

# 209. HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE MORNING?

(Psalm 32:7 "Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble;  
thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.")

Arranged by Eugene F. Amormino

Words and Music by Arlene L. Buffington

1. Have you heard a - bout the morn - ing when the  
2. Have you felt the cold winds blow - ing; Do you  
3. Have you heard the ar - my com - ing; Have you  
4. Send a mes - sage to the is - lands; Send a

tears are wiped a - way, And the day will dawn much  
fear a storm is nigh? Have you seen too much of  
seen the ti - dal wave? Do you fear that night is  
mes - sage far and near, That the storms one day will

bright - er \_\_\_\_\_ than it ev - er did to - day? Then God's  
sor - row, \_\_\_\_\_ Have you heard God's chil - dren cry? There's a  
com - ing on, and you fear an ear - ly grave? Put your  
pass a - way, and the ar - mies won't be here. When the

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chil - dren will be sing - ing like they  
hid - ing place in Je - sus; There's a  
trust in God the Fath - er; Put your  
tat - tered ship's seen com - ing with the

nev - er sang be - fore, When the life - boats bring God's \_\_\_\_  
shel - ter from the storm, Where God's chil - dren run to the  
trust in Christ the Son. They will put their arms a -  
tat - tered crew in - side, Then we'll praise our God in \_\_\_\_

chil - dren home on - to Zi - on's peace - ful shore.  
morn - ing sun, where the winds are soft and warm.  
round you, child, 'Till the morn - ing light has come.  
heav - en for the \_\_\_\_ fin - al storm - y ride.