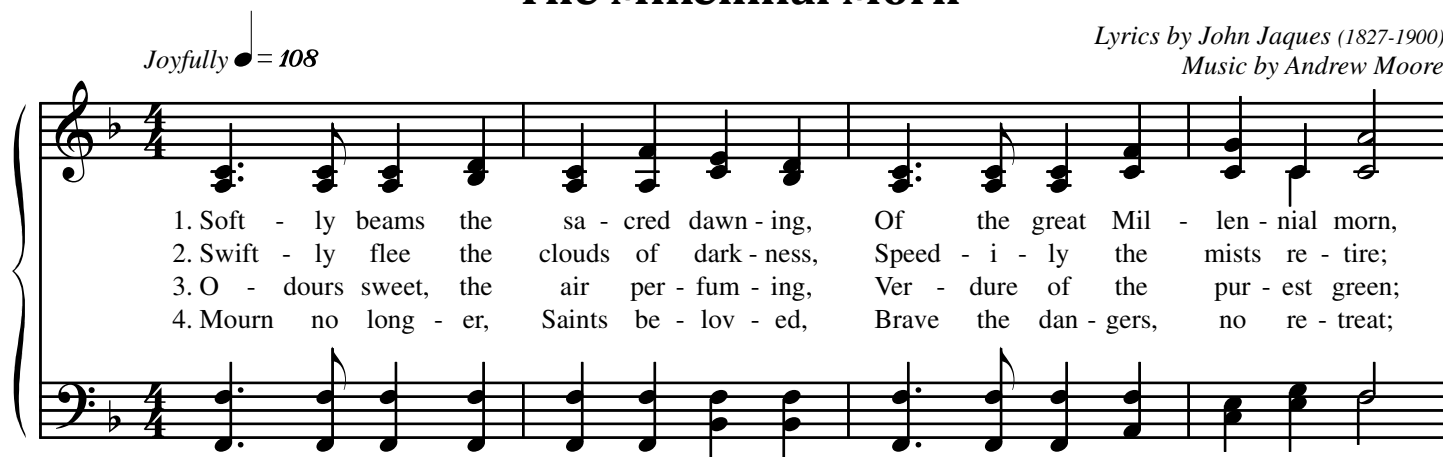


# The Millennial Morn

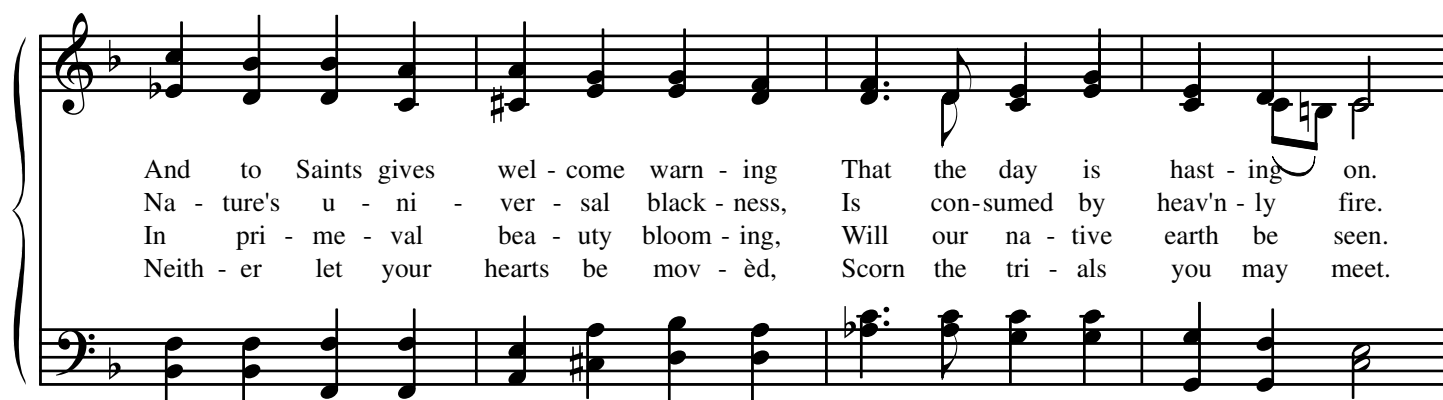
Joyfully ♩ = 108

Lyrics by John Jaques (1827-1900)

