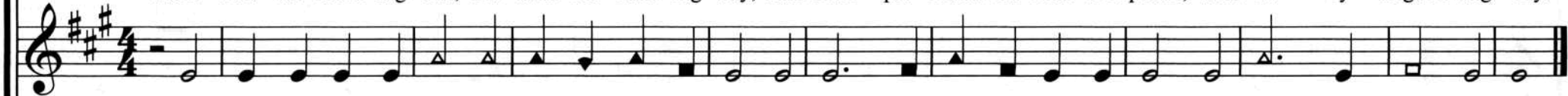


MORNING SUN. S.M.

Col. D.H. Smith



1. See how the morn - ing sun, Pur - sues his shin - ing way, And loud pro - claims his Mak - er's praise, With ev - 'ry bright'n - ing ray.



2. Thus would my ris - ing soul, Its heav'n - ly par - ent sing, And to its great O - rig - i - nal, The hum - ble trib - ute bring.



3. Se - rene I laid me down, Be - neath His guard - ian care, I slept and I a - woke and found, My kind pre - serv - er near.

