Up, Up, My Soul! with Gladness Rise

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Up, up, my soul! with gladness rise, And

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
greet th'ever bright- ening skies. The

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
morn hath come, sweet morn, awake! And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
from thy pinions slumber shake.

The other verses

2 Pure as the morn God's presence shines;
Love like its beams, thy life entwines;
Richer the gifts thy God bestows
Than morning beauty can disclose.

3 Sweet as the breath that fans the bowers,
And stirs the leaves and opening flowers,
Comes with the morn, the breath divine
To stir thee, slumbering soul of mine.

4 O Thou, the Morn, the Light, the Sun,
With Thee be every day begun;
Brightness shall clothe my life always,
And fill my soul with grateful praise.

5 Glory to Thee, O Christ! my Lord,
Light of my soul, Incarnate Word!
Come with the morn, abide alway,
And cheer my course to endless day.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); 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.