

O God, Before Thy Sun's Bright Beams

Greville Phillimore, 1863.

Alexander Reinagle, 1836.

O God, before Thy sun's bright beams

All night's dark shadows fly;

So on the soul Thy mercy gleams,

And doubts and terrors die.

So freshly falls Thy heaven sent grace

As morning's gladdening breath;

Gives light to all to seek Thy face,

And guides in life and death.

O holy light! O light of God!

O light unseen below,

Which fills the courts of Thine abode,

Which there the blest shall know!

Swift comes the hour when none can toil,

Short is the rugged way:

Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,

Whilst it is called today.

Then we shall see that glorious light

Which to the saints is given,

So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,

The eternal morn of heaven.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

O holy One in Three,

Grant us, with all Thy glorious host,

To share that morn with Thee.