

The Glorious Morning

1. Soon shall we see the glo-ri-ous 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!