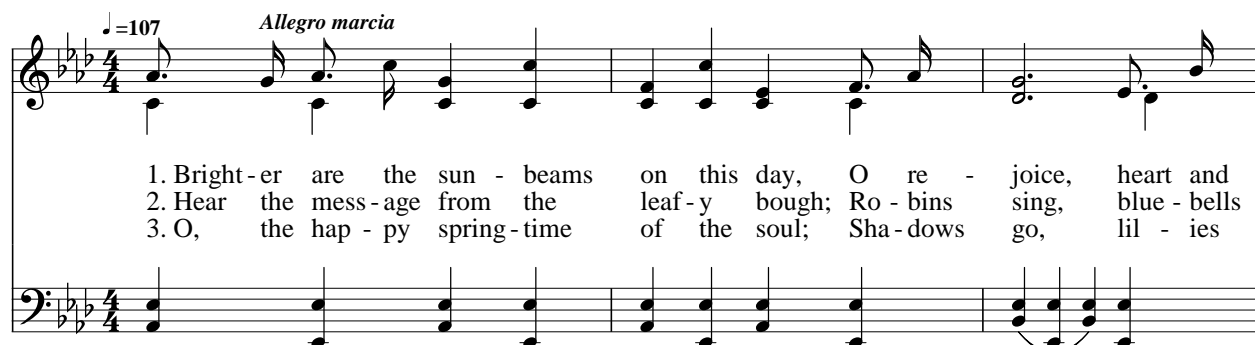


Brighter Are the Sunbeams

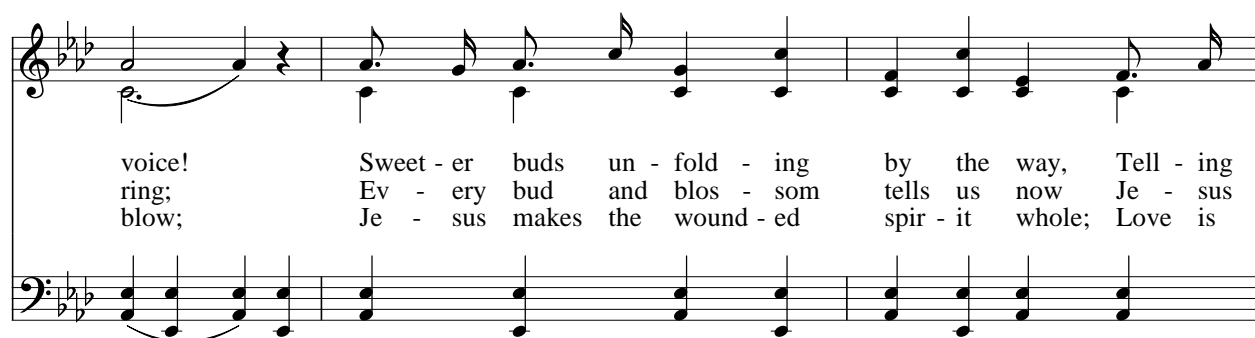
Eliza Edmunds Hewitt, 1904

Fred C. Pullin

♩=107 *Allegro marcia*

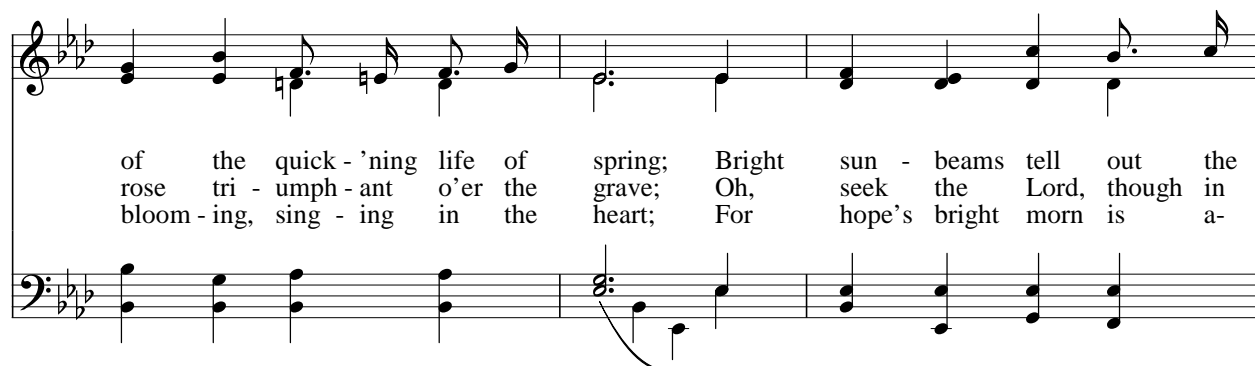


1. Bright - er are the sun - beams on this day, O re - joice, heart and
2. Hear the mess - age from the leaf - y bough; Ro - bins sing, blue - bells
3. O, the hap - py spring - time of the soul; Sha - dows go, lil - ies



voice!
ring;
blow;

Sweet - er buds un - fold - ing by the way, Tell - ing
Ev - ery bud and blos - som tells us now Je - sus
Je - sus makes the wound - ed spir - it whole; Love is



of the quick - 'ning life of spring; Bright sun - beams tell out the
rose tri - umph - ant o'er the grave; Oh, seek the Lord, though in
bloom - ing, sing - ing in the heart; For hope's bright morn is a -



sto - ry Of the East - er joy and glo - ry, And win - ter's gone— cold and
sor - row, From the gar - den glad - ness bor - row, For af - ter night dawns the
- wak - ing, Night is pass - ing, day is break - ing, And Christ, His own ne'er for -

Refrain

hoar-y, All hail our vic - tor king. Hal-le - lu - jah to our vic-tor king! "Go your
 mor-row; He com-eth forth to save. - sak - ing, Bids ev - ery fear de - part.

way," an - gels say; O - ver hill and val - ley, tid - ings bring; The

Sav-ior lives for us to - day.