# Hail Smiling Morn (An Easter Carol)

Hail Smiling Morn (An Easter Carol)

Hail, smiling morn, smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold (2)
And whose rosy fingers open wide
the gates of heav'n (2),
And whose rosy fingers open wide
the gates of heav'n!

And all the green fields,
That nature does enfold,
All the green fields,
That nature does enfold,
At whose bright presence,
Darkness flies, darkness flies away,
Flies away! Flies away!

Hail, Hail, Hail, Hail,
Hail, Hail, Hail, Hail!

note: I don't know much about it. I'm told it's an Easter Carol. We sing it on Easter pilgrimages to Walsingham (Norfolk, England), along with other seasonal stuff. Those pilgrimages have gone on since 1947, and the song was already known then, but it's probably much older. CB

CB
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