

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

Alan Jackson

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair
When the saved word 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
And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there

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