

In the Morning

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1882. Music: John Sweney.

We are pilgrims looking home,
Sad and weary oft we roam,
But we know 'twill all be well
In the morning;
When our anchor firmly cast,
Every stormy wave is past,
And we gather safe at last
In the morning.

Refrain

When we all meet again
In the morning,
On the sweet blooming hills
In the morning;
Nevermore to say good night
In that sunny region bright,
When we hail the blessed light
Of the morning.

O these tender broken ties,
How they dim our aching eyes,
But like jewels they will shine
In the morning;
When our victor palms we bear
And our robes immortal wear,
We shall know each other there,
In the morning.

Refrain

When our fettered souls are free,
Far beyond the narrow sea,
And we hear the Savior's voice
In the morning;
When our golden sheaves we bring
To the feet of Christ our king,
What a chorus we shall sing
In the morning.

Refrain

Thro' our pilgrim journey here,
Tho' the night is sometimes drear,
Let us watch and persevere
Till the morning;
Then our highest tribute raise
For the love that crowns our days,
And to Jesus give the praise
In the morning.

Refrain