THE SONG I HEARD ONE SUNDAY MORN.

Words by ROBERT H. BRENNEN.  Music by E.H. ELLISON.

Andante con moto.

While passing thro' a city grand one Sunday years ago, I

stopped outside a famous church my heart and soul a glow. For

thru' the open door there came the chanting of a song, Which

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as the organ softly pealed each note in tender tone, I
felt a peace within my soul that I had never known.

(The Palms)

Sing then aloud in one accord

Lift up your voices all of every nation! Ho.
Andante maestoso.

In to the church I softly stepped and knelt down on the floor. And

listened to the dear old song which thrilled me o'er and o'er, For

The Song I Heard One Sunday Morn, High.
held me there entranced with joy amid the moving throng. It was a song of faith and hope, of tenderness and love. Which filled my wearied soul that morn like manna from above. My heart was touched as I stood there a stranger all forlorn. And
San - na! Praise to the Lord

Bless ed who com eth to bring us sal va tion. That was the song the grand sweet

song I heard one Sun day morn.

The Song I Heard One Sunday Morn, High.