In The Morning Of Joy

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors immortal Shall envelope the skies, When the angel of death Shall not

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

3. Oh, the bliss of that morn When our loved ones we meet, With the songs of the long shall perishing, And the dead shall awaken In the morning of joy, all your employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morning of joy?

ternity's years, With the past all forgotten With its sorrows and tears.

Chorus

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

1. glory In the morning of joy; In the morning of joy.

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