

The Morning, the Bright and the Beautiful Morning
Horatius Bonar, 1845.
Ethelbert Bullinger.

The morning, the bright and the beautiful morning,
Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing;
With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorning,
A gladness which nothing but morning can bring.

The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean,
The river and forest, the mountain and plain;
The city is stirring its living commotion,
The pulse of the world is reviving again.

And we too awake, for our heavenly Father,
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to gather
Around us, now calls us again from our rest.

O now let us haste to our heavenly Father,
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all together,
And the morn of our youth let us hallow to Him.