

Through the darkness dreary
 Toils along the road
 In his worn-out sandal,
 Hoping rest to win,
 Sweet the shining candle
 Of the welcome inn.

When the storm is pouring
 O'er the midnight sea,
 And the surge is roaring
 'Neath the vessel's lee ;
 To the awe-struck seaman
 Rapturous is the sight,
 When through darkness gleaming
 Shines the Beacon Light.

When the Church contending,
 Weary, sad, forlorn,
 Yet on God depending,
 Watcheth for the morn,
 Then what joy and gladness
 When from heaven afar,
 Ending all her sadness,
 Shines the *Morning Star*.

Jesus ! Lord of Glory,
 Lord of life and peace,
 Theme of angel's story,
 Bid our wanderings cease.
 See our bark is riven
 By the tempest's jar,