

Ye Clouds of Darkness, Hosts of Night  
Aurelius Prudentius, 4th Century.  
William Knapp, 1738.

Ye clouds and darkness, hosts of night,  
That breed confusion and affright,  
Begone! o'erhead the dawn shines clear,  
The light breaks in, and Christ is here.

Earth's gloom flees broken and dispersed,  
By the sun's piercing shafts coerced:  
The day-star's eyes rain influence bright,  
And colors glimmer back to sight.

Thee, Christ, alone we know; to Thee  
We bend in pure simplicity;  
Our songs with tears to Thee arise;  
Prove Thou our hearts with Thy clear eyes.

Though we be stained with blots within,  
Thy quickening rays shall purge our sin;  
Light of the morning star, Thy grace  
Shed on us from Thy cloudless face.

All laud to God the Father be,  
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee;  
All glory, as is ever meet,  
To God the holy Paraclete.