

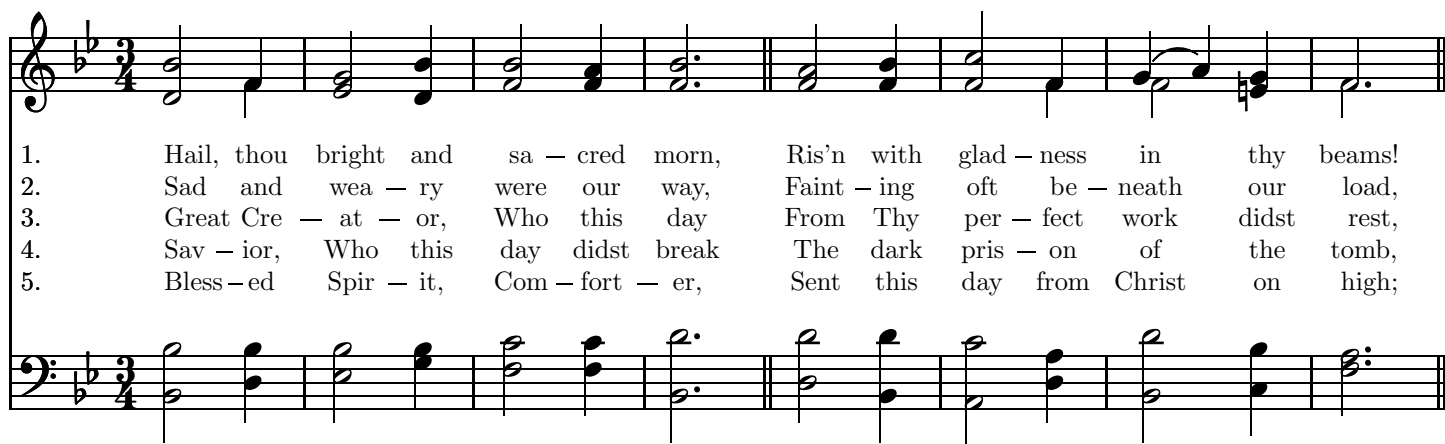
St. Peter of the Fields Parish

# Hail, Thou Bright and Sacred Morn

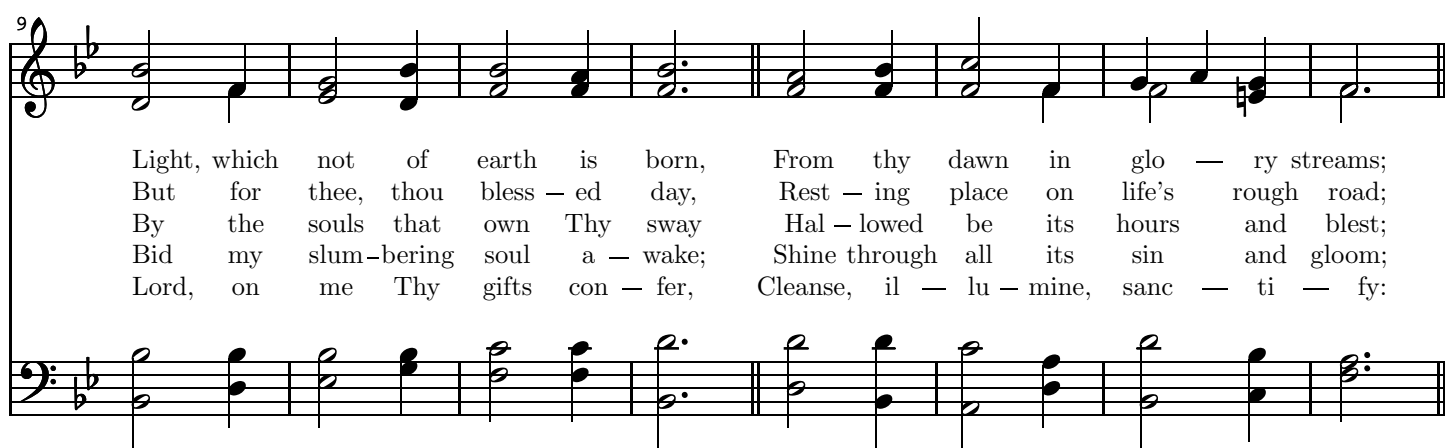
## Voller Wunder 7.7.7.7.7.7

Julia Anne Elliot, 1833

Johann G. Ebeling (1620-1676)



1. Hail, thou bright and sa — cred morn, Ris'n with glad — ness in thy beams!  
 2. Sad and wea — ry were our way, Faint — ing oft be — neath our load,  
 3. Great Cre — at — or, Who this day From Thy per — fect work didst rest,  
 4. Sav — ior, Who this day didst break The dark pris — on of the tomb,  
 5. Bless — ed Spir — it, Com — fort — er, Sent this day from Christ on high;



Light, which not of earth is born, From thy dawn in glo — ry streams;  
 But for thee, thou bless — ed day, Rest — ing place on life's rough road;  
 By the souls that own Thy sway Hal — lowed be its hours and blest;  
 Bid my slum — bering soul a — wake; Shine through all its sin and gloom;  
 Lord, on me Thy gifts con — fer, Cleanse, il — lu — mine, sanc — ti — fy;



Airs of heav'n are breathed a — round, And each place is ho — ly ground.  
 Here flow forth the streams of grace; Streng — thened hence we run our race.  
 Cares of earth a — side be thrown, This day give to heav'n a — lone.  
 Let me, from my bonds set free, Rise from sin, and live to Thee.  
 All Thine in — fluence shed a — broad; Let me to the truth of God.