The Morning Light Is Breaking

WEBB 7s & 6s D.

1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking To pensive tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heaven nations bending Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above,
While sinners now confessing, The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing, A nation in a day,

3. Blest river of salvation! Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy Proclaim "The Lord is come!" Amen.

Words: Samuel F. Smith
Music: George J. Webb