Like Morning, When Her Early Breeze

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Like morning, when her early

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
breeze Breaks up the surface

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
of the seas, That, in their

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
furrows, dark with night, Her

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
hand may sow the seeds of light;

The other verses

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there!

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire,
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.