

Again the Morn of Gladness
John Ellerton, 1874.
Arthur Cottman, 1877.

Again the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And Heaven itself more near;
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

Refrain

Glory be to Jesus,
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day.

Again, O loving Savior,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

Refrain

The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus,
In pastures fair above,
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we, too, praise and love.

Refrain

The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these today;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

Refrain

Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
O let us sing His name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim;
Till all whom He redeeme d
Shall own Him Lord and king,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing.

