

# The Glorious Morning

William Hunter, 1867

William Batchelder Bradbury

$\text{♩} = 130$

1. Soon shall we see the glor - ious morn - ing! Saints, a - rise! Saints, a -  
 2. Hear ye the trump of God re - sound - ing, Saints, a - rise! Saints, a -  
 3. The saints who sleep, with joy a - wak - en, All a - rise! All a -  
 4. Fast by the throne of God be - hold them Crowned at last! Crowned at

- rise! Sin - ners, at - tend the notes of warn - ing! Saints, a - rise! Saints, a -  
 - rise! Through death's dark vaults its notes re - bound - ing: Saints, a - rise! Saints, a -  
 - rise! Their clay cold beds are quick for - sak - en, All a - rise! All a -  
 last! See in His arms the Sav - ior fold them, Crowned at last! Crowned at

- rise! The re - sur - rect - ion day draws near, The King of saints shall soon ap -  
 - rise! To meet the Bride - groom haste! pre - pare! Put on your brid - al gar - ments  
 - rise! Not one of all the faith - ful few Who here on earth the Sav - ior  
 last! With wreaths of glo - ry round their head; No tears of sor - row now are

- pear, And high His roy - al stand - ard rear: Saints, a - rise! Saints, a - rise!  
 fair; And hail your Sav - ior in the air! Saints, a - rise! Saints, a - rise!  
 knew, But starts with bliss his Lord to view: All a - rise! All a - rise!  
 shed, To joy's full foun - tain all are led: Crowned at last! Crowned at last!