

At the Breaking of the Day

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1891. Music: John Sweney.

Oh, how oft amid our labor
Do we think of what will be
When the boat shall drop its anchor
In the haven o'er the sea!
And our hearts, with joy expanding,
From our trials look away,
When we all shall meet together,
At the breaking of the day!

Refrain

At the breaking of the day,
When we anchor on the shore,
At the breaking of the day,
When the storms of life are o'er,
When our sorrow and our sighing,
Like a dream will pass away,
When we all shall meet together,
At the breaking of the day!

Oh, how oft amid the conflict
And the battle raging high,
With a faith as clear as noonday
We behold the victory nigh,
And we know that with the righteous
We shall stand in bright array,
When we all shall meet together,
At the breaking of the day!

Refrain

Endless praise to our Redeemer
For His all atoning love,
That prepares for us a mansion
And a crown of life above,
Where our eyes shall see the beauty
Of the flow'rs that ne'er decay,
When we all shall meet together,
At the breaking of the day!

Refrain