

Light of the world, Thy beams I bless

American, 1798

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Light of the world, Thy beams I bless;
 On Thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
 My faith hath fixed its eye;
 Guided by Thee, through all I go,
 Nor fear the ruin spread below,
 For Thou art always nigh.

I rest in Thine almighty power;
 The name of Jesus is a tower,
 That hides my life above:
 Thou canst, Thou wilt my Helper be;
 My confidence is all in Thee,
 The faithful God of love.

Not all the powers of hell can fright
 A soul that walks with Christ in light;
 He walks, and cannot fall:
 Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
 Shining unto the perfect day,
 And more than conquers all.

Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
 My soul to Thy continual care
 I faithfully commend;
 Assured that Thou through life shalt save,
 And show Thyself beyond the grave
 My everlasting Friend. Amen.

Charles Wesley