What Secret Hand, at Morning Light

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
What secret hand, at morning light, Soft-

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
ly unseals mine eye, Draws

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
back the curtain of the night, And

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
opens earth and sky;

The other verses

2 'Tis thine, my God, — the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis thine, my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 In death's dark valley though I stray
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

5 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by James Montgomery (1771–1854). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.