O Fairest-born of Love and Light

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
O fairest born of Love and Light, Yet

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
bending brow and eye severe On

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
all which pains the holy sight, Or

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
wounds the pure and perfect ear,

The other verses

2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of all divine,
The pitying heart, the helping arm,
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine!

3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

4 Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

5 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

6 That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

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