

While Yet the Morn Is Breaking
Johannes Muhlmann, 1618.
Frankfurt, Germany, 1607.

While yet the morn is breaking,
I thank my God once more,
Beneath whose care awaking,
I find the night is o'er.
I thank Him that He calls me
To life and health anew;
I know, whate'er befalls me,
His care will still be true.

O Israel's guardian, hear me,
Watch over me this day;
In all I do be near me.
For others, too, I pray;
To Thee I would commend them,
Our Church, our youth, our land,
Direct them and defend them
When dangers are at hand.

O gracious Lord, direct us,
Thy doctrine pure defend,
From heresies protect us,
And for Thy Word contend,
That we may praise Thee ever,
O God, with one accord,
And say: The Lord, our Savior,
Be evermore adored.

Oh, grant us peace and gladness,
Give us our daily bread,
Shield us from grief and sadness,
On us Thy blessings shed.
Grant that our whole behavior,
In truth and righteousness,
May praise Thee, Lord, our Savior,
Whose holy name we bless.

And gently grant Thy blessing
That we may do Thy will,
No more Thy ways transgressing,
Our proper task fulfill,
With Peter's full assurance
Let down our nets again.
Success will crown endurance
If faithful we remain.

Thou art the vineoh, nourish
The branches graft in Thee
And let them grow and flourish,
A fair and fruitful tree.
Thy Spirit pour within us
And let His gifts of grace
To such good actions win us
As best may show Thy praise.