

Morning Light
Solomon Straub, 1880.

Wide the gates of morning open,
Spreading far o'er land and sea,
Softly, gently passing thro' them
Comes the morning light to me.

Refrain

O blessed morning light;
The Savior is that light;
He says it today as He said it of old,
"I am the light of the world."

Blessed are the beams of glory,
Streaming thro' the gates ajar,
Where the love of ages dwelling,
Shines upon us from afar.

Refrain

So we wander, lone and helpless,
Hoping for a better day;
But we feel that God is near us,
When we see the heav'nly ray.

Refrain