

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

2 Every spring the sweet young flow'rs Open fresh and gay, Till the chilly autumn hours Wither them away! There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are always green. 3 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.

4 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 we'll always see His face.

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