In The Morning Of Joy

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors immortal Shall envelop the skies,
   When the angel of death Shall no longer destroy, And the dead shall awaken In the morning of joy,

2. When the King shall appear, In His beauty on high, And shall summon His children To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been ransomed We each other shall greet, Singing praise to the Lamb, Through all your employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morning of joy?

3. Oh, the bliss of that morn When our loved ones we meet, With the songs of the heavenly choir
   All your past all forgotten With its sorrows and tears.

Chorus

In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to glory In the morning of joy; In the morning of joy.

Words by Mrs. R. A. Evilsizer
Music by A. J. Showalter