

Phos Hilaron

O gladsome Light, O grace
Of God the Father's face,
The eternal splendour wearing;
Celestial, holy, blest,
Our Saviour Jesus Christ,
Joyful in Thine appearing.

Now, ere day falleth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, His incarnate Son,
And Holy Spirit adoring.

To Thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Life-giver;
Thee, therefore, O Most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

Ancient evening hymn, author unknown
Translated by Robert Bridges, 1899