

117 Thou Art Fairer Than The Morning

祢比清晨更美麗

Fanny Crosby

John R. Sweney

1. Thou art fair - er than the morn - ing,
2. Clothed in light as with a gar - ment,
3. Oh, the great - ness of Thy mer - cy,
4. When the sil - ver cord is brok - en,

O my Sav - iour and my King!
crowned with maj - es - ty di - vine,
and the rich - ness of Thy grace!
and this mor - tal life is o'er,

Of Thy grand - eur and Thy beau - ty,
Lo, the scepter of do - min - ion
Oh, the love that in Thy king - dom
With ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand,

How my soul de - lights to sing.
now and ev - er, Lord, is Thine. Thou art
is pre - par - ing me a place!
I shall sing for ev - er - more.

Refrain



fair - - er than the morn - ing, Thou art



bright - er, bright - er than the day; At the



glo - - ry of Thy pre - sence



clouds and dark - ness flee a - way.

