Every morning the red sun





Every morning the red sun Rises warm and bright; But the evening cometh on, And the dark, cold night. There's a bright land far away, Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers Open bright and gay, Till the chilly autumn hours Wither them away. There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise All the summer long, But in colder, shorter days They forget their song. There's a place where angels sing Ceaseless praises to their King. Christ our Lord is ever near Those who follow Him; But we cannot see Him here, For our eyes are dim; There is a most happy place, Where men always see His face.

Who shall go to that bright land? All who do the right: Holy children there shall stand In their robes of white; For that Heav'n, so bright and blest, Is our everlasting rest.

Cecil Alexander

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