

Freedom I Bring

Edward Augustus Horton, 1909, alt.

Mrs. A. T. Cobb

♩ = 90

1. Warm ov - er the skies the sun - shine lies, The birds and buds are
2. From sleep - ing in dark, the root - lets hark To hear the south winds
3. "Now free - dom I bring," says joy - ous Spring, "'Tis freedom for you to-

here; Val - ley and hill with rap - ture thrill As love - ly spring draws
blow; Out of the mould, a - way from the cold, The grass be - gins to
- day; Rise to the light, as day from night, For death has passed a-

near. Each lit - tle brook, with hap - py look, Goes sing - ing to the sea; Now
grow. Now on the streams the gold - en beams Of warm - er days ap - pear; O
- way. Free - dom I bring, and bid ye sing, Of Him who lov - eth all; Rise,

winter's fierce hand with - draws from the land, The fields once more are freed.
love - ly spring, what joy you bring The Eas - ter time is here.
hap - py hearts, for night de - parts, O hear the Eas - ter call."