

O Light, Whose Beams Illumine All  
Edward Plumptre, 1864.  
Dimitri Bortniansky, 1825.

O Light, whose beams illumine all  
From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
Shine Thou before the shadows fall  
That lead our wandering feet astray;  
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour  
That youth may love, and age adore.

O Way, through whom our souls draw near  
To yon eternal home of peace,  
Where perfect love shall cast our fear,  
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;  
In strength or weakness may we see  
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless Pearl for all who seek,  
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,  
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;  
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the well that ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?  
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?  
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
O Jesus, born mankind to save,  
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,  
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;  
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,  
Lord of the living and the dead.