## Sunday Will Come

“My God My God” the Savior cried,

While guilty men his pain deride

They pierced his hands and feet and side,

When on the cross he bled and died.

The Light is gone, vision has fled

Jesus of Nazareth now lies dead

Why can’t I recall the words he said;

I cannot see the path ahead.

In my heart for hope there is no room

As they lay him in the Garden Tomb

The air and my soul are filled with gloom

Surely this is creation’s doom.

The night of darkness robs my peace

Heartache, anguish, despair increase

I plead to God for sweet release

And still my sorrow does not cease.

Friday’s darkness seems to be

All that now is left for me.

How can I ever hope to see,

Aught but him upon the tree?

A night, a day, another night,

Then comes the dawn of Sunday’s light.

And brings to all the heavenly sight –

The Savior stands in brilliant white.

Glad tidings doth the morning bring,

To all the world let music ring!

And with the angels let us sing –

He lives again our Heavenly King!