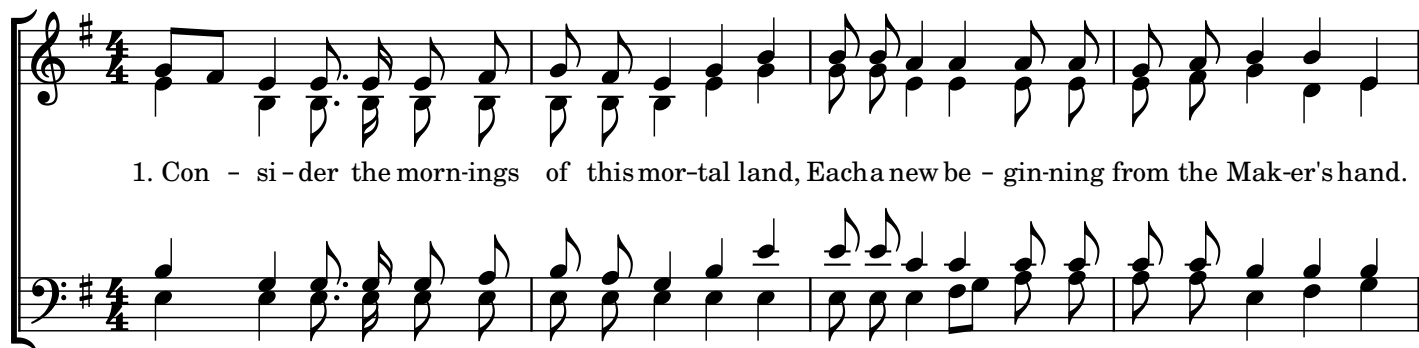


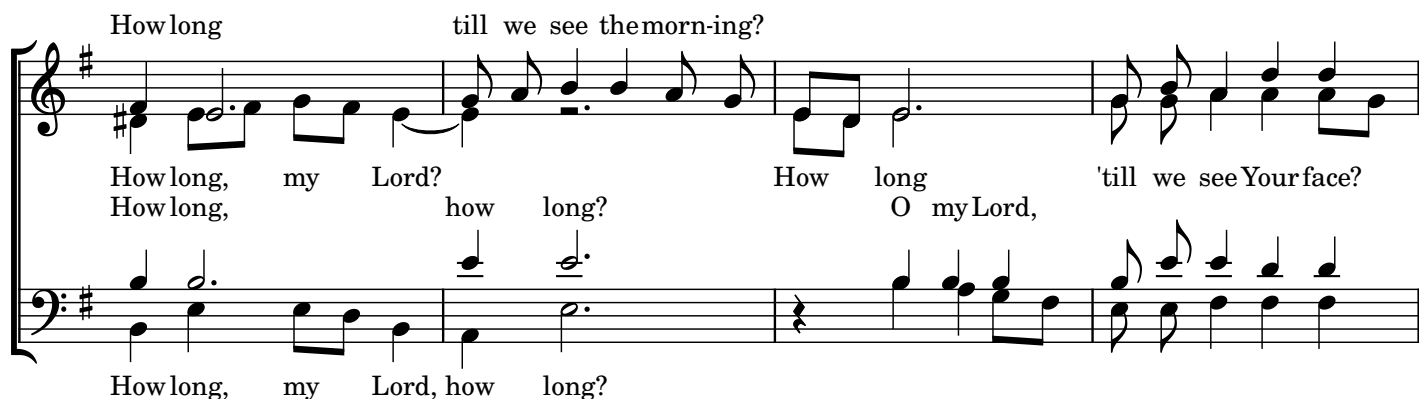
# How Long 'Till the Morning



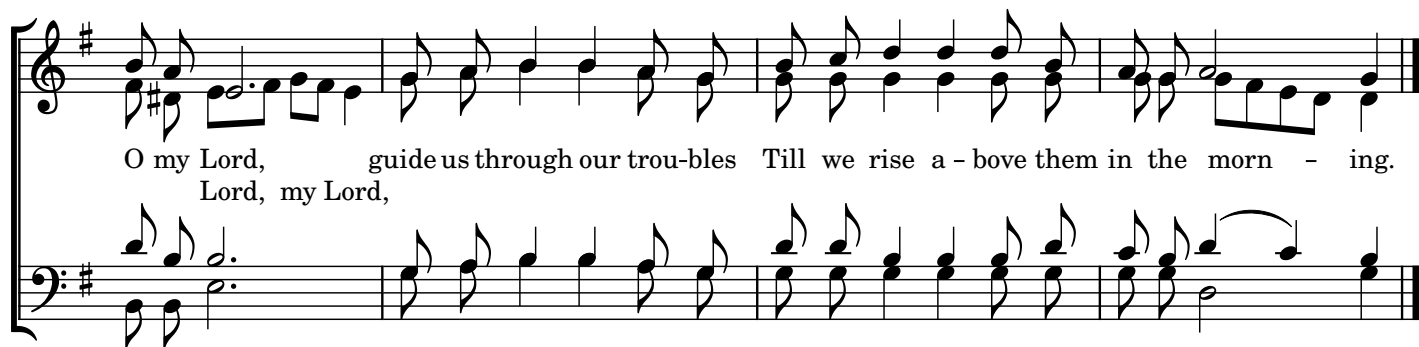
1. Con - si - der the morn - ings of this mor - tal land, Each a new be - gin - ning from the Mak - er's hand.



While the storms may gath - er 'neath the eve - 'ning sky, The day breaks cloud - less in the morn - ing.



How long till we see the morn - ing?  
How long, my Lord? How long, my Lord, 'till we see Your face?  
How long, my Lord, how long?



O my Lord, guide us through our trou - bles Till we rise a - bove them in the morn - ing.  
Lord, my Lord,

2. Rise up to the battle, for the skies dawn clear;  
Let us gather courage while the foe draws near;  
Though the night falls weary, saints of God, march on!  
And He'll raise our banner in the morning.

3. When the trumpet sounds to signal Heaven's day,  
Resurrection Morning, when the dead shall wake,  
What a glorious gath'ring when the Lord descends  
And we rise to meet Him in the morning.