

All Glory Yours (Hymn)

Words and Music by Heather Schopf

Someday the trumpet will blow
And call true worshipers home to be with the Lord.
We who were bought with a price
Will rise to His paradise, our King to adore.
And if in robes of white, we'll sing with all our might;
If singleness of praise undivided hearts will raise,

Refrain:

**Then all the glory be Yours today!
Though yet imperfect, accept our praise.
We cannot take, Lord, what is Yours to own –
All glory Yours now and forevermore!**

Someday the light in the sky
Will be Your glory divine, the light of the Lamb.
No need for sun, moon, or stars
When all Your glory so far outshines all of them.
And if the Son ablaze will summon all our praise
When our immortal eyes drink of Heaven's only light,

Someday the righteous will rest
And walk in true humbleness, His mercy our song.
Free from rebellion within
That craves the praises of men, we'll join Heaven's throng.
And if unbroken strains will fill unbroken days;
Withholding nothing back, singing to the Great I AM,