

“Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Which is in heaven”.

Oh, how foolish motives darken
Hearts and minds throughout the earth.
Night has come—so few will hearken;
Sunk too far in senseless mirth.

Yet, amidst the dark surrounding
We shine forth for all to see!
In our Master’s work abounding;
Holding lampstands faithfully.

As a city high exalted
On a hill so great and tall,
Let our witness beam unfaltered;
‘Let our light so shine’ to all!

Though the wicked night surrounds us,
It will not forever last.
Trials now shall not confound us;
Soon probation will be past.

So, although our tears endure
Through the deep and dreadful night,
Be thou strong! God’s Word is sure!
Joy springs forth with morning light.

Then will we in splendid brightness
With the sun’s own glory shine;
Emanating truth and rightness
With a nature all Divine.

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