

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING

(Webb. 7s & 6s. D.)

S. F. Smith

Webb

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears,
 2. Rich dew - s of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle show'r,
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way;

The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
 And har - vest fields be - fore us Are op - 'ning ev - 'ry hour;
 Flow thou to ev' - ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,
 Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swers brings,
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 And heav'n - ly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.
 Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come."