F	ВЬ	F	
As I wake up with the morning of each day that passes by, $oldsymbol{\mathcal{E}}$			
And I listen to the sounds upon my ear			
F	ВЬ	F	
I can't help but keep a watch toward the eastern sky,			
F		C	F
And I wonder if the trumpet will be the next sound that I hear			
Chorus:	F Bb	F	
What a beautiful day for the Lord to come again,			
	F Bb	F	C
What a beautiful day for Him to take His children home;			
	F Bb	, F	
How I long to see His face and to touch His nail-scarred hands,			
	F	C	F
What a beautiful day for the Lord to come again.			
F	ВЬ	F	
Oh my earthly disappointments and trials here below, F C			
Fade away when I remember His last words;			
F	Bb	F	
He said He'd return and receive His children unto Him, F C F			
And I'm longing just to look upon the face of my Lord.			