

'Tis Night But O the Joyful Morn

Edward Denny, 1838.

John Gould, 1849.

'Tis nightbut O the joyful morn  
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer;  
Yon gleams of coming glory warn  
Thy saints, O Lord, that Thou art near.

Lord of our hearts, beloved of Thee,  
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,  
Supremely happy, safe and free,  
For ever on Thy tender breast.

To see Thee, love Thee, feel Thee near,  
Nor dread, as now, Thy transient stay;  
To dwell beyond the reach of fear  
Lest joy should wane or pass away.

Children of hope, beloved Lord!  
In Thee we live, we glory now;  
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,  
Our diadem of beauty, Thou!

And when exalted, Lord, with Thee,  
Thy royal throne at length we share;  
To everlasting Thou shalt be  
Our diadem, our glory there!