

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice!
 One ray of Thine all - quick - ening light Dis - pels the clouds and dark of night.
 That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.
 Praise Him a - bove, ye heav - en - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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The Sun Is on the Land

Wentworth. 8.4.8.4.8.4.

LOUIS F. BENSON, 1897

FREDERICK C. MAKER, 1876

1. The sun is on the land and sea, The day be - gun;
 2. Thy love was ev - er in our view, Like stars by night;
 3. We do not know what grief or care The day may bring;
 4. All glo - ry to the Fa - ther be, With Christ the Son,

Our morn - ing hymn be - gins with Thee, Most Ho - ly One.
 Thy gifts are ev - ery morn - ing new, O God of light;
 The heart shall find some glad - ness there That loves its King;
 And, Ho - ly Spir - it, un - to Thee, For - ev - er One;

Our praise shall rise con - tin - ual - ly Till day is done.
 Thy mer - cy, like the heav - ens' blue, Fills all our sight.
 The life that serves Thee ev - ery - where Can al - ways sing.
 All glo - ry to the Trin - i - ty While a - ges run.