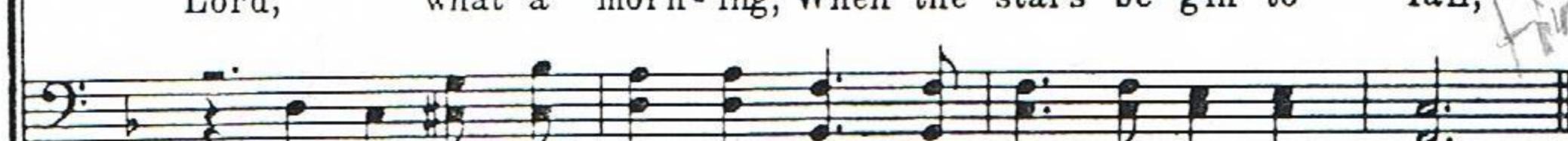


WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO FALL

Slowly



My Lord, what a morn-ing, My Lord, what a morn-ing, My

Lord, what a morn-ing, When the stars be-gin to fall; *Fine*My Lord,*Sustained*You'll hear the trum-pet sound,
You'll hear the sin - ner moan, To wake the na-tions un-der-ground,
You'll hear the Christ-i-ans shout,*Fine**mp*
Look-ing in my God's right hand, When the stars be-gin to fall.**Melody*

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