

This is the day of light: let there be light to-day; O Dayspring, rise upon our night, and chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest: our failing strength renew; on weary brain and troubled breast shed thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace: thy peace our spirits fill; bid thou the blasts of discord cease, the waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer: let earth to heaven draw near; lift up our hearts to seek thee there, come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days: send forth thy quickening breath, and wake dead souls to love and praise, O vanquisher of death.

Words: John Ellerton (1826-1893)

Music: Herbert Stanley Oakley (1830-1903)