Though the Morn May Be Serene

Doh is F · 6/4 Tune: MARTYN

| m - - - m - m - - - d - | r - - - r - r - - - - - |
Though the morn may be serene,

| m - - - m - s - - - f - | m - - - - - r - - - - - |
Not a threat'ning cloud be

| d - - - - - - - - - - - | m - - - m - m - - - d - |
seen; Who can under-

| r - - - r - r - - - - - | m - - - m - s - - - f - |
take to say 'Twill be pleasant

| m - - - - - r - - - - - | d - - - - - - - - - - - |
all the day?

| s - - - s - s - - - s - | l - - - - - l - - - - - |
Tempests sudden- ly may

| s - - - - - - - - - - - | s - - - s - s - - - s - |
rise, Darkness over-

| l - - - - - l - - - - - | s - - - - - - - - - - - |
spread the skies;

| m - - - m - m - - - d - | r - - - r - r - - - - - |
Lightnings flash, and thunders roar,

| m - - - m - s - - - f - | m - - - - - r - - - - - |
Ere a short lived day be

| d - - - - - - - - - - - |
o'er.

The other verses

2 Often thus, the child of grace,
Enters on his christian race;
Guilt and fear are overborne,
'Tis with him a summer's morn:
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things seem to smile around;
And he hopes it will be fair,
All the day, and all the year.

3 Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution strange;
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring storm appears;
Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
Till temptation's pow'r he feel;
Then he trembles, and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.

4 But the wonder-working Lord
Soothes the tempest by his word;
Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And his sun breaks forth again:
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns;
Oft his sky is overcast,
Ere the day of life be past.

5 Tried believers too can say,
In the course of one short day,
Though the morning has been fair,
Proved a golden hour of prayer:
Sin, and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight;
Ah! what heart-felt peace and joy,
Unexpected storms destroy.

6 Dearest Savior, call us soon
To thine high eternal noon;
Never there shall tempest rise
To conceal thee from our eyes:
Satan shall no more deceive,
We no more thy Spirit grieve;
But through cloudless, endless days,
Sound, to golden harps, thy praise.

Tune MARTYN by Simeon B. Marsh (died undefined); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.