

Morning Sun

On the first day of the week
Mary came, the grave to seek.
Jesus met her by the way,
On that first Resurrection Day!

Chorus

Rising like the morning sun,
Bringing hope to everyone who sees Him,
Praise the Lord! His work was done,
Jesus is my morning sun!

Hiding in that secret room,
His disciples, full of gloom and sorrow,
Suddenly, the Lord appeared,
Death is conquered! Dry your tears!

Chorus

Then, at last, on the mountaintop,
Angels told them,
you should stop your crying,
Jesus Christ will come again,
What a glad reunion then!

Chorus