

*Light, the Precious Light Is Breaking*

John Brinsmead

P. P. Bliss (1838-1876)

1. Gol - den jets of light are break - ing 'Cross the lof - ty moun - tain  
 2. Dark and tense has been the wait - ing Long has e - vil held full  
 3. Might - y - an - gel comes as - cend - ing, From the ris - ing of the

way. Sa - tan's king - dom is now shak - ing As the dark - ness turns to day.  
 sway. Sa - tan's dark - ness is a - ba - ting, For the light now beams the way.  
 sun, Pow'r and glo - ry is de - scend - ing, For the seal - ing has be - gun,

Light, the pre - cious light is beam - ing, Her - ald - ing the gol - den

day, Soon full glo - ry will be stream - ing Steal - ing shades of night a - way.