# O Morning Star

Philipp Nicolai
trans. Catherine Winkworth

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harm. by J. S. Bach

1. O Morn - ing Star, how fair and bright Thou beam - est forth in truth and light, O Sov - 'reign meek and low - ly! Thou Root of Jes - se, Da - vid's Son, my Lord and Mas - ter, Thou hast won my heart to serve Thee sole - ly! Thou art ho - ly, fair and glo - rious, all - vic - to - rious, rich in bless - ing, rule and might o'er all pos - sess - ing.

2. Thou heav'n - ly Bright - ness! Light di - vine! O deep with - in my heart now shine, and make Thee there an al - tar! Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy mem-ber, ev - er joined to Thee in love that can - not fal - ter; t'ward Thee long - ing doth pos - sess me; turn and bless me; here in sad - ness eye and heart long for Thy glad - ness!

3. What joy to know, when life is past, the Lord we love is first and last, the end and the be - gin - ning! He will one day, O glo - rious grace, trans - port us to that hap - py place be - yond all tears and sin - ning! A - men! A - men! Come, Lord Je - sus! Crown of glad - ness, we are yearn - ing for the day of Your re - turn - ing.