FOR THE MORNING

(♩ = ca. 96)

D A

1. My soul, can'st thou no high - er rise

A7 D

to meet thy God, than this?

G

Yet, Lord, ac - cept my sac - ri - fice,

D A A7 D

1. – 5.

de - fec - tive as it is.

2. Tune all my organs to thy praise,
the psalmist's muse impart;
and, with thy penetrating rays,
oh melt my frozen heart.

3. Give me thyself the only Good,
and ever with me stay,
whose faithful mercies are renewed
with each returning day.

4. Ah! guide me with a Father's eye,
nor from my soul depart,
but let the Day Star from on high
illuminate my heart.

5. This day preserve me without sin,
unspotted in thy ways;
and hear me, while I usher in
the welcome dawn with praise.

D A

6. Far as the east from west re - move

A7 D

each earth - ly, vain de - sire;

G

and raise me on the wings of love,

D A7 D

till I can mount no higher.

Words: Augustus M. Toplady. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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