

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

O Christ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne :
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee.

HYMN 11.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that
cometh into the world.—John i. 9.

72.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiance divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.