

Eternal Glory of the Sky
Ambrose of Milan, 4th Century.
William Knapp, 1738.

Eternal Glory of the sky,
Blest Hope of frail humanity,
The Father's sole begotten One,
Yet born a spotless virgin's Son!

Uplift us with Thine arm of might,
And let our hearts rise pure and bright,
And, ardent in God's praises, pay
The thanks we owe him every day.

The day-star's rays are glittering clear,
And tell that day itself is near:
The shadows of the night depart;
Thou, holy Light, illumine the heart!

Within our senses ever dwell,
And worldly darkness thence expel;
Long as the days of life endure,
Preserve our souls devout and pure.

The faith that first must be possessed,
Root deep within our inmost breast;
And joyous hope in second place,
Then charity, Thy greatest grace.

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