

BILL GAITHER  
THEN CAME THE MORNING

THEY ALL WALKED AWAY, WITH NOTHING TO SAY,  
THEY'D JUST LOST THEIR DEAREST FRIEND.

ALL THAT HE SAID, NOW HE WAS DEAD,  
SO THIS WAS THE WAY IT WOULD END.

THE DREAMS THEY HAD DREAMED WERE NOT WHAT THEY'D SEEMED,  
NOW THAT HE WAS DEAD AND GONE.

THE GARDEN, THE JAIL, THE HAMMER, THE NAIL,  
HOW COULD A NIGHT BE SO LONG.

THEN CAME THE MORNING, NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY;  
THE STONE WAS ROLLED AWAY, HOPE ROSE WITH THE DAWN.  
THEN CAME THE MORNING, SHADOWS VANISHED BEFORE THE SUN,  
DEATH HAD LOST AND LIFE HAD WON, FOR MORNING HAD COME.

THE ANGEL, THE STAR, THE KINGS FROM AFAR,  
THE WEDDING, THE WATER, THE WINE.  
NOW IT WAS DONE, THEY'D TAKEN HER SON,  
WASTED BEFORE HIS TIME.

SHE KNEW IT WAS TRUE, SHE'D WATCHED HIM DIE TOO,  
SHE'D HEARD THEM CALL HIM JUST A MAN,  
BUT DEEP IN HER HEART, SHE KNEW FROM THE START,  
SOMEHOW HER SON WOULD LIVE AGAIN.

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