BRING THE BRIGHT DAY



 Pour in thy heavenly health, remove all pain and ill; with strength divine and true, my feeble being fill.

3. Fill, and it shall be filled, this empty soul of mine; with thy all-quickening sap, fill me, thou living vine.

4. Thou living vine, me fill, dead though I long have been, until each withered branch shall freshen into green.

5. Speak but the quickening word, and death shall quickly die, this mortal is exchanged for immortality.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2014 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/513/