Music by Andrew Moore



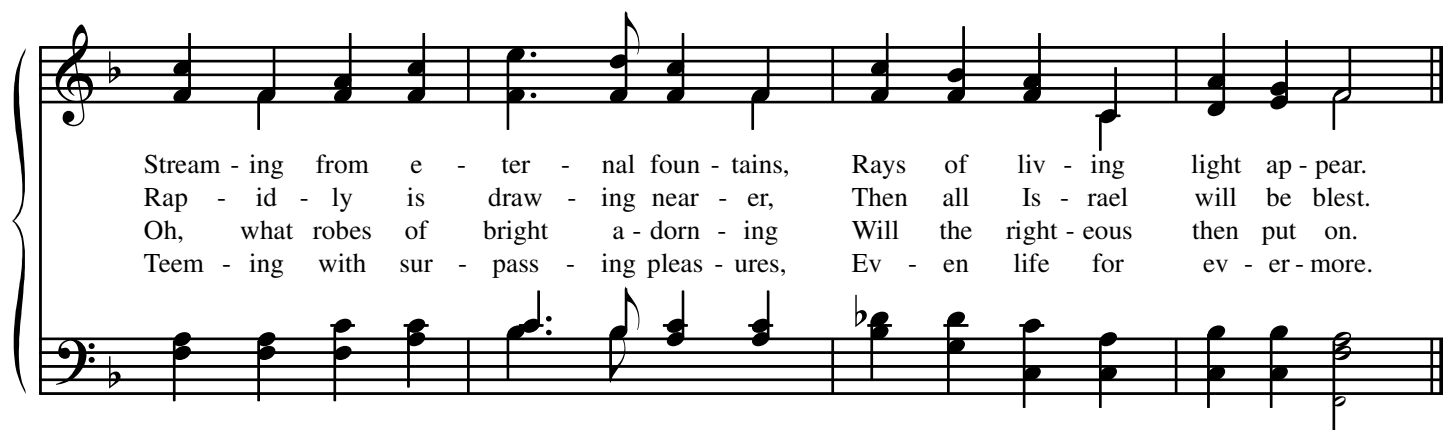
1. Soft - ly beams the sa - cred dawn - ing, Of the great Mil - len - nial morn,  
 2. Swift - ly flee the clouds of dark - ness, Speed - i - ly the mists re - tire;  
 3. O - dours sweet, the air per - fum - ing, Ver - dure of the pur - est green;  
 4. Mourn no long - er, Saints be - lov - ed, Brave the dan - gers, no re - treat;



And to Saints gives wel - come warn - ing That the day is hast - ing on.  
 Na - ture's u - ni - ver - sal black - ness, Is con - sumed by heav'n - ly fire.  
 In pri - me - val bea - uty bloom - ing, Will our na - tive earth be seen.  
 Neith - er let your hearts be mov - ed, Scorn the tri - als you may meet.



Splen - did ris - ing o'er the moun - tains, Glow - ing with ce - les - tial cheer,  
 Yea, the fair Sab - bat - ic e - ra, When the world will be at rest,  
 At the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, We shall all ap - pear as one;  
 Eye's not seen the un - told treas - ures, Which the Fath - er hath in store,



Stream - ing from e - ter - nal foun - tains, Rays of liv - ing light ap - pear.  
 Rap - id - ly is draw - ing near - er, Then all Is - rael will be blest.  
 Oh, what robes of bright a - dorn - ing Will the right - eous then put on.  
 Teem - ing with sur - pass - ing pleas - ures, Ev - en life for ev - er - more.

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