

Hail Smiling Morn

Reginal Spofforth, Arr. Roger Watson

Section A

Hail! Smiling morn, smiling morn
That tips the hills with gold
That tips the hills with gold
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of day,
the gates of day,
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of day!

Section B

All the bright face of nature doth unfold.....
At whose bright presence darkness flies away!
Flies away - flies away...
Darkness flies away, darkness flies away.
At whose bright presence, darkness flies away, flies
away!
Flies a-way!
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!