



1. Stars of the morn-ing, so glo-rious-ly bright,  
 2. These are thy coun-sel-lors, these dost thou own,  
 3. These keep the guard a-mid Sa-lem's dear bowers;  
 4. 'Who like the Lord?' thun-ders Mi-chael the Chief;  
 5. Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,  
 6. Still let them suc-cor us; still let them fight,

Filled with ce-les-tial res-plendence and light,  
 Lord God of Sab-a-oth, near-est thy throne;  
 Thrones, Prin-ci-pal-i-ties, Vir-tues, and Powers;  
 Ra-phael, 'the cure of God,' com-for-teth grief;  
 Then, when the plan-ets first sped on their race,  
 Lord of an-gel-ic hosts, batt-ling for right;

These that, where night nev-er fol-low-eth day,  
 These are thy min-is-ters, these dost thou send,  
 Where, with the Liv-ing Ones, mys-ti-cal Four;  
 And, as a Naz-a-reth, pro-phet of peace,  
 Then, when were end-ed the six days' em-ploy,  
 Till, where their an-thems they cease-less-ly pour,

Raise the Tri-sa-gi-on ev-er and ay.  
 Help of the help-less ones! man to de-fend.  
 Che-ru-bim, Ser-a-phim bow and a-dore.  
 Ga-briel, 'the Light of God,' bring-eth re-lease.  
 Then all the Sons of God shout-ed for joy.  
 We with the An-gels may bow and a-dore.

Φωστήρες τῆς αὐλὸν οὐαῖς

St. Joseph the Hymnographer, d. 883

Tr. J.M. Neale