My Lord, what a morning

My Lord, what a morning
My Lord, what a morning
O my Lord, what a morning
when the stars begin to fall
You'll hear the trumpet sound
to wake the nations underground
Looking to my God's right hand
when the stars begin to fall

My Lord what a morning
My Lord what a morning
My Lord what a morning
when the stars begin to fall

You'll hear the sinner moan
to wake the nations underground
Looking to my God's right hand
when the stars begin to fall

My Lord, what a morning
My Lord, what a morning
O my Lord, what a morning
when the stars begin to fall

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