1. Light of the world! Faint were our weary feet With wandering far;
2. In days long past we missed our home-ward way, We could not see;
3. Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory, Where all the pain,

But Thou didst come, our lonely hearts to greet, Our Morning Star; And Thou didst
Blind were our eyes, our feet were bound to stray—How blind to Thee! But Thou didst
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee Hath rent in twain? Light of the

bid us lift our gaze on high, And see the glory of the glowing sky. pit-y, Lord, our gloomy plight, And Thou didst touch our eyes and give them sight. world, we hear Thee bid us come To light and love, in Thine eternal home.