

Robert Cleaver Chapman (1803-1902)

A. Radiger, 1790

**♩ = 110**

1. O hap - py morn ! the Lord will come And take His  
2. The re - sur - rec - tion - morn will break, And ev - ery

wait - ing peo - ple home Be - yond the  
sleep - ing saint a - wake, Brought forth in

reach of care, Where guilt and sin are all un-known. The  
light a - gain ; O morn, too bright for mor-tal eyes ! When

Lord will come and claim His own, And place them with Him  
all the ran - somed saints shall rise And wing their way to

on His throne, The glo - ry bright to share.  
yon - der skies — Called up with Christ to reign.

3. O Lord ! our pilgrim-spirits long  
To sing the everlasting song  
Of glory, honour, power ;  
Till then when Thou all power shalt wield,  
Blest Saviour, Thou wilt be our shield,  
For Thou hast to our souls revealed  
Thyself our strength and tower.