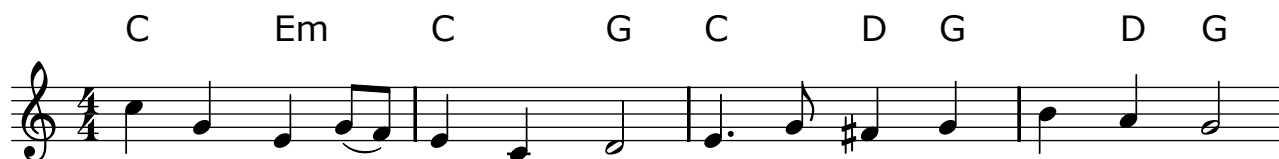


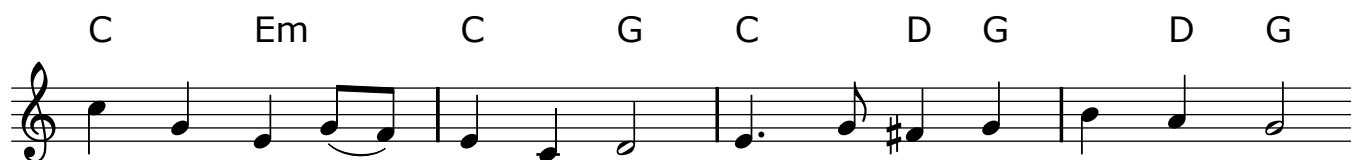
8 Father, Who the Light This Day

FRED TIL BOD

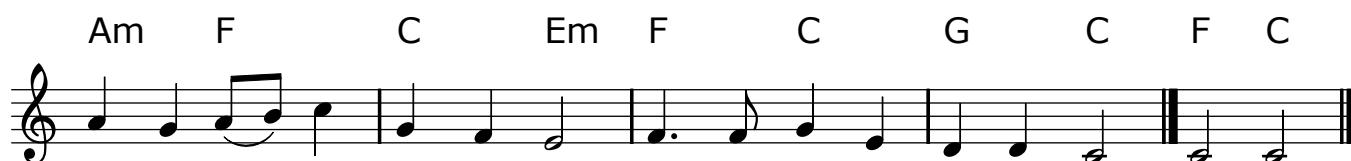
77 77 77



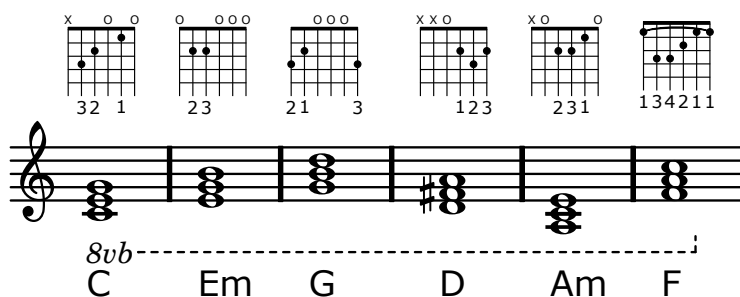
1 Fa-ther, who the light this day Out of dark-ness didst cre - ate,
 2 Sav-ior, who this day didst break The dark pris - on of the tomb,
 3 Bless-ed Spir-it, Com-fort - er Sent this day from Christ on high,



Shine up - on us now, we pray, While with-in Thy courts we wait.
 Bid our slum-b'ring souls a - wake, Shine thro' all their sin and gloom;
 Lord, on us Thy gifts con - fer, Cleanse, il - lu-mine, sanc - ti - fy.



Wean us from the works of night, Make us chil-dren of the light.
 Let us, from our bonds set free, Rise from sin and live to Thee.
 All Thy full - ness shed a-broad; Lead us to the truth of God. A - men.



Psalm 57:7

*My heart is steadfast, O God, my heart is steadfast;
 I will sing and make music. Awake, my soul! Awake,
 harp and lyre! I will awaken the dawn. (NIV)*

FRED TIL BOD (A)Transposed for E \flat Instruments**FRED TIL BOD (D)**Transposed for B \flat Instruments

Hymn #8: Father, Who the Light This Day

Text: Julia A. Elliot

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The Lutheran Hymnal

Tune: Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812-87

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