

All Faded Is the Glowing Light

Thomas Lynch, 1855.

Joseph Barnby, 1861.

All faded is the glowing light
That once from Heaven shone,
When startled shepherds in the night
The angels came upon.

O shine again, ye angel host,
And say that He is near;
Though but a simple few at most
Believe He will appear.

Ye heavens, that have been growing dark,
Now also are ye dumb;
When shall the listeners say, "Hark!
They're singing He will come"?

Lord, come again, O come again,
Come even as Thou wilt;
But not anew to suffer pain,
And strive with human guilt.

O come again, Thou mighty King,
Let earth Thy glory see;
And let us hear the angels sing,
"He comes with victory."