

Some Sweet Morn
E. P. Marvin, 1896.
Ira Sankey.

Some sweet morn a day will open,
Nevermore to close in night;
We shall hail the early token
Of its everlasting light.
On that bright and blissful morrow,
Pilgrims rest, their journey o'er;
Hunger, thirst, and death, and sorrow,
We shall know and fear no more.

Some sweet morn the saints now sleeping,
In the cold and silent tomb,
Shall awake with joyful greeting,
Mantled with immortal bloom;
Then we'll meet the friends long parted,
Once on earth a happy band;
Meet and dwell with them forever,
Over in the Morning Land.

Some sweet morn the bridal city
We shall see with wondering eyes,
Coming down in all her beauty,
Crowned with glory from the skies;
Then we'll hail the King eternal,
With His saints, a mighty throng,
And, caught up with them forever,
We shall sing the glad new song.