The Glorious Morning

1. Soon shall we see the glorious morn-ing, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sound-ing, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
3. The saints who sleep, with joy a-wak-en, All a-rise! all a-rise!
4. Fast by the throne of God be-hold them Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

Sin-ners, at-tend the notes of warn-ing, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
Thru all the vaults of death re-bound-ing, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
Their beds of death are quick for-sak-en, All a-rise! all a-rise!
See in his arms the Sav-i-oir folds them, Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

The res-ur-rec-tion day draws near, The King of Saints shall soon ap-pear,
To meet the bride-groom, haste, pre-pare, Put on your brid-al gar-ments fair,
Not one of all the faith-ful few Who here on earth the Sav-i-oir knew,
With wreaths of glo-ry round their head, No tears of sor-row now are shed,

And high his roy-al stand-ard rear, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
And hail your Sav-i-oir in the air, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
But starts with bliss his Lord to view, All a-rise! all a-rise!
To joy’s full foun-tain all are led, Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

Words: William Hunter
Music: William B. Bradbury

PDHymns.com