

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
arise, and with thy morning beams
chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
and answering island sing
the praises of thy royal Name,
and own thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
to the bright world above,
break forth in rapturous strains of joy
in memory of thy love.

Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
the air, the earth, the sea,
in unison with all our hearts,
and calls aloud for thee.

Come, then, with all thy quickening power
with one awakening smile,
and bid the serpent's trail no more
thy beauteous realms defile.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits,
of grace and peace divine;
be thine the crown of glory now,
the palm of victory thine.