O Day, the Chief of Days, Whose Light

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
O day, the chief of days, whose light Sprang

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
from the dark em- brace of night, On

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
which our Lord from death's grim thrall A-

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
rose, True Light, to lighten all.

The other verses

2 Death trembling heard the mighty Lord,
And darkness quick obeyed His word;—
O shame on us! our tardy will
Is slow His summons to fulfil.

3 While Nature yet unconscious lies,
Come, let us, sons of light, arise,
And cheerful raise our matin lay
To chase the dark of night away.

4 While all the world around is still,
Come, and with songs the temple fill,
Taught by the saints of bygone days,
Whose words were song, whose songs were praise.

5 Loud trump of Heaven, our languor shake,
And bid our slumbering spirits wake;
Teach us the nobler life, and give,
O Christ, the needed grace to live.

6 O Font of love! Our steps attend;
Those needed gifts in mercy send;
And where Thy word is heard this day,
Give Thou the Spirit's power, we pray.

7 To Father and to Son be praise,
To Thee, O Holy Ghost, always,
Whose presence still the heart inspires
With sacred light and glowing fires.

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