Morning

Amos Pilsbury 1799

We rise by millions workers rise, and fill the streets with freedom’s sound.

A glorious radiance fills the sky.
Morning

Glorious radiance fills the sky, A sudden trembling
shakes the ground.

Glorious radiance fills the sky, A sudden trembling
shakes the ground.

Glorious radiance fills the sky, A sudden trembling
shakes the ground.

Glorious radiance fills the sky, A sudden trembling
shakes the ground.