When the Morning Comes

1. Trials dark on ev’ry hand, and we cannot understand

2. Oft our cherished plans have failed, disappointments have prevailed,

3. Temptations, hidden snares often take us unawares,

All the ways that God would lead us to that blessed promised land;

And we've wandered in the darkness, heavy hearted and alone;

But He'll guide us with His eye, and we'll follow till we die; We will

And our hearts are made to bleed for some thoughtless word or deed,

But we're trusting in the Lord, and, according to His Word, We will

And we wonder why the test when we try to do our best, But we'll

But understand it better by and by. By and by, when the morning

comes, When the saints of God are gathered home, We will tell the story

Text: Charles A. Tindley, 1851-1933;
alt. and arr. B. B. McKinney, 1886-1952
Tune: Charles A. Tindley, 1851-1933;
alt. and arr. B. B. McKinney, 1886-1952

Irregular

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how we've over-come; We will understand it better by and by.