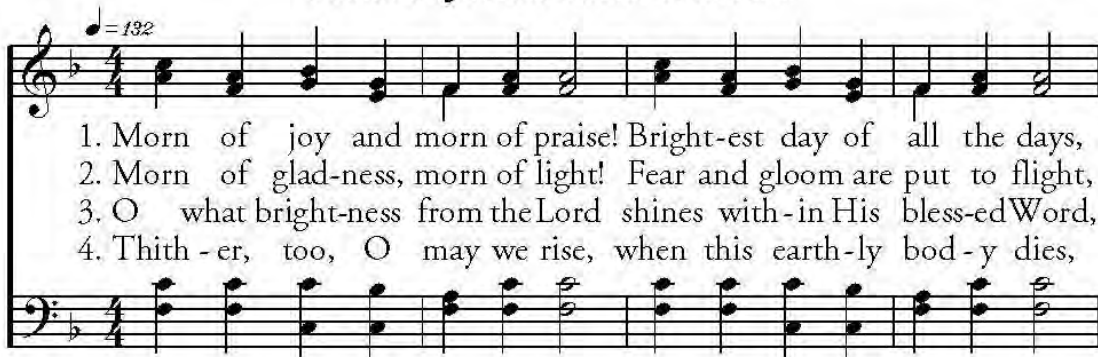
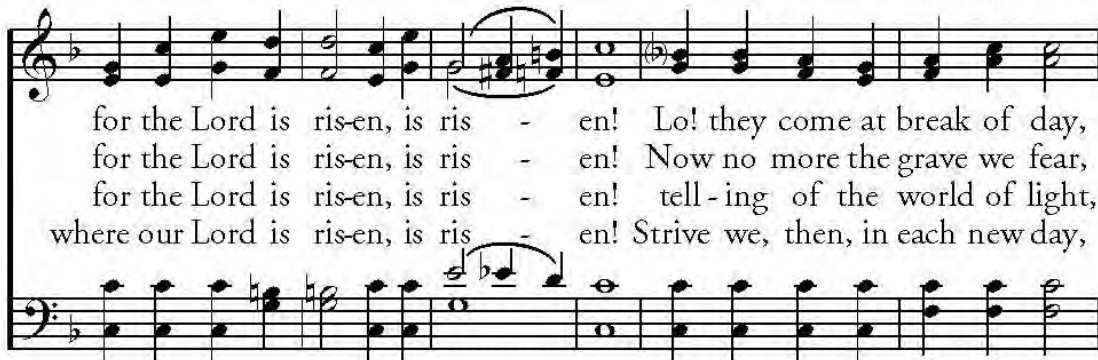


## MORN OF JOY AND MORN OF PRAISE!

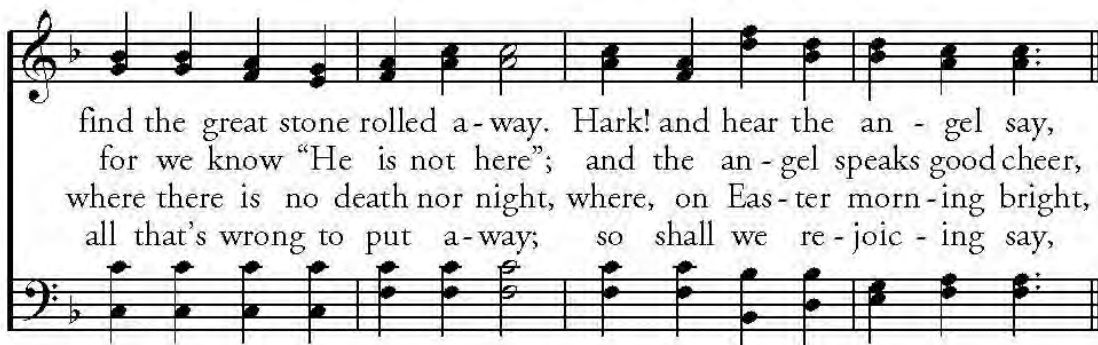
$\text{♩} = 132$



1. Morn of joy and morn of praise! Bright-est day of all the days,  
2. Morn of glad-ness, morn of light! Fear and gloom are put to flight,  
3. O what bright-ness from the Lord shines with-in His bless-ed Word,  
4. Thith-er, too, O may we rise, when this earth-ly bod-y dies,



for the Lord is ris-en, is ris - en! Lo! they come at break of day,  
for the Lord is ris-en, is ris - en! Now no more the grave we fear,  
for the Lord is ris-en, is ris - en! tell-ing of the world of light,  
where our Lord is ris-en, is ris - en! Strive we, then, in each new day,



find the great stone rolled a-way. Hark! and hear the an - gel say,  
for we know "He is not here"; and the an - gel speaks good cheer,  
where there is no death nor night, where, on Eas-ter morn-ing bright,  
all that's wrong to put a-way; so shall we re-joic-ing say,



The Lord, the Lord is ris-en, is ris - en. Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Rev. Frank Sewall

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