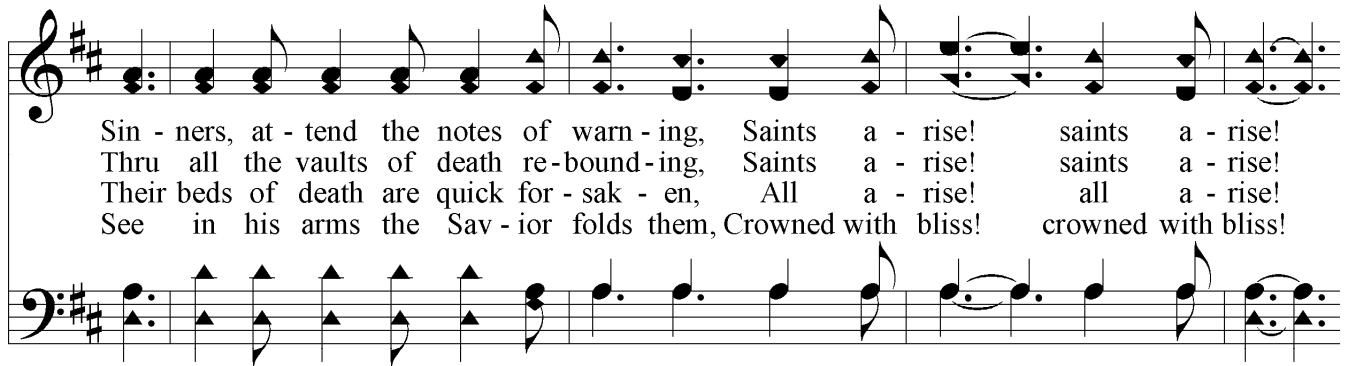


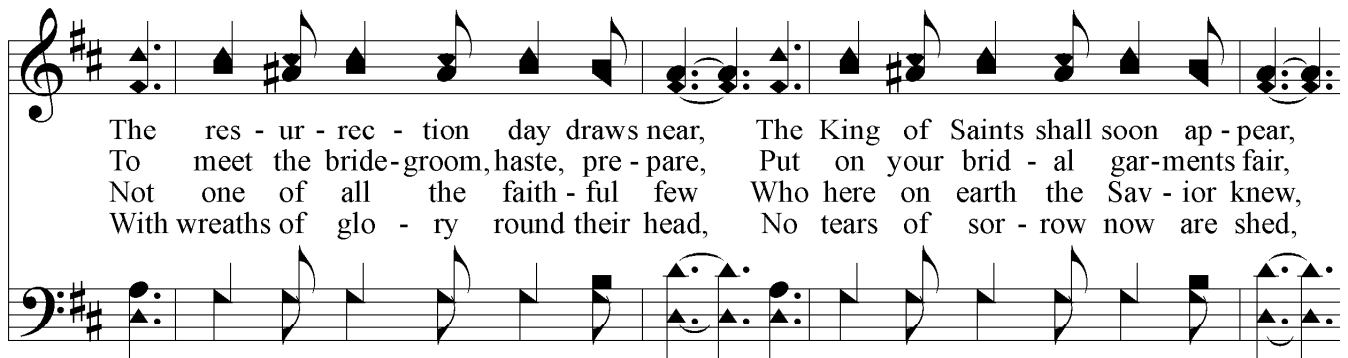
The Glorious Morning



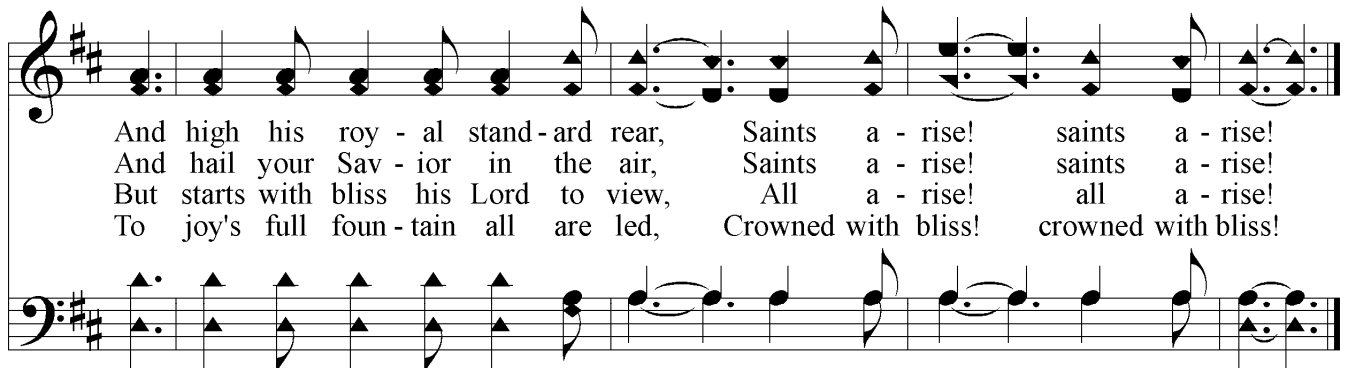
1. Soon shall we see the glo-rious morn-ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sound-ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
3. The saints who sleep, with joy a - wak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!
4. Fast by the throne of God be - hold them Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!



Sin - ners, at - tend the notes of warn - ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
Thru all the vaults of death re-bound-ing, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
Their beds of death are quick for - sak - en, All a - rise! all a - rise!
See in his arms the Sav - ior folds them, Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!



The res - ur - rec - tion day draws near, The King of Saints shall soon ap - pear,
To meet the bride-groom, haste, pre - pare, Put on your brid - al gar - ments fair,
Not one of all the faith - ful few Who here on earth the Sav - ior knew,
With wreaths of glo - ry round their head, No tears of sor - row now are shed,



And high his roy - al stand - ard rear, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
And hail your Sav - ior in the air, Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
But starts with bliss his Lord to view, All a - rise! all a - rise!
To joy's full foun - tain all are led, Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!