

O Christ, our joy, to whom is given

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a throne o'er all the thrones of heaven,  
in thee, whose hand all things obey,  
the world's vain pleasures pass away.

So, suppliants here, we seek to win  
thy pardon for thy people's sin,  
that, by thine all-prevailing grace,  
uplifted, we may seek thy face.

And when, all heaven beneath thee bowed,  
thou com'st to judgment throned in cloud,  
then from our guilt wash out the stain  
and give us our lost crowns again.

Be thou our joy and strong defense,  
who art our future recompense:  
so shall the light the springs from thee  
be ours through all eternity.

O risen Christ, ascended Lord,  
all praise to thee let earth accord,  
who art, while endless ages run,  
with Father and with Spirit One.

Words: Latin, fifth century;  
trans. Laurence Housman, 1906  
Music: Gonfalon Royal  
Meter: LM