









2. There's nothing left to fix the gaze, but this one blessèd orb of light; and, O how purely beam its rays athwart the dark and wintry night!

3. What though the darkness reign below? God and the Lamb to us are light. Thyself, O God of Hope, we know: the day is thine, and thine the night.

4. A little while! and ere the day in all its splendour shall be shown, the vigil keepers, rapt away, shall find thy glory, Lord, their own.

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