

# Heavenly Light

Marilla M. Pinney, 1881

William James Kirkpatrick

♩=103

1. O pre - cious flowers! O glor - ious bowers! O blest, im - mor - tal  
2. O land di - vine, such wealth of thine Comes down my soul to  
3. The fogs may rise to dim the skies, And night's chill dews may  
4. O keep me still, by thy good will; Yea, lead me all the

bloom; How won-drous bright must be the light Be - yond death's chill - ing  
cheer; Though tan - gled thorn my heart hath torn, Still, still thy light is  
fall; Through ev - ery ill, my soul, be still: Christ reign-eth o - ver  
way, To that blest shore where night no more Shall veil the brow of

*Refrain*

gloom.  
near.  
all. O beau-ti-ful heav'n-ly light, So won-der-ful, pure and bright; Point me still to  
day.

Zi-on's hill, Beau-ti - ful heav'n-ly light.