

Religious Music

"All Hail To Thee, O Blessed Morn!"

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All hail to thee, O bless'd morn!
To tidings long by prophets borne
Hast thou fulfillment given.
O sacred and immortal day,
When unto earth, in glorious ray,
Descends the grace of Heaven!
Singing, ringing, sounds are blending,
Praises sending unto Heaven
For the Savior to us given.

'Tis God's own Image and withal,
The Son of Man, that mortals all
May find in Him a Brother.
He comes, with peace and love to bide
On earth, the erring race to guide
And help as could no other;
Rather gather closer, fonder,
Sheep that wander, feed and fold them,
Than let evil powers hold them.

He tears, like other men, will shed,
Our sorrows share, and be our aid,
Through His eternal power;
The Lord's good will unto us show,
And mingle in our cup of woe
The drops of mercy's shower;
Dying, buying through His passion
Our salvation and to mortals
Opening the heavenly portals.

He comes, for our redemption sent,
And by His glory Heaven is rent
To close upon us never;
Our bless'd Shepherd He would be,
Whom we may follow faithfully
And be with Him forever;
Higher, nigher glory winging,
Praises singing to the Father
And His Son, our Lord and Savior.

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