

Hymn Lyrics

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As mounts on high the orb of day

As mounts on high the orb of day,
with lowly suit to God we pray,
to shield us from the shafts of ill,
while we our daily tasks fulfill.

The tongue of license may he curb,
lest strife should sweet repose disturb:
his nursing favor screen the fight,
lest it should drink of vain delight.

Our inmost thoughts be ever pure!
May sinful folly ne'er allure!
And let the flesh, with pride inflamed,
by temperance be gently tamed;

That when the daylight disappears
and night again her shade uprears,
our souls preserved from worldly stain,
to God mav lift the thankful strain.

To God the Father give the praise,
to God the Son the same upraise,
with both the Comforter adore,
from age to age, evermore.

Latin, trans. Richard Corbet Singleton (1810-1881), 1867