With Joy the Morn Is Waking
Words: Irvin Mack, 1900.
Music: Lincoln Hall.

With joy the morn is waking,
And brightly glows the sky;
The clouds of night are breaking,
With anthems from on high.
The earth aloud rejoices,
Away with fears, away,
And sing with mighty voices,
The Lord is ris'n today.

Refrain

With joy the morn is waking,
And brightly glows the sky;
The clouds of night are breaking,
With anthems from on high.

Send forth the news with singing,
And lift your voices high,
To all glad news be bringing,
That man no more shall die;
Glad Easter bells are ringing,
And echo thro' the sky;
Their happy notes are winging,
The Lord has ris'n today.

Refrain

This is the morn of gladness,
When ransomed sinners sing;
The tomb has lost its sadness,
For risen is the King;
Then join with countless legions,
That shout aloud the strain,
To earth's remotest regions,
The Savior lives again.

Refrain