

The Morning Light

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 of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy 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 ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now re - pent - ing, The gos - pel's call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly, Tri - umph - ant reach their home;

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

Text: Samuel Francis Smith (1808–1895), 1832

Music: George James Webb (1803–1887), 1830

Tune Name: 'Webb'

Source: *Relief Society Song Book*, 1919—no. 62