

Oh, Fair the Gleams of Glory
Charles Cameron(1837-1879)
Joseph Holbrook, 1865.

Oh, fair the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth,
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;
But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Ours, ours in heav'nly measure
The glory that excels.

The lamplight faintly gleameth
Where shines the noonday ray;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights, all faded,
The Light from Heav'n dispels;
But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills;
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.
Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love,
Our steps have heav'nward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells,
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.