

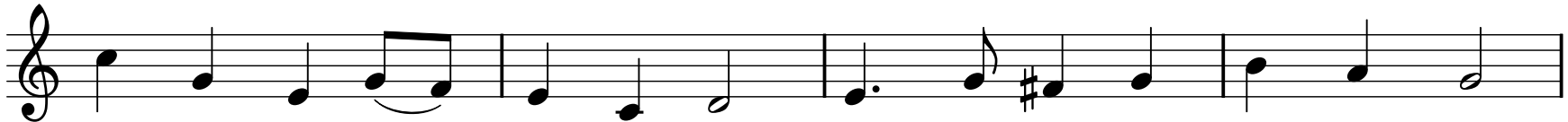
## 8 Father, Who the Light This Day

FRED TIL BOD

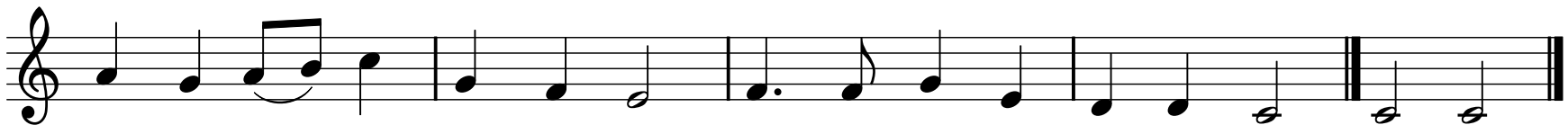
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1 Fa-ther, who the light this day Out of dark-ness didst cre - ate,  
2 Sav-ior, who this day didst break The dark pris - on of the tomb,  
3 Bless-ed Spir-it, Com-fort - er Sent this day from Christ on high,



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 150:3**

*Praise him with the sounding of the trumpet, praise  
him with the harp and lyre, praise him with tambourine  
and dancing, praise him with the strings and flute,  
praise him with the clash of cymbals, praise him  
with resounding cymbals. (NIV)*

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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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