

**In the Morning of Joy**  
Words: Adalyn Evilsizer, 1895  
Music: Anthony Showalter.

When the trumpet shall sound,  
And the dead shall arise,  
And the splendors immortal  
Shall envelop the skies;  
When the Angel of Death  
Shall no longer destroy,  
And the dead shall awaken  
In the morning of joy:

Refrain

In the morning of joy,  
In the morning of joy,  
We'll be gathered to glory,  
In the morning of joy;  
In the morning of joy,  
In the morning of joy,  
We'll be gathered to glory,  
In the morning of joy.

When the King shall appear  
In His beauty on high,  
And shall summon His children  
To the courts of the sky;  
Shall the cause of the Lord  
Have been all your employ,  
That your soul may be spotless  
In the morning of joy?

Refrain

O the bliss of that morn,  
When our loved ones we meet!  
With the songs of the ransomed  
We each other shall greet,  
Singing praise to the Lamb,  
Thro' eternity's years,  
With the past all forgotten  
With its sorrows and tears.

Refrain