

On the Resurrection Morning
Sabine Baring-Gould, 1864.
Ira Sankey, 1887.

On the resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again,
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapped in sleep.

For a while the wearied body
Lies with feet toward the morn;
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation,
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last,
By Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.