1. Light of the world! Faint were our weary feet With wandering far;
But Thou didst come, our lonely hearts to greet, Our Morning Star; And Thou didst
But Thou didst come, our lonely hearts to greet, Our Morning Star; And Thou didst

2. In days long past we missed our home-ward way, We could not see;
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

3. Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic-to-ry, Where all the pain,
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee Hath rent in twain? Light of the
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 glo-ry of the glow-ing sky.
pit-y, Lord, our gloom-y plight, And Thou didst touch our eyes and give them sight.
world, we hear Thee bid us come To light and love, in Thine e-ter-nal home.

Words: Frances R. Havergal
Music: Ira D. Sankey

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