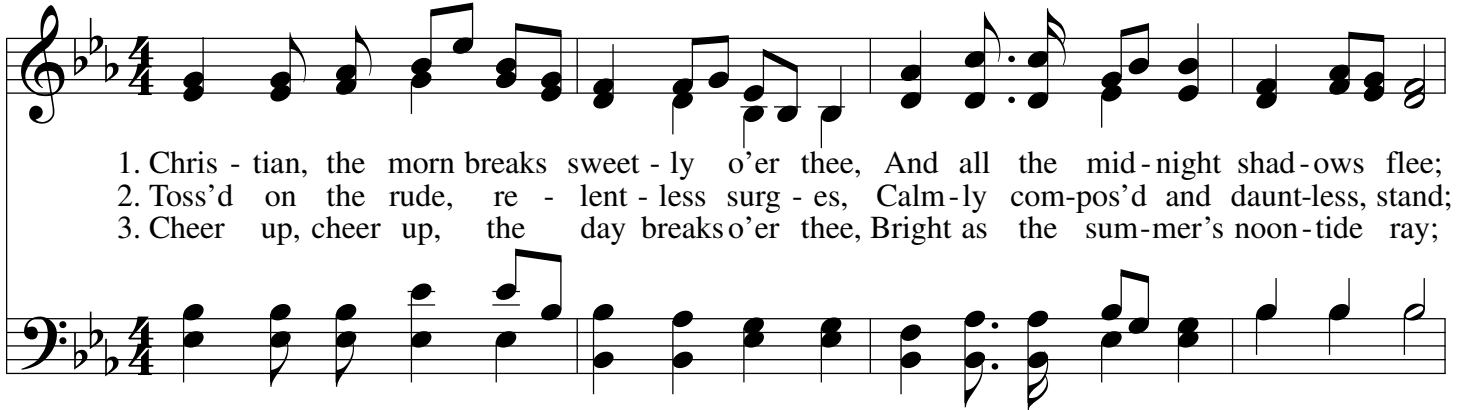
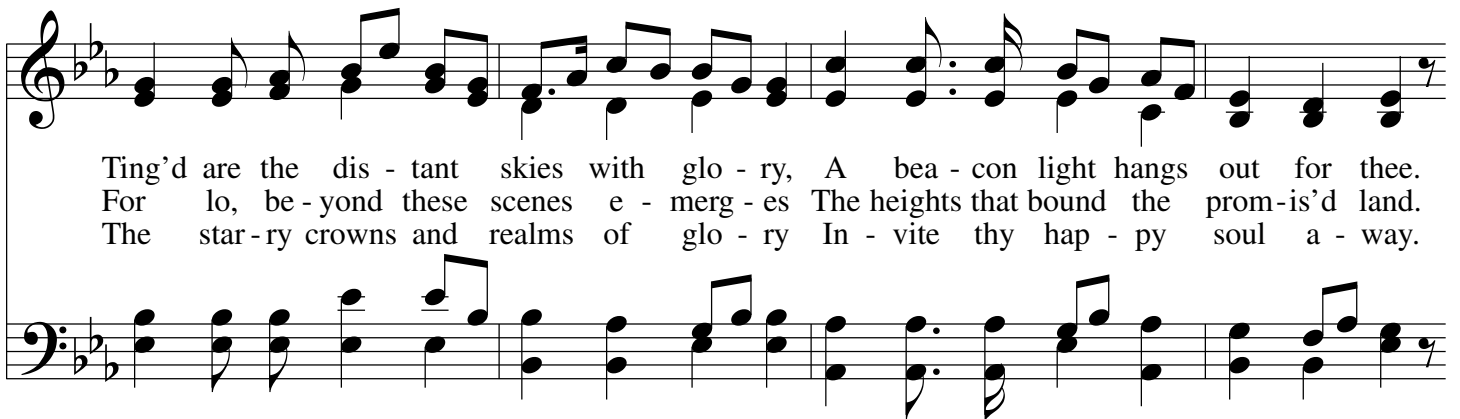


# Morn Breaks O'er Thee

E♭



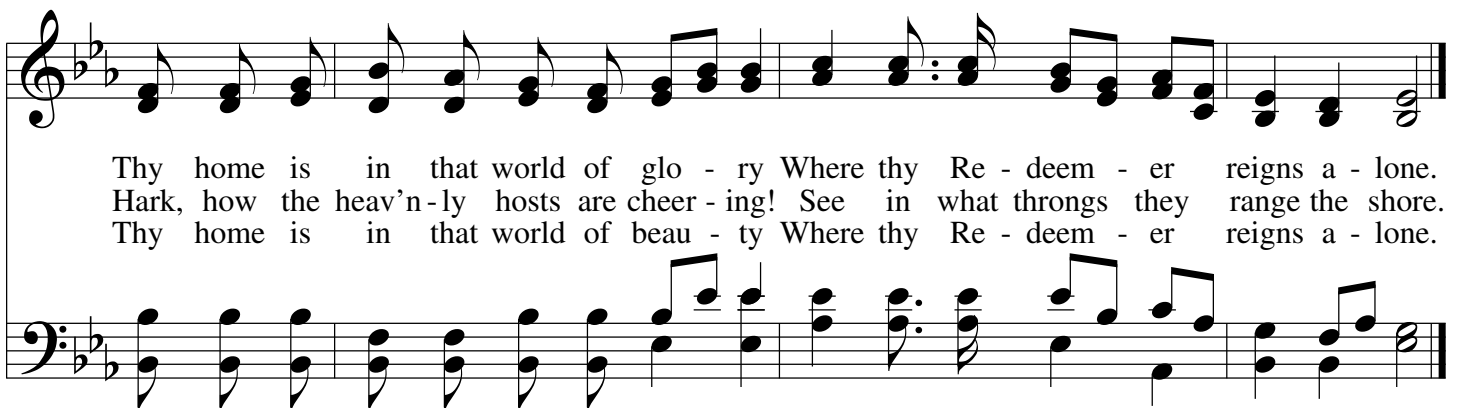
1. Chris - tian, the morn breaks sweet - ly o'er thee, And all the mid - night shad - ows flee;  
2. Toss'd on the rude, re - lent - less surg - es, Calm - ly com - pos'd and daunt - less, stand;  
3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the sum - mer's noon - tide ray;



Ting'd are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry, A bea - con light hangs out for thee.  
For lo, be - yond these scenes e - merg - es The heights that bound the prom - is'd land.  
The star - ry crowns and realms of glo - ry In - vite thy hap - py soul a - way.



A - rise! a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is grav - en on the throne;  
Be - hold! be - hold! the land is near - ing, Where storms of e - vil rage no more;  
A - way! a - way! leave 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.  
Hark, how the heav'n - ly hosts are cheer - ing! See in what throngs they range the shore.  
Thy home is in that world of beau - ty Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.