

Fairest of All the Lights Above  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1706-9.  
Music: William Bradbury, 1849.

Fairest of all the lights above,  
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,  
And with unwearied swiftness move,  
To form the circles of our years;

Praise the Creator of the skies,  
That dressed thine orb in golden rays:  
Or let the sun forget to rise,  
If he forget his makers praise!

Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
Whose gentle beams, and borrowed light,  
Are softer rivals of the moon;

Arise, and to that sovereign Power  
Waxing and waning honors pay,  
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,  
And half supply the absent day!

Ye twinkling stars that gild the skies,  
When darkness has its curtain drawn,  
That keep your watch with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares, and day, are gone;

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
Dispersed through all the heavenly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for His feet!

O God of glory, God of love,  
Thou art the sun that makes our days;  
With all Thy shining works above  
Let man attempt to speak Thy praise!