

O blest Creator of the light

O blest Creator of the light,
who mak'st the day with radiance bright,
and o'er the forming world didst call
the light from chaos first of all.

Whose wisdom joined in meet array
the morn and eve, and named them day:
night comes with all its darkling fears;
regard thy people's prayers and tears.

Lest, sunk in sin, and whelmed with strife,
they lose the gift of endless life;
while thinking but the thoughts of time,
they weave new chains of woe and crime.

But grant them grace that they may strain
the heavenly gate and prize to gain:
each harmful lure aside to cast,
and purge away each error past.

O Father, that we ask be done,
through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
doth live and reign eternally.

Words: Latin, sixth century;
trans. John Mason Neale, 1851
Music: Lucis Creator, [Bromley](#)
Meter: LM