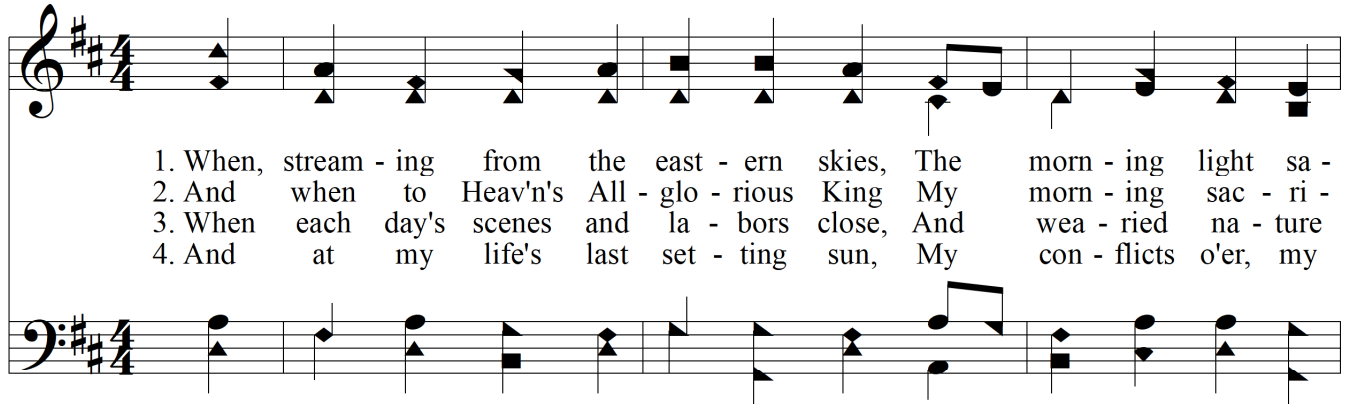
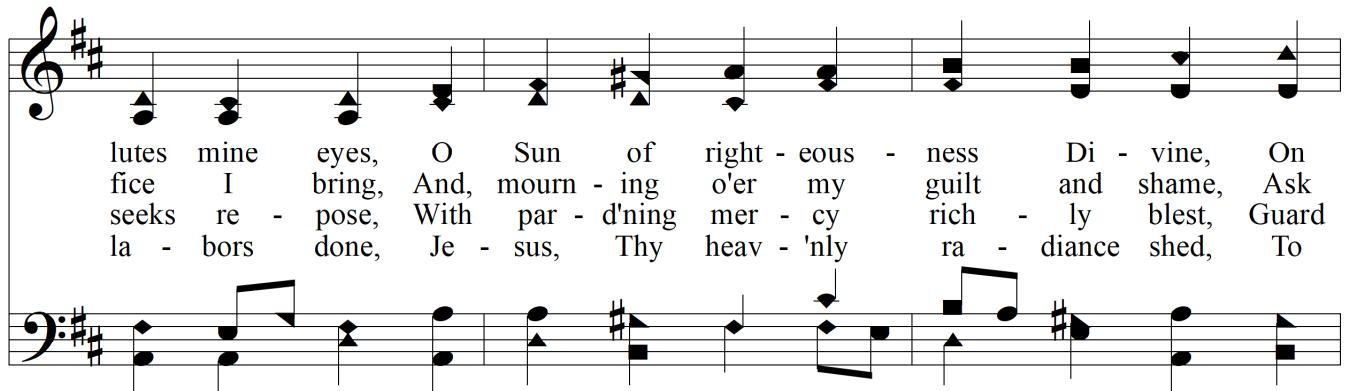


When, Streaming From The Eastern Skies

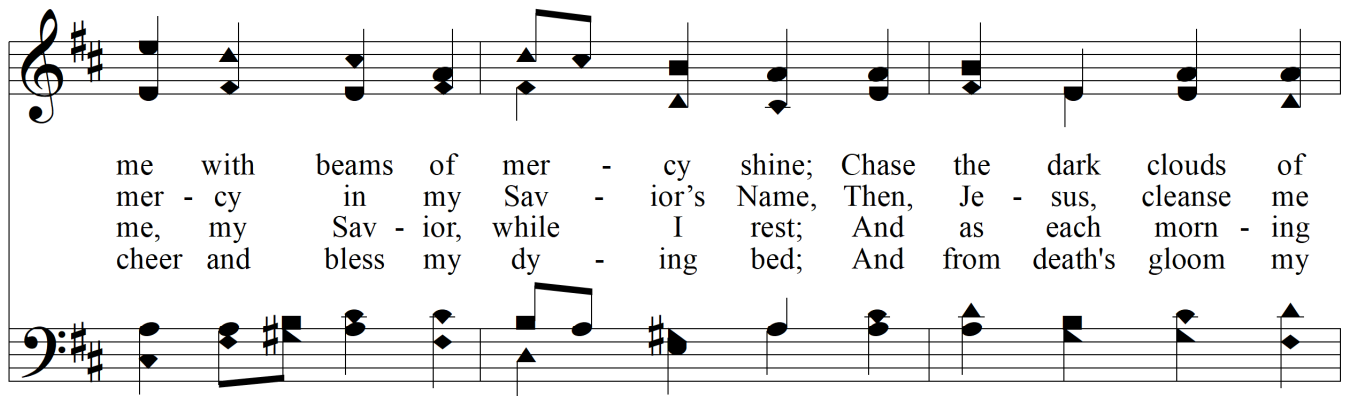
BARNBY'S HYMNARY



1. When, stream - ing from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing light sa -
2. And when to Heav'n's All - glo - rious King My morn - ing sac - ri -
3. When each day's scenes and la - bors close, And wea - ried na - ture
4. And at my life's last set - ting sun, My con - flicts o'er, my



lutes mine eyes, O Sun of right - eous - ness Di - vine, On
fice I bring, And, mourn - ing o'er my guilt and shame, Ask
seeks re - pose, With par - d'ning mer - cy rich - ly blest, Guard
la - bors done, Je - sus, Thy heav - 'nly ra - diance shed, To



me with beams of mer - cy shine; Chase the dark clouds of
mer - cy in my Sav - ior's Name, Then, Je - sus, cleanse me
me, my Sav - ior, while I rest; And as each morn - ing
cheer and bless my dy - ing bed; And from death's gloom my



guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
with Thy Blood, And be my Ad - vo - cate with God.
sun shall rise, O lead me on - ward to the skies.
spir - it raise, To see Thy Face, and sing Thy praise.