

# 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 -  
 one and all, His praise pro - long, Till Heav'n with e - choes ring. We  
 lov - ing Sav - ior broke the bars, That He His power might show. List!

- rene and calm at ear - ly dawn, While na - ture breathed re - pose, Ere  
 mag - ni - fy a ris - en Lord, Though once for sin - ners slain; He  
 ye re - deemed ones, hear the words, And cease, ye weep - ing eyes; First,

*Refrain*

Ma - ry sought that lone - ly tomb, Our dear Re - deem - er rose. He rose,  
 bore our sor - rows and our cares, Yet lives in Heaven a - gain. He rose, He  
 on the re - sur - rect - ion morn, The dead in Christ shall rise. He rose, He

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