The Day of All Days

James Milton Black, 1921

Herbert George Tovey

1. Time with its tempests is passing away, Some day, and soon it may be,
   Je - sus will come, oh, that glorious day! Com-ing in glo - ry for me.
   The day of all days is com-ing at last, The day of all days when sorrows are past, The
day of all days when I thro’ His grace Shall see with de - light His won-der-ful face.

2. Oh, what a won - der - ful joy to be there, Praising the Lamb that was slain;
   Ris - ing to met Him, caught up in the air! Oh, He is com-ing a - gain.
   Je - sus will come, oh, that glor - i - ous - day! Com-ing in glo - ry - for me.
   The day of all days is com-ing at last, The day of all days when sorrows are past, The
day of all days when I thro’ His grace Shall see with de - light His won-der-ful face.

3. That is the won - der - ful day of all days, That day when time shall be o’er;
   Tongues of all na - tions will sing of His praise On fair e - ter - ni - ty’s shore.
   The day of all days is com-ing at last, The day of all days when sorrows are past, The
day of all days when I thro’ His grace Shall see with de - light His won-der-ful face.