

MORN BREAKS O'ER THEE

(Morning Light. 9s & 8s. D.)

J. F. Rusling

J. F. Rusling

1. Chris - tian, the morn breaks sweet - ly o'er thee, And all the mid - night
 2. Toss'd on the rude, re - lent - less surg - es, Calm - ly com - pos'd and
 3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the sum - mer's

shad - ows flee; Ting'd are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry,
 daunt - less, staud; For lo, be - yond these scenes e - merg - es
 noon - tide ray; The star - ry crowns and realms of glo - ry

A bea - con light hangs out for thee. A - rise! a - rise! the
 The hights that bound the pro - mis'd land. Be - hold! be - hold! the
 In - vite thy hap - py soul a - way. A - way! a - way! leave

MORN BREAKS O'ER THEE (2)

light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is grav - en on the throne; Thy home is
 land is near - ing, Where storms of e - vil rage no more; Hark, how the
 all for glo - ry, Thy name is grav - en on the throne, Thy home is

in that world of glo - ry Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.
 heav'n - ly hosts are cheer - ing! See in what throngs they range the shore.
 in that world of beau - ty Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.

“To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne,
 even as I also overcame,
 and am set down with my Father in his throne.”

Revelation 3:21