

Mickey Gilley, When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time will be no more
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair
When the saved world shall gather over on the other shore
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
When 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
When 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
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us lay before the Master from the dawn till setting sun
Let us talk of all his wonderful love and care
Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done
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
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there...