

To Thee, in Youth's Bright Morning  
Attributed to Robert Staples, 1819.  
Timothy Matthews, 1855.

To Thee, in youth's bright morning  
Father of all, we pray;  
While thought and fancy dawning,  
Lead on the rising day;  
To Thee, in life's last even,  
We'll tune our feebler breath;  
Hear all our sins forgiven,  
And softly sleep in death.

When from death's sleep we waken,  
No fears shall us surprise;  
All earthly things forsaken,  
What joys shall meet our eyes!  
With rapture then increasing,  
For ever we'll rejoice;  
And praises never ceasing,  
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

Though vine nor fig tree either  
Its fruit or leaves should bear;  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God, the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.