

In the Morning

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1882

John Robson Sweney

♩=93



1. We are pil - grims look - ing home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam, But we
 2. O these ten - der brok - en ties, How they dim our ach - ing eyes, But like
 3. When our fet - tered souls are free, Far be - yond the nar - row sea, And we
 4. Thro' our pil - grim jour - ney here, Tho' the night is some - times drear, Let us



know 'twill all be well In the morn - ing; When our an - chor firm - ly cast, Ev - ery
 jew - els they will shine In the morn - ing; When our vic - tor palms we bear And our
 hear the Sav - ior's voice In the morn - ing; When our gold - en sheaves we bring To the
 watch and per - se - vere Till the morn - ing; Then our high - est trib - ute raise For the



storm - y wave is past, And we ga - ther safe at last In the morn - ing.
 robes im - mor - tal wear, We shall know each o - ther there, In the morn - ing.
 feet of Christ our king, What a cho - rus we shall sing In the morn - ing. When we
 love that crowns our days, And to Je - sus give the praise In the morn - ing.



all meet a - gain In the morn - ing, On the sweet bloom - ing hills In the morn - ing; Ne - ver -



- more to say good night In that sun - ny re - gion bright, When we hail the bless - ed light Of the morn - ing.

