

# MORNING WORSHIP. S.M.

1. How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breathes up - on the ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer.  
2. The breez - es waft their cries Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their heav - ing sighs, And sends His bless - ings down.

3. So Je - sus rose to pray, Be - fore the morn - ing light, Or on the chill - ing mount did stay, And wres - tle all the night.  
4. Glo - ry to God on high, Who sends His bless - ings down To res - cue souls con - demned to die, And make His peo - ple one.