

Hail, smiling morn

Reginal Spofforth, 1810

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.

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.

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,
(Darkness) Flies away, (Darkness) flies away,
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

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,
(Darkness) Flies away, (Darkness) flies away,
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!