the saved diverse shall 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 His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
I'll be there, I'll be there
So let us labor for the Master from the 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
Then the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there

Songwriters

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Published by

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