SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY



- 2. When the golden sun forth goes, and the east before him glows, quickly turns this heart of mine to thy heavenly form divine.
- 3. On thy light I think at morn, with the earliest break of dawn; ah, what glories lie in thee, Light of all Eternity!

4. When I watch the moon arise 'mid Heaven's thousand golden eyes, then I think, more glorious far is the Maker of yon star.

5. Or I cry in spring's sweet hours, when the fields are gay with flowers, as their varied hues I see, What must their Creator be!

6. When along the brook I wander, or beside the fountain ponder, straight my thoughts take wing and mount up to thee, the purest Fount.

7. Sweetly sings the nightingale, sweet the flute's soft plaintive tale, sweeter than their richest tone, is the name of Mary's Son.

8. Sweetly all the air is stirred when the Echo's call is heard; but no sounds my heart rejoice like to my Beloved's voice.

9. Come then, fairest Lord, appear, come, let me behold thee here, I would see thee face to face, on thy proper light would gaze.

10. Take away these veils that blind, Jesus, all my soul and mind; henceforth ever let my heart see thee truly as thou art!

Words: Angelus Silesius, alias Johannes Scheffler. Translation: Catherine Winkworth. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2017 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/1656/