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METRE 3 Isaac Watts

## REVIVING LIGHT S.M.

1. How heavy is the night! That hangs up - on our eyes, Till Christ with his re - vi-ving light, O - ver our souls a - rise, O - ver our souls a - rise.

2. Our guilty spir - its dread To meet the wrath of heav'n; But in his Righteousness ar - ray'd, We see our sins for-giv'n, We see our sins for-giv'n.

3. Un - ho-ly and im - pure Are all our thoughts and ways; His hand in-fect - ed na-ture cures, With sanc - ti - fy-ing grace, With sanc - ti - fy-ing grace.

4. The pow'rs of hell a - gree To hold our souls in vain; He sets the sons of bondage free, And breaks th'acursed chain, And breaks th'ac-curs-ed chain.