

Godfrey Thring  
(1823-1903)

# The radiant morn hath passed away

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

1 The radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past;  
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,  
Safe home at last.

3 O by thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky, A-men.

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where thou, eternal Light of light,  
Art Lord of all.