

Joyful is the morn

Edward Bunnett (1834 - 1923)

mf 1. Once a - gain the old - en sto - ry, It is sweet for all to sing,
p 2. Scat - ter'd o'er the dis - tant na - tions Ma - ny are we love, to - day,

cresc.
How, from realms of won-drous glo-ry, Came our Sa - viour, and our King! Ev - ry
Yet the shep-herds' rev - el - a-tions Rest with them so far a - way. One with

heart this morn re - joi - ces, Beat - ing with a Chris-tain throng; Count-less thou-sands raise their
us to Je - sus cling - ing, They will thank - ful praise pro - long, Send their voi - ces up - ward

voi - ces, And re - peat the joy - ous song: } Bright and joy - ful is the morn, For to
ring - ing, As they join the glad - some song: }

rall.
us a child is born; From the high - est realm of heav'n Un-to us a Son is giv'n!"