



MORNING



So to thee with one ac-cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!
 Strength un-to our souls af-ford From thy liv-ing Bread, O Lord!
 Lest like sheep we stray a-broad, Stay our way-ward feet, O Lord!
 While we dai-ly search thy Word, Wis-dom true im-part, O Lord!
 Thou, by sleep-less hosts a-dored, Hear the pray'r of faith, O Lord!
 Thee would we with one ac-cord Praise and mag-ni-fy, O Lord! A-MEN.




*The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give
 light to them that sit in darkness. . . Luke 1:78, 79*


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Charles Wesley, 1740


LUX PRIMA 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.
 Charles F. Gounod, 1872



1. Christ, whose glo-ry fills the skies, Christ the true, the on-ly Light,
 2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un-ac-com-pan-ied by thee;
 3. Vis-it, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;




Sun of Right-eous-ness, a-rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
 Joy-less is the day's re-turn Till thy mer-cy's beams I see;
 Fill me, Ra-dianc-y Di-vine; Scat-ter all my un-be-lief;

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear.
 Till they in-ward light im-part, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
 More and more thy-self dis-play, Shining to the per-fect day. A-MEN.

