Some Day

Charles Albert Tindley, 1906

1. Beams of Hea-ven, as I go, Through this wil-der-ness be-low, Guide my
feet in peace-ful ways, Turn my mid-nights in-to days; When in the
day so bright be-gun, Clouds may hide to-mor-row’s
grope, Faith al-ways sees a star of hope, And soon from all life’s grief and
day a-while may reign, Sat- an’s cause may seem to gain, There is a God that rules a-

2. Of-ten-times my sky is clear, Joy a-bounds with-out a tear, Though a
day that ne-ver yields to night, And in its light the streets of

3. Hard-er yet may be the fight, Right may of-ten yield to might, Wick-ed-

4. Bur-dens may now crush me down, Dis-ap-point-ments all a-round, Trou-ble

day so bright be-gun, Clouds may hide to-mor-row’s

Refrain

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