

The little birds with joy will sing,
On Easter morn, on Easter morn,
The lilies fair, their bells will ring,
On Easter morn.

Old winter's cold and snows have past,
New life, new hopes, are here at last,
On Easter morn, on Easter morn,
On Easter morn.

Each blade of grass that upward springs,
On Easter morn, on Easter morn,
To waiting hearts a message brings,
On Easter morn.

The life that buds in flower and tree,
Will bring new hope to you and me,
On Easter morn, on Easter morn,
On Easter morn.

