

# Some Day

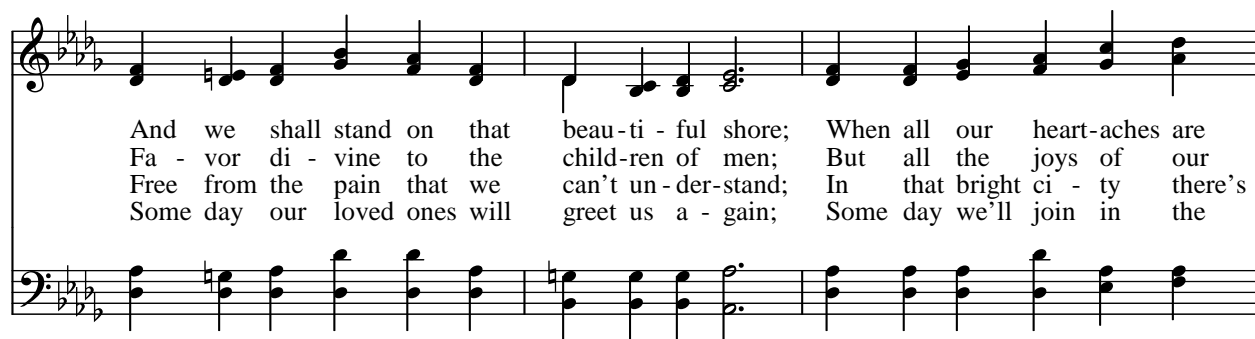
J. Glenn Gould & A. F. I., 1914

J. Glenn Gould

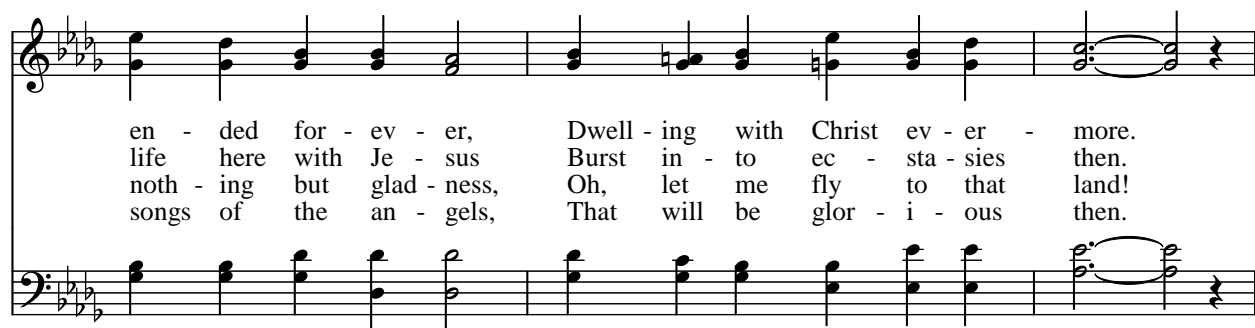
*♩* = 160



1. Some day when all of life's sad - ness is o - ver,  
2. Oh, praise the Lord for the gift of the Sav - ior!  
3. Free from all sor - row, all care and all sigh - ing,  
4. Some day the King will re - turn in His beau - ty;



And we shall stand on that beau - ti - ful shore; When all our heart - aches are  
Fa - vor di - vine to the child - ren of men; But all the joys of our  
Free from the pain that we can't un - der - stand; In that bright ci - ty there's  
Some day our loved ones will greet us a - gain; Some day we'll join in the

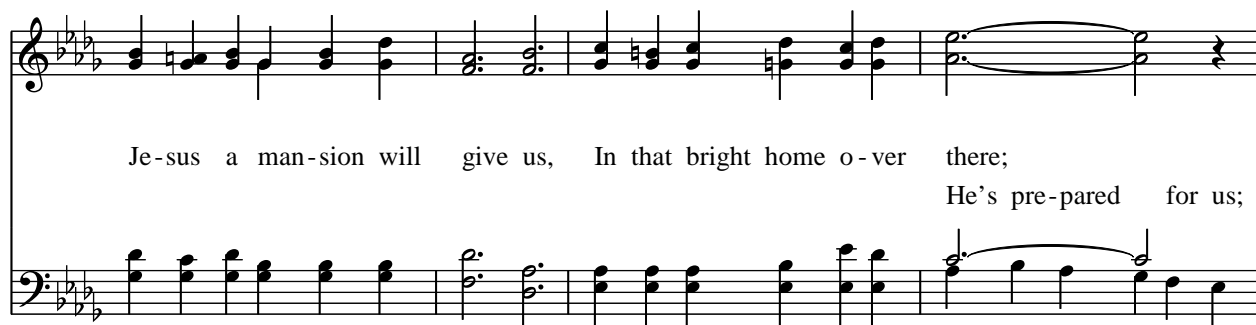


en - ded for - ev - er, Dwell - ing with Christ ev - er - more.  
life here with Je - sus Burst in - to ec - sta - sies then.  
noth - ing but glad - ness, Oh, let me fly to that land!  
songs of the an - gels, That will be glor - i - ous then.

*Refrain*



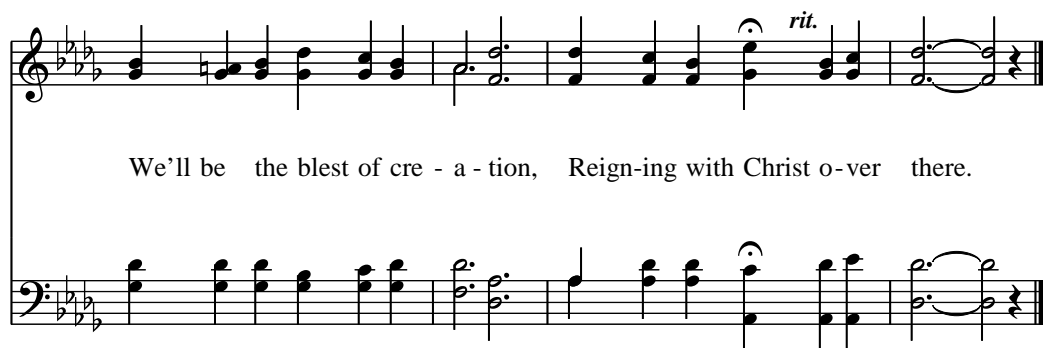
We'll tell the won - der - ful sto - ry, There with the King in His glo - ry;



Je-sus a man-sion will give us, In that bright home o-ver there;  
He's pre-pared for us;



An-gels we'll tell of sal - va - tion, Won - der - ful gift to the na - tions;



We'll be the blest of cre - a - tion, Reign-ing with Christ o-ver there. *rit.*