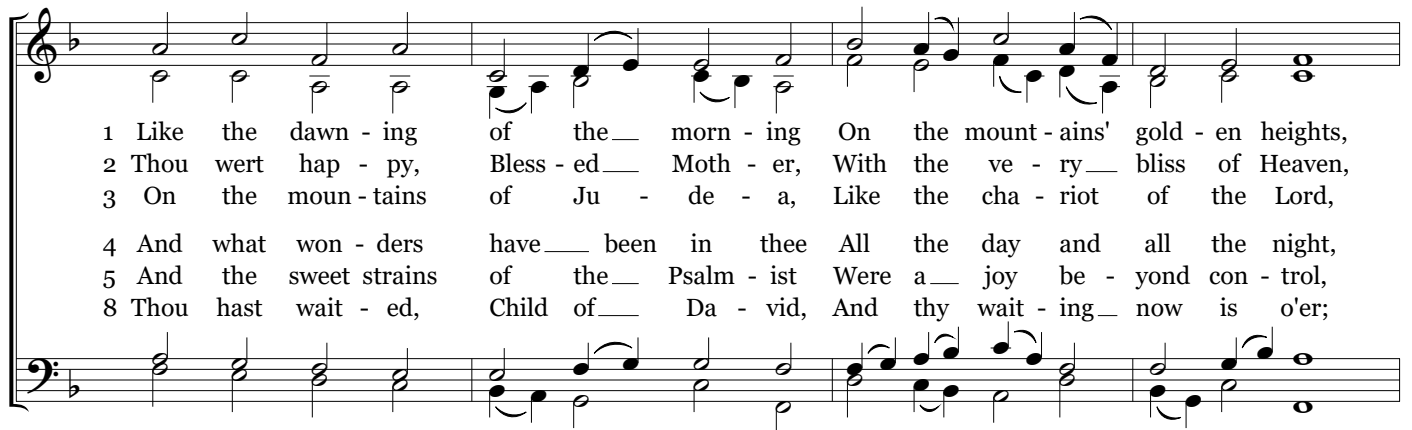


Like the dawning of the morning

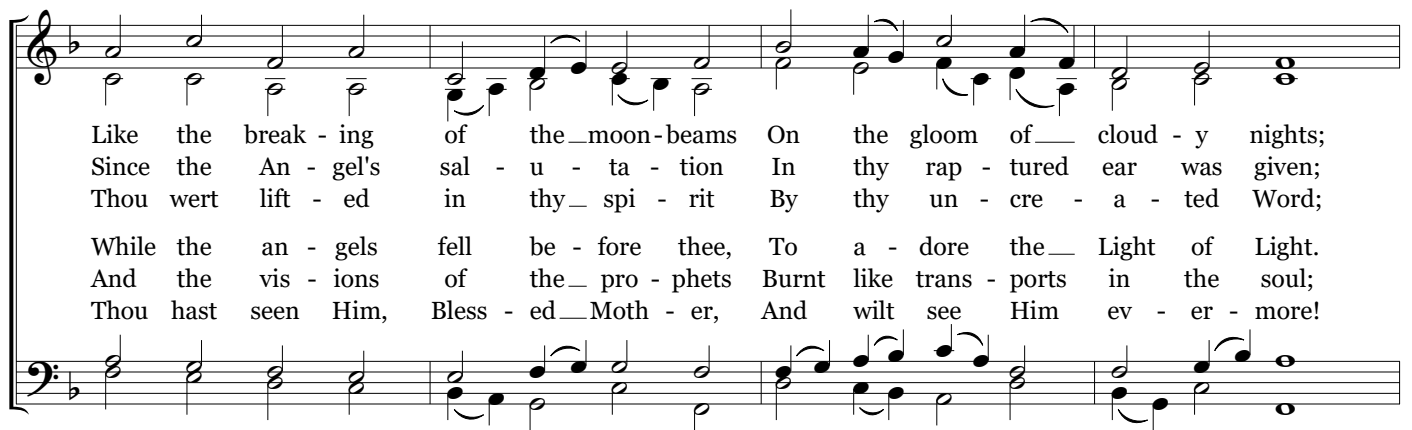
CORDE NATUS (87. 87. D)
Charles H. Giffen (b. 1940)

Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863

Optional Introduction



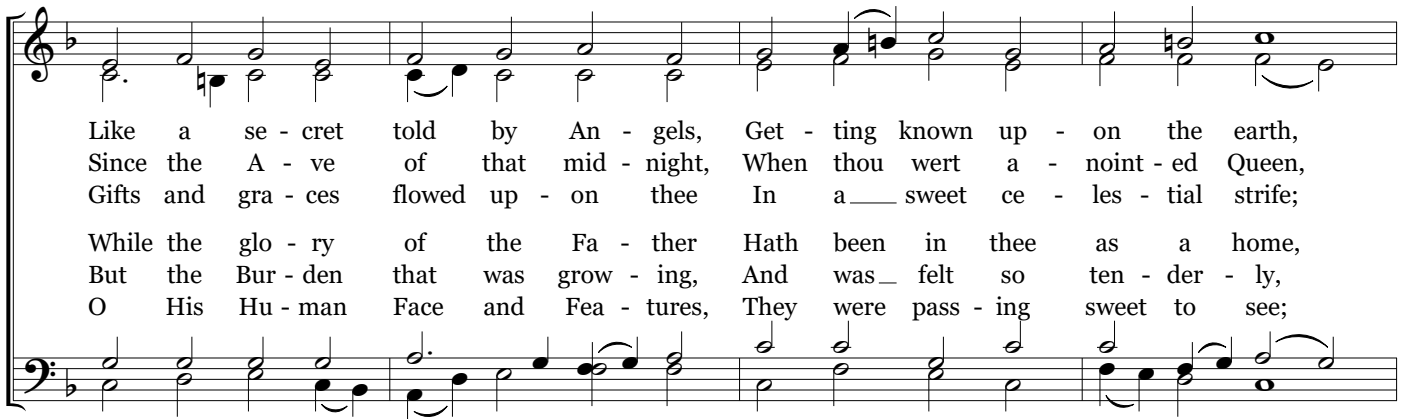
1 Like the dawn - ing of the__ morn - ing On the mount - ains' gold - en heights,
2 Thou wert hap - py, Bless - ed__ Moth - er, With the ve - ry__ bliss of Heaven,
3 On the moun - tains of Ju - de - a, Like the cha - riot of the Lord,
4 And what won - ders have__ been in thee All the day and all the 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;



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!

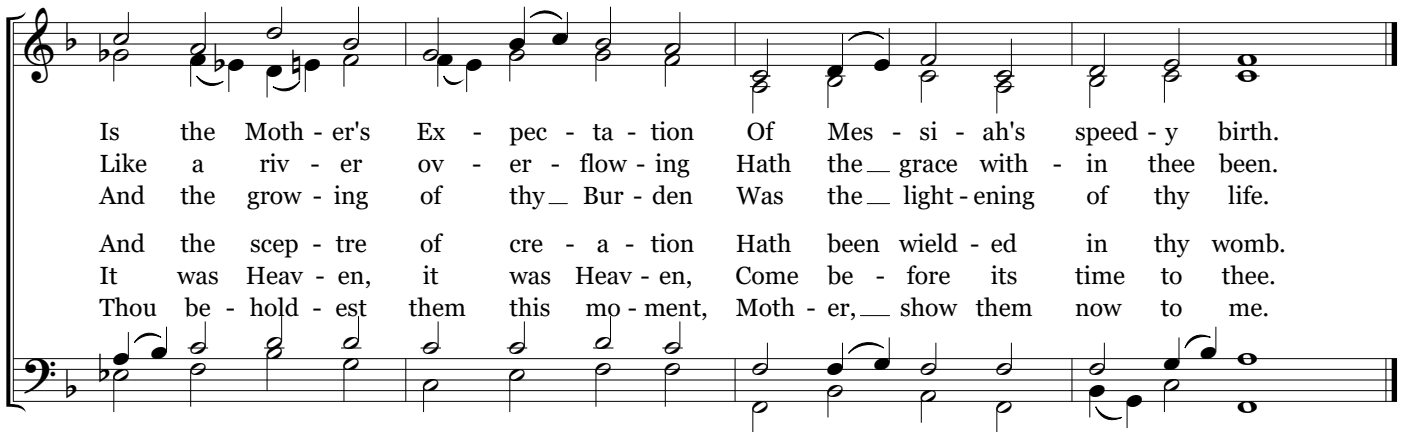
Muscic revised
2020-12-24

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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;



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 uconfess'd,
 Like a rapture unforgotten,
 It lay ever at they 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.