

A Glorious Day Is Dawning
Mrs. N. T. Munroe.
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A glorious day is dawning,
And o'er the waking earth
The heralds of the morning
Are springing into birth.
In dark and hidden places
There shines the blessed light;
The beam of truth displaces
The darkness of the night.

The advocates of error
Foresee the glorious morn,
And hear in shrinking terror,
The watchword of reform:
It rings from hill and valley,
It breaks oppression's chain.
A thousand freemen rally,
And swell the mighty strain.

The watchword has been spoken,
The light has broken forth,
Far shines the blessed token
Upon the startled earth,
To hearts and homes benighted,
The blessed Truth is given,
And peace and love, united,
Point upward unto Heav'n.