

Anna Barbauld, 1772
86. 86. (C. M.)

Welcome Morn

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E^b Major
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

Tr

T

B

1. Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day. This day be grateful homage paid, And

1. loud hosannas sung, Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue, Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.

2. O what a night was that, which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3. Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls he loved.

4. Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold,
On aught so much divine.

5. Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With His expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron scepter lies.

To Thee, my Savior and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live.