

## BRIGHTEST DAYS. C.M.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights.  
 2. In dark-est shades if Thou ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun, Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, and Thou my ris-ing sun.

3. The o-p'ning heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss, If Je-sus show His mer-cy mine And whis-per I am His.

4. My soul would leave this heav-y clay, At that trans-port-ing word, Run up with joy the shin-ing way, To see and praise my Lord.  
 5. Fear-less of hell and ghas-tly death, I'd break thru ev-'ry foe; The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me con-qu'ror thru.

And com-fort of my nights. And com-fort of my nights. The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights.  
 And Thou my ris-ing sun. And Thou my ris-ing sun. Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, And Thou my ris-ing sun.

And whis-per I am His. And whis-per I am His. If Je-sus shows his mer-cy mine And whis-per I am His.

To see and praise my Lord. To see and praise my Lord. Run up with joy the shin-ing way, To see and praise my Lord.  
 Would bear me con-qu'ror thru. Would bear me con-qu'ror thru. The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me con-qu'ror thru.