Joyful is the morn
Edward Bunnett (1834 - 1923)

1. Once a - gain the old - en sto - ry, It is sweet for all to sing.

2. Scat - ter’d o’er the dis - tant na - tions Ma - ny are we love, to - day,

How, from realms of won-drous glo - ry, Came our Sa - viour, and our King! Ev'ry 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

Yet the shep - herds' rev - el - a - tions Rest with them so far a way. One with

heart this morn re - joic-es, 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

us a child is born; From the high-est realm of heav’n Un-to us a Son is giv’n!”