

Light Of Those Whose Dreary Dwelling

A Christmas poem by Charles Wesley

Light of those whose dreary dwelling,
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath :
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

Still we wait for Thy appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering,
Every poor benighted heart:
Come and manifest the favour,
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild pacific Prince,
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins ;
By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burden'd soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into Thy perfect peace.