

The Dark Before The Dawn

Andrew Peterson

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$\frac{4}{4}$ (intro) D Bm D/F# G

I've been waiting for the sun to come blazing up out of the night like a bullet from a gun

Till every shadow is scattered, every dragon's on the run

I be—lieve, I believe that the light is gonna come

And this is the dark, this is the dark before the dawn

I've been waiting for some peace to come raining down out of the heavens on these war—torn fields

All cre—ation is aching for the sons of God to be revealed

And I be—lieve, I believe that the victory is sealed

The serpent struck, but it was crushed beneath His heel

Oh, I know the wind can bring the lightning

Oh I know the storm can be so frightening,

that storm a—way, blow that storm a—way

Oh I know the lightning brings the rain

but that same wind is gonna blow

Lord I'm waiting for a change I'm waiting for a change

So I've been waiting for the King to come galloping out of the clouds while the angel armies sing

He's gonna gather His people in the shadow of His wings

I'm gonna raise my voice with the song of the re—deemed,

all this darkness is a small and passing thing

This is the storm, this is the storm, the storm before the calm

This is the pain, the pain be—fore the balm

This is the cold, the cold, the cold before the warm

These are the tears, the tears be—fore the song

This is the dark, ^G sometimes all I see is this darkness, ^A can't you feel ^G the darkness ^A
 This is the dark before the dawn ^D ^{Bm} ^{D/F#} I'm just waiting for a change, ^G
^{Bm} ^G change ^{D/F#} Lord I'm waiting for a change ^(G)

^D I had a dream that I was waking ^D at the burning edge of dawn
^G And I could see the fields of glory, ^G I could hear the Sower's song
^D I had a dream that I was waking ^D at the burning edge of dawn
^G And all that rain had washed me clean, ^G all the sorrow was gone

^D I had a dream that I was waking ^D at the burning edge of dawn
^G And I could finally believe the King had ^G loved me all a—long ^(A^{sus} G) I had
^D a dream that I was waking ^D at the burning edge of dawn
^G I saw the Sower in the silver mist, ^G and He was calling me home ^D ^{Bm} ^{D/F#} ^(G)