



- Creation's gladness, hope of weary man, how clear thy splendour, though but seen afar!
 Light of the universe, long pale and wan, now rising in thy strength, heaven's sweetest star.
 Son of the Blessed, lo! he comes at last, the songs of ages are in him fulfilled,
 God manifest in flesh: The night is past, and the true day begins to be revealed.
 The prophet's eye is dim
 - The prophet's eye is dim, the prophet's lips are dumb, but he, the prophet's theme, the woman's seed, has come!

- 3. He comes to bear our sins, to soothe our woe, to die the death which only he can die; to do the work which only he can do, and lift the lost one to the land on high.
 With crown and sceptre, lo! he comes to reign, as Prince of Peace to sheathe war's wasting sword; with glory, honour, blessing, in his train, he comes, creation's righteous Heir and Lord.
 - The prophet's eye is dim, the prophet's lips are dumb, but he, the prophet's theme, the Son of God, has come!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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