

On the Resurrection Morning-Ira Sankey

Words: Sabine Baring-Gould, 1864

Music: 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.