

MORNING SONG.

Joyful.

1. A - way with your slum - bers, the bright morn - ing skies Pro - claim the glad sun is now read - y to rise; The birds are now sing - ing and this is their song, A -

2. Oh, who can be sad, when the dew - drops so bright Are spar - kling with plea - sure to wel - come the light; The wil - lows bend low, with their leaves to the ground, And

3. The sun looks with smiles on the lov - ing and bright, Who wan - der to - geth - er, en - joy - ing his light; In plea - sure they shout, and in har - mo - ny join, And

wake, you are sleep - ing, you're sleep - ing too long. The birds are now sing - ing and this is their song, A - wake, you are sleep - ing, you're sleep - ing too long.

flow - ers are of - f'ring their in - cense a - round. The wil - lows bend low, with their leaves to the ground, And flow - ers are of - f'ring their in - cense a - round.

sing of the care of a Fa - ther di - vine. In plea - sure they shout, and in har - mo - ny join, And sing of the care of a Fa - ther di - vine.