Now Glows the Morn in Beauty Rare

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Now glows the morn in beauty

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
rare, O haste my soul to

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
fervent prayer, And let the

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
wings of morning raise To

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
God the tribute of thy praise.

The other verses

2 The night is gone; now disappear
The clouds that hung in threatening near;
Day comes apace, and terrors flee,
For light illumes the earth and sea.

3 O soul dismayed! when darkness fills
The dismal days with darkling ills,
Rest in the calm the promise gives,
That Christ, thy Light and Glory, lives.

4 Morn shall appear and scatter night;
Light shall appear in noonday might.
Strong in the joy the daylight brings,
Soul, thou shalt rise on glowing wings.

5 Morn of my soul, O Christ, Thou art;
Light of my life; my drooping heart
Sings, when Thy countenance benign
Shines as the joys of noonday shine.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.