

Hail, gladdening light of his pure glo - ry poured, who is the immortal Fa - ther, heav'n-ly, blest,

Ho - li-est of Ho-lies: Je-sus Christ our Lord! Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,

the lights of eve-ning round us shine: we hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spi - rit di- vine.

Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung with un - de - fi - led tongue, Son of our

God, gi-ver of life a - lone, There-fore in all the world thy glo-ries, Lord, they own.