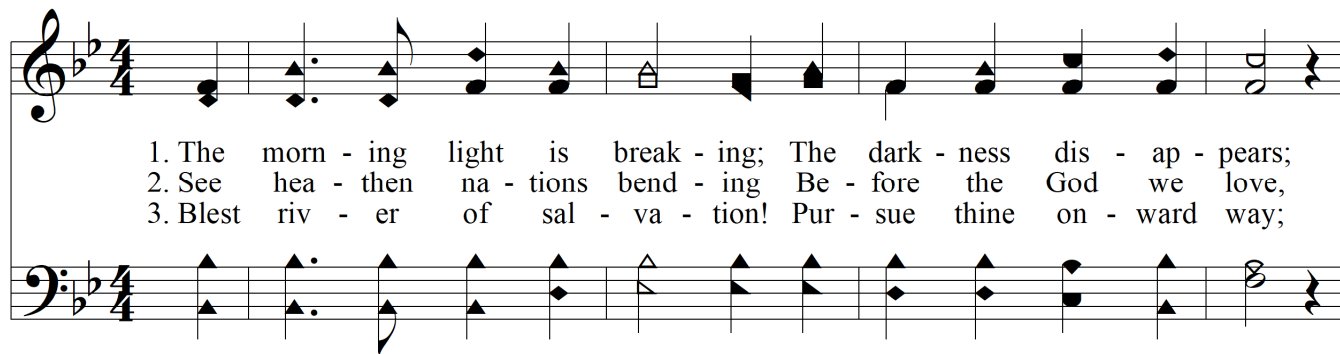
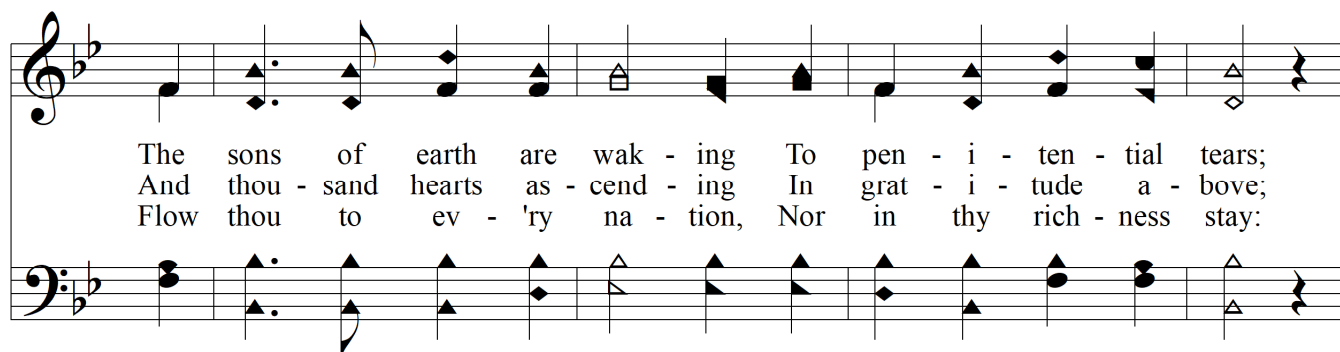


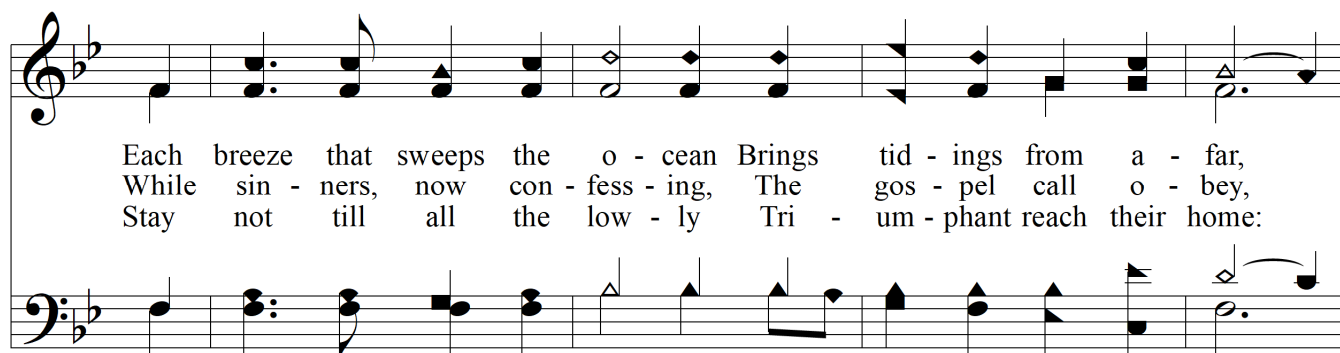
# Webb 7s, 6s, D



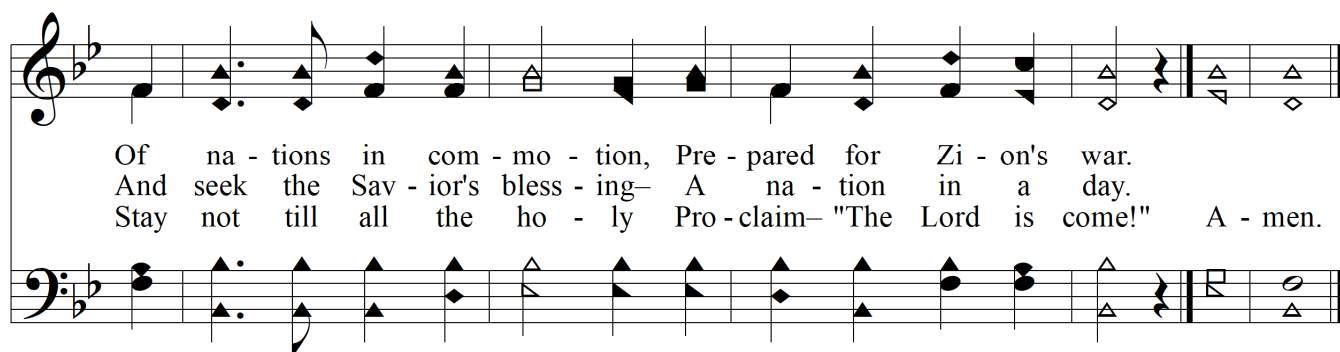
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;  
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,  
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thine on - ward way;



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;  
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;  
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,  
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,  
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home:



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.  
And seek the Sav - ior's bless - ing— A na - tion in a day.  
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim— "The Lord is come!" A - men.