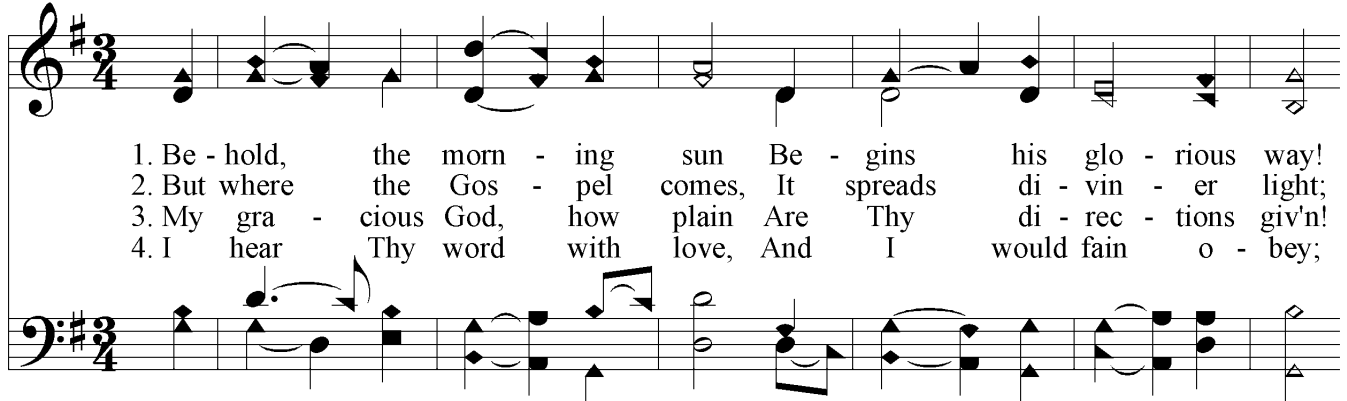
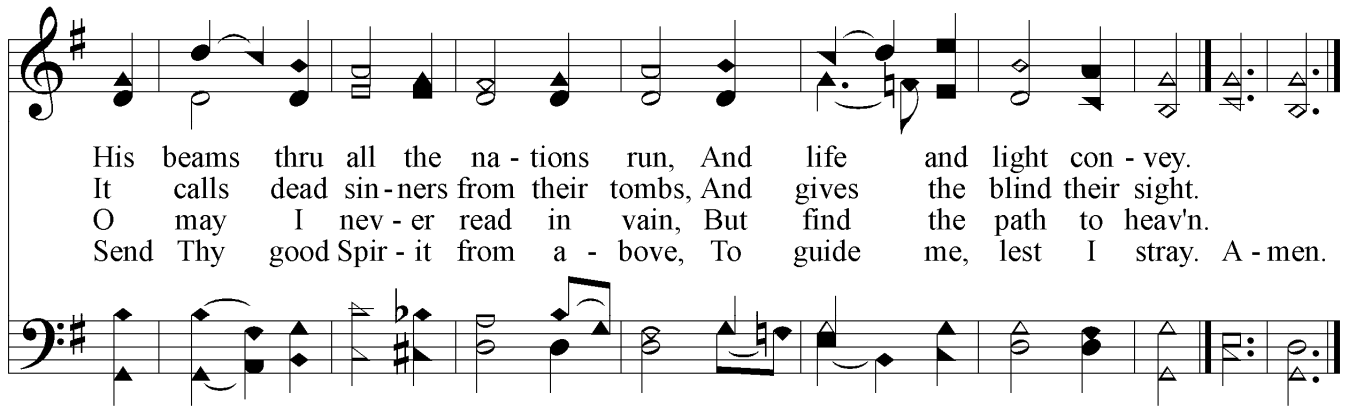


# Behold, The Morning Sun

THACHER S. M.



1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way!  
2. But where the Gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light;  
3. My gra - cious God, how plain Are Thy di - rec - tions giv'n!  
4. I hear Thy word with love, And I would fain o - bey;



His beams thru all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.  
It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.  
O may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heav'n.  
Send Thy good Spir - it from a - bove, To guide me, lest I stray. A - men.