

MORNING HYMN.

O'ER Time's mighty billows borne,
Angels lead the purple morn ;
Chasing far the shades of night
From the burning throne of light :
Where their glorious wings unfold,
There the east is streaked with gold ;
Gilding with celestial dyes
The azure curtain of the skies.
High in air their matin song
Floats the ethereal fields along ;
Ere creation wakes they sing,
Glory to the eternal King !