

## *Saints Triumphant*

### *A Hymn of the First Resurrection*

The long bleak winter of the Church is past  
 Truth brightly shines, and flowers of hope appear;  
 Lo! Israel's fig tree spreads her budding leaves,  
 Clear token that prophetic spring is here.  
 The seventh trump proclaims its message due,  
 "Blest henceforth are the dead in Christ who die,"  
 For them death pangs are throes of heav'nly birth—  
 Immortal life attends their parting sigh.

No longer now wait saints in silent tomb  
 The dawn of their glad resurrection day;  
 The Bridegroom calls in accents sweet and clear,  
 "Arise, my love, my fair one, come away!"  
 With songs of joy triumphant they ascend,  
 Responsive to his life-enthrilling call;  
 They leave behind the ash of sacrifice,  
 The emptied cup of suffering, shame, and gall.

Attired in royal priesthood's robe and crown,  
 They drink enraptured their Beloved's wine,  
 And praise anew the merit of His blood,  
 And all their Father's tender grace divine.  
 They cease from toil, but not from works of love:  
 What rest sublime when will and deed are one!  
 Heart yearnings stilled awhile by patient faith,  
 Awake to sing—restraints of earth are gone.

Angels acclaim these saints triumphant, fair,  
 The richest fruit of Love's redeeming grace,  
 "Hail, worthy Lamb! who bled to win Thy Bride!  
 "Hail, worthy Bride! who died to see His face!  
 "Hail, promised Seed! Thy life in weakness sown,  
 Now reap in pow'r its boundless harvest store,  
 With blessings hail each human soul Thy spoil  
 Won back from death to hail Thee, and adore!"

— *Minna Edgar*

# Hymns

OF THE

## MILLENNIAL DAWN

WITH MUSIC

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

*To aid God's People in Singing and Making Melody  
in their Hearts unto the Lord.*

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"O come, let us sing unto the Lord :  
Let us make a joyful noise  
Unto the Rock of our salvation."

"My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."

— PSALM 95 : 1 ; 63 : 5.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION,  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. A.


*Also:* London, England; Melbourne, Australia; Toronto, Canada; Cape Town, So. Africa; Orebro, Sweden; Barmen, Germany; Copenhagen, Denmark; Zurich and Berne, Switzerland; etc.

1923

MINNA EDGAR.

A Hymn of the First Resurrection.

F. H. WRIGHT.

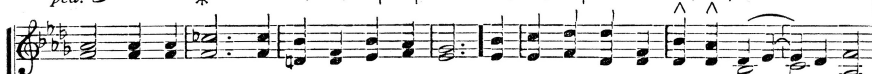


1. The long, bleak win - ter of the church is past, Truth brightly shines, and flow'rs of hope ap - pear;  
 2. No long - er now 'wait saints in si - lent tomb The dawn of their glad res - ur - rec - tion day;  
 3. At - tired in roy - al priest - hood's robe and crown, They drink en - rap - tured their Be - lov - ed's wine,  
 4. An - gels ac - claim these saints tri - umphant, fair, The rich - est fruit of Love's re - deem - ing grace,

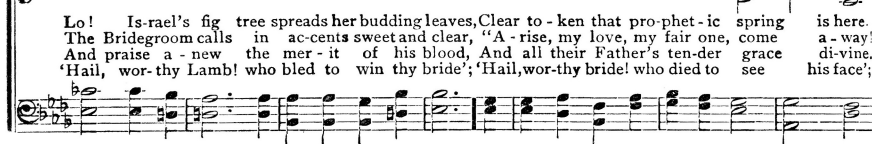
(org.)



ped. \*

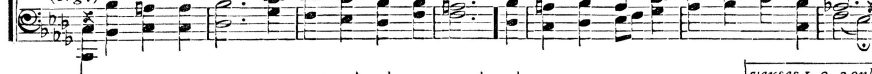


Lo! Is - rael's fig tree spreads her budding leaves, Clear to - ken that pro - phet - ic spring is here.  
 The Bridegroom calls in ac - cents sweet and clear, "A - rise, my love, my fair one, come a - way!"  
 And praise a - new the mer - it of his blood, And all their Father's ten - der grace di - vine.  
 'Hail, wor - thy Lamb! who bled to win thy bride'; 'Hail, wor - thy bride! who died to see his face';




The sev - enth trump proclaims its mes - sage due, 'Blest henceforth are the dead in Christ who die,'  
 With songs of joy, tri - umphant they as - cend, Re - spon - sive to his life - en - thrill - ing call;  
 They cease from toil, but not from works of love; What rest sub - lime when will and deed are one!  
 'Hail, promised Seed! thy life in weakness sown, Now reap in pow'r its boundless har - vest store,

(org.)

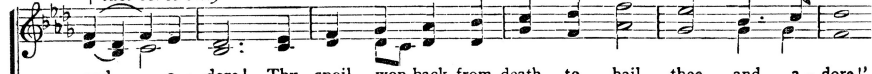



verses 1, 2, 3 only

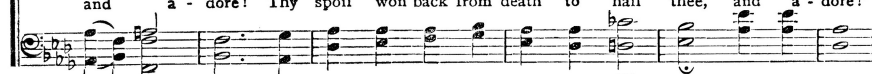
For them death pangs are throes of heav'nly birth—Im - mor - tal life at - tends their part - ing sigh,  
 They leave be - hind the ash of sac - ri - fice, The emp - tied cup of suf - f'ring, shame, and gall.  
 Heart yearnings, stilled a - while by pa - tient faith, A - wake to sing—re - straints of earth are gone.  
 With bless - ings hail each hu - man soul, thy spoil Won back from death to hail thee,



last verse only



and a - dore! Thy spoil won back from death to hail thee, and a - dore!



Interlude between verses—optional




to the beginning

ped.

\* ped.

\* ped. \*  
W. B. C.