

Like the dawning of the morning

Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863

CORDE NATUS (87. 87. D)
Charles H. Giffen (b. 1940)

Optional Introduction



Verses

1 Descant

3 On the moun - tains of Ju - de - a, Like the char - iot of the Lord,
8 Thou hast wait - ed, Child of Da - vid, And thy wait - ing now is o'er;

2

5 And the sweet strains of the Psalm - ist Were a joy be - yond con - trol,
8 Thou hast wait - ed, Child of Da - vid, And thy wait - ing now is o'er;

1 Like the dawn - ing of the morn - ing On the mount - ains' gold - en heights,
2 Thou wert hap - py, Bless - ed Moth - er, With the ve - ry bliss of Heaven,
3 On the moun - tains of Ju - de - a, Like the cha - riot of the Lord,
4 And what won - ders have been in thee All the day and all the night,
5 And the sweet strains of the Psalm - ist Were a joy be - yond con - trol,
8 Thou hast wait - ed, Child of Da - vid, And thy wait - ing now is o'er;

Musical notation for the verses, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major. The melody is a simple, ascending line in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Muscic revised
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1
Thou wert lift - ed in thy spi - rit By thy un - cre - a - ted Word;
Thou hast seen Him, Bless - ed Moth - er, And wilt see Him ev - er - more!

2
And the vis - ions of the pro - phets Burnt like trans - ports in thy soul;
Thou hast seen Him, Bless - ed Moth - er, And wilt see Him ev - er - more!

Like the break - ing of the moon - beams On the gloom of cloud - y nights;
Since the An - gel's sal - u - ta - tion In thy rap - tured ear was given;
Thou wert lift - ed in thy spi - rit By thy un - cre - a - ted Word;
While the an - gels fell be - fore thee, To a - dore the Light of Light.
And the vis - ions of the pro - phets Burnt like trans - ports in the soul;
Thou hast seen Him, Bless - ed Moth - er, And wilt see Him ev - er - more!

1
Gifts and gra - ces flowed up - on thee In a sweet ce - les - tial strife; ___
O His Hu - man Face and Fea - tures, They were pass - ing sweet to see; ___

2
But the Bur - den that was grow - ing, And was felt so ten - der - ly, ___
O His Hu - man Face and Fea - tures, They were pass - ing sweet to see; ___

Like a se - cret told by An - gels, Get - ting known up - on the earth,
Since the A - ve of that mid - night, When thou wert a - noint - ed Queen,
Gifts and gra - ces flowed up - on thee In a sweet ce - les - tial strife;
While the glo - ry of the Fa - ther Hath been in thee as a home,
But the Bur - den that was grow - ing, And was felt so ten - der - ly,
O His Hu - man Face and Fea - tures, They were pass - ing sweet to see;

1 And the grow - ing of thy Bur - den Was the light - ening of thy life.
Thou be - hold - est them this mo - ment, Moth - er, show them now to me.

2 It was Heav - en, it was Heav - en, Come be - fore its time to thee.
Thou be - hold - est them this mo - ment, Moth - er, show them now to me.

Is the Moth - er's Ex - pec - ta - tion Of Mes - si - ah's speed - y birth.
Like a riv - er ov - er - flow - ing Hath the grace with - in thee been.
And the grow - ing of thy Bur - den Was the light - ening of thy life.
And the scep - tre of cre - a - tion Hath been wield - ed in thy womb.
It was Heav - en, it was Heav - en, Come be - fore its time to thee.
Thou be - hold - est them this mo - ment, Moth - er, show them now to me.

6 Oh the feeling of thy Burden,
It was touch and taste and sight;
It was newer still and newer,
All those nine months, day and night.
Like a treasure unexhausted,
Like a vision unconfess'd,
Like a rapture unforgett'n,
It lay ever at thy breast.

7 Every moment did that Burden
Press upon thee with new grace;
Happy Mother! Thou art longing
To behold the Saviour's Face!
Oh his Human face and features
Must be passing sweet to see;
Thou hast seen them, happy Mother!
Ah then, show them now to me.