

## 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 !