

# Glad Easter Morn

Mattie Childs, 1888

Asa Hull

♩=110

1. Wel - come, sweet dawn - ing of the morn, That saw our Sav - ior rise; Wel -  
2. We'll join with an - gels in their song, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs sing; Come  
3. Sing vic - tory, vic - tory o - ver death, Our worst and lat - est foe; Our

- come the glor - ious, sac - red light, That burst yon east - ern skies. Se - rene and calm at  
one and all, His praise pro - long, Till Heav'n with e - choes ring. We mag - ni - fy a  
lov - ing Sav - ior broke the bars, That He His power might show. List! ye re - deemed ones,

ear - ly dawn, While na - ture breathed re - pose, Ere Ma - ry sought that  
ris - en Lord, Though once for sin - ners slain; He bore our sor - rows  
hear the words, And cease, ye weep - ing eyes; First, on the re - sur -

*Refrain*

lone - ly tomb, Our dear Re - deem - er rose. He rose, He rose, He  
and our cares, Yet lives in Heaven a - gain. He rose, He rose, He rose, He  
- rect - ion morn, The dead in Christ shall rise.

rose! Tri - umph - ant over His foes!  
rose, He rose!