


# The Morn of Truth Is Breaking



23

Mary E. Butters



WEBB  
George J. Webb





1. The morn of Truth is break-ing; Ten thou - sand notes of love  
2. Oh, reign in ev - ery house-hold, And where there's one soul sad,  
3. Come in, thou peace-ful an - gel, And ope the gates of day;



From tune - ful souls are wak - ing To swell the songs a - bove.  
Come as a ra - diant an - gel, A light to make it glad.  
With beams of liv - ing love-light, Chase all things false a - way.



Come, raise a glo - rious an - them Far o - ver hill and plain,  
O Truth, shine on in splen - dor! Dis - pel these shades of gloom,  
Thou art that light from heav - en To glow in ev - ery soul;



For Truth in ra - diant splen - dor Has come on earth to reign.  
And where there seems a des - ert, The rose shall burst in bloom.  
Shine thou, O Truth! in splen - dor, As age on a - ges roll.

