

# Jesus, my bright and morning star

Anon.

*St Basil*, by John Beaumont (1795) HTI 6981a

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=80]

Soprano [Air]

1. Je - sus, my bright and mor - ning star, My sun in splen - dour all div -  
 2. *These*pear - ly gates are o - pened wide Leads to the ci - ty bright and  
 3. These pear - ly gates are o - pened wide Leads to the ci - ty bright and

Alto

1. Je - sus, my bright and mor - ning star, My sun in splen - dour all div -  
 2. *These*pear - ly gates are o - pened wide Leads to the ci - ty bright and  
 3. They sit with Je - sus on his throne And live in all the smiles of

Tenor

1. Je - sus, my bright and mor - ning star, My sun in splen - dour all div -  
 2. *These*pear - ly gates are o - pened wide Leads to the ci - ty bright and  
 3. They sit with Je - sus on his throne And live in all the smiles of

Bass

1. Je - sus, my bright and mor - ning star, My sun in splen - dour all div -  
 2. *These*pear - ly gates are o - pened wide Leads to the ci - ty bright and  
 3. They sit with Je - sus on his throne And live in all the smiles of

8

S

ine, Whom saints and an - gels now a - dore, And this sweet Je - sus now is mine.  
*fair None but the saints bap - tised with blood Will be ad - mit - ted to walk there.*  
 fair None but the saints bap - tised with blood Will be ad - mit - ted to walk there.

A

ine, Whom saints and an - gels now a - dore, And this sweet Je - sus now is mine.  
*fair None but the saints bap - tised with blood Will be ad - mit - ted to walk there.*  
 God: Clo - thed in robes of spot - less white, They chant and sing the Sa - viour's blood.

T

ine, Whom saints and an - gels now a - dore, And this sweet Je - sus now is mine.  
*fair None but the saints bap - tised with blood Will be ad - mit - ted to walk there.*  
 God: Clo - thed in robes of spot - less white, They chant and sing the Sa - viour's blood.

B

ine, Whom saints and an - gels now a - dore, And this sweet Je - sus now is mine.  
*fair None but the saints bap - tised with blood Will be ad - mit - ted to walk there.*  
 God: Clo - thed in robes of spot - less white, They chant and sing the Sa - viour's blood.