

At the Breaking of the Day

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1891

John Robson Sweney

♩=100

1. Oh, how oft a - mid our la - bor Do we think of what will be When the
 2. Oh, how oft a - mid the con - flict And the bat - tle rag - ing high, With a
 3. End-less praise to our Re-deem-er For His all a - ton - ing love, That pre-

boat shall drop its an - chor In the ha - ven o'er the sea! And our
 faith as clear as noon - day We be - hold the vic - t'ry nigh, And we
 - pares for us a man - sion And a crown of life a - bove, Where our

hearts, with joy ex - pand - ing, From our tri - als look a - way, When we
 know that with the right - eous We shall stand in bright ar - ray, When we
 eyes shall see the beau - ty Of the flow'rs that ne'er de - cay, When we

Fine Refrain

all shall meet to - ge - ther, At the break - ing of the day!
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 all shall meet to - ge - ther, At the break - ing of the day!

break-ing of the day, When we an-chor on the shore, At the break-ing of the day, When the

storms of life are o'er, When our sor-row and our sigh-ing, Like a dream will pass a-way,

D.S. al Fine