

## 55. Children of the Sun

In the stillness of the night, we dream of days gone by  
When the world was filled with light and our God was nigh.  
Purity and holiness, brotherhood and love  
Were the order of the day that came down from above.

**And the people sang, “Praise God in the sun—  
That loving sun whom I adore!  
I gaze upon your divine light  
That I may see your blessed Self,  
That I may be my Higher Self.”**

Through the ages of the past, the flame of wisdom shone  
As a beacon in the night guiding souls back home,  
Burning in the hearts of saints, showing us the way  
Through the goodness of their lives and what they had to say.

**And the masters sang, “Praise God in the sun—  
That loving sun whom I adore!  
I gaze upon your divine light  
That I may see your blessed Self,  
That I may be my Higher Self.”**

Now as children of the sun, we rise up in the morn,  
See the glory of God’s light in the golden dawn,  
Bringing to the world the truth, piercing through the night.  
Through the love within us all, the clouds will pass from sight.

*(Continued)*

**Everybody sing, “Praise God in the sun—  
That loving sun whom I adore!  
I gaze upon your divine light  
That I may see your blessed Self,  
That I may be my Higher Self.”**

Then the golden age will dawn—new heaven and new earth.  
God will come to dwell in us, no more death and birth.  
We will bless with rays of light people near and far,  
Raising them to heaven’s height till Earth becomes a star.

**Everyone will sing, “Praise God in the sun—  
That loving sun whom I adore!  
I gaze upon your divine light  
That I may see your blessed Self,  
And now I AM my Higher Self.”**

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