

METRE 52

# LOVELY MORNING 11,11,10,4,11

1. The last love-ly morn-ing all blooming and fair,  
Is fast on-ward fleet-ing, and soon will ap-pear; } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready, and hail the bright day.

2. And when that bright morning in splendor shall dawn,  
Our tears will be end-ed, our sor-rows all gone; } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready, and hail the bright day.

3. The graves will be o-pen'd, the dead will a - rise,  
And with the Re-deem-er mount up to the skies, } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready, and hail the bright day.