

When, Streaming from the Eastern Skies
William Shrubsole, 1813.
Strassburg, 1541.

When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away
And turn my darkness into day.

When to Heav'ns great and glorious king
My morning sacrifice I bring
And, grieving o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Savior, in Thy name,
My conscience sprinkle with Thy blood
And be my advocate with God.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Savior, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and my friend.
Teach me Thy precepts, all divine,
And be Thy pure example mine.

When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppressed,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great physician! see my grief,
And grant Thy servant sweet relief.

Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For Thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.

Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with Thee.

When each day's scenes and labors close
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Savior, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflict o'er, my labor done,
Jesus, Thy heav'nly radiance shed
To cheer and bless my dying bed
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.