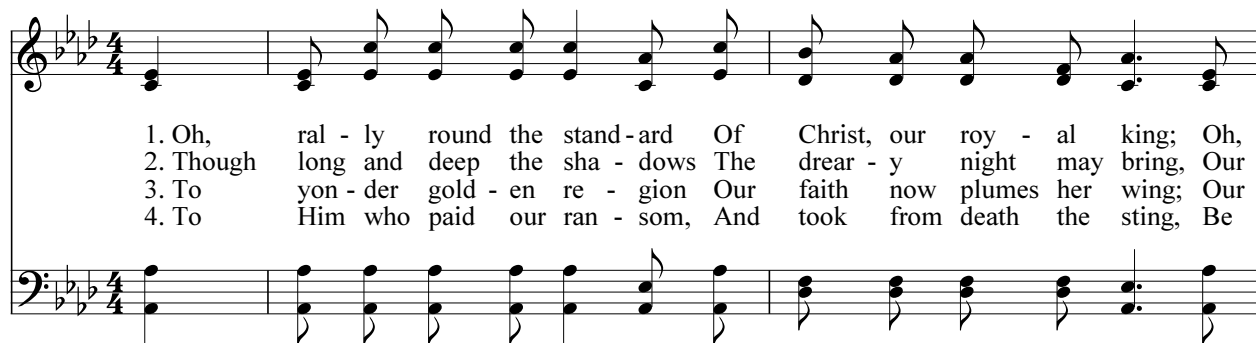


The Morning Draweth Nigh

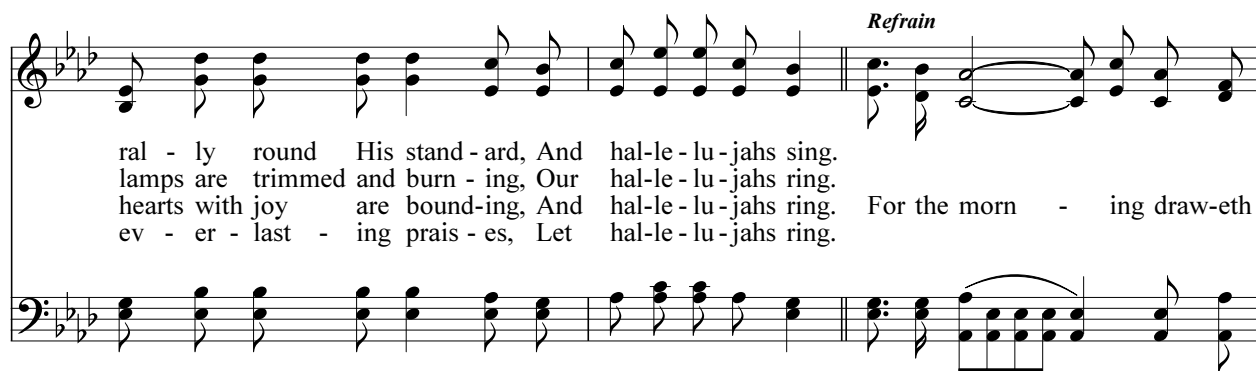
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1889

John Robson Sweney

♩=113



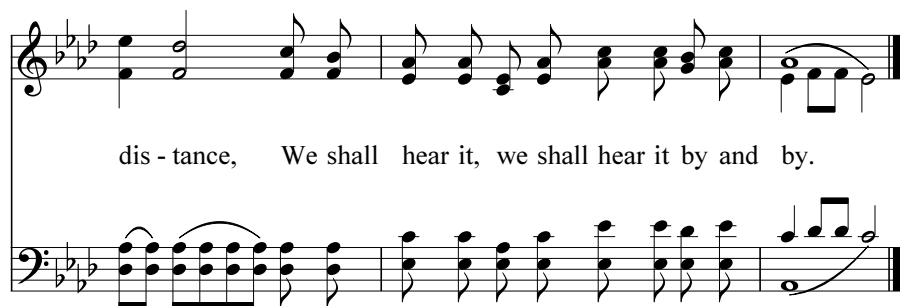
1. Oh, ral - ly round the stand - ard Of Christ, our roy - al king; Oh,
2. Though long and deep the sha - dows The drear - y night may bring, Our
3. To yon - der gold - en re - gion Our faith now plumes her wing; Our
4. To Him who paid our ran - som, And took from death the sting, Be



Refrain
ral - ly round His stand - ard, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing.
lamps are trimmed and burn - ing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
hearts with joy are bound - ing, And hal - le - lu - jahs ring. For the morn - ing draw - eth
ev - er - last - ing prais - es, Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring.



nigh, For the morn - ing draw - eth nigh; We can see it in the



dis - tance, We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and by.