Light of the Gentile Nations

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: GREENLAND

| m - | s - s - s - s - | d' - - - m - m - |
Light of the Gentile nations, Thy

| r - r - f - f - | m - - - - - r - |
people's Joy and Love! Drawn

| m - s - s - s - | d' - - - fe - fe - |
by Thy Spirit hither, We

| s - l - t - l - | s - - - - - t - |
gladly come to prove Thy

| d' - s - f - m - | m - - - r - t - |
presence in Thy temple And

| d' - s - f - m - | r - - - - - s, - |
seek with earnest mind, As

| d - m - s - - se | t - - - l - l - |
Simeon once had waited His

| s - m - m - - r | d - - - - - |
Savior God to find.

The other verses

2 Yea, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
E'en now, in every place
Where Thy true Word hath promised
That they should see Thy face.
Thou yet wilt gladly grant us,
Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,
As did that aged seer.

3 Be Thou our Joy, our Brightness,
That shines mid pain and loss,
Our Sun in times of terror,
The Glory round our cross;
A Glow in sinking spirits,
A Sunbeam in distress,
Physician, Friend, in sickness;
In death, our Happiness.

4 Let us, O Lord, be faithful
Like Simeon to the end,
So that his dying anthem
May from our hearts ascend:
"O Lord, now let Thy servant
Depart in peace, I pray,
Since I have seen my Savior,
Have here beheld His day."

5 My Savior, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of faith;
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he saith.
Within Thy heart abiding,
As Thou dost dwell in me,
No pain, no death, has terrors
To part my soul from Thee.

6 Lord, here on earth Thou seemest
At times to frown on me,
And through my tears I often
Can scarce distinguish Thee;
But in the heavenly mansions
Shall nothing dim my sight,
And I shall see forever
Thine always glorious light.

Tune GREENLAND by Johann Michael Haydn (1737–1806) and B. Jacob (died undefined); words by Johann Franck (1618–1677); translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.