## 447 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart



4. Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans, 5. Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,

The air, the earth, the sea, With one awakening smile,

In unison with all our hearts, And bid the serpent's trail no more And calls aloud for Thee. Thy beauteous realms defile.

6. Thine was the cross, with all its fruits Of grace and peace divine; Be Thine the crown of glory now, The palm of victory Thine!

Alternate Tunes: St. Peter, 33; Belmont, 184.