The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away

HULLAH 8.8.8.4.

1. The radiant morn hath passed away, And spent too soon her golden store;
2. Our life is but a fading dawn; Its glorious noon how quickly past!
3. Oh, by Thy soul inspiring grace, Up-lift our hearts to realms on high;
4. Where light and life and joy and peace In undivided empire reign,
5. Where saints are clothed in spotless white, And evening shadows never fall;

The shadows of departing day Creep on once more.
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last.
Help us to look to that bright place Beyond the sky;
And thronging angels never cease Their deathless strain;
Where Thou, eternal Light of light, Art Lord of all!

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