On this day, the first of days





On this day, the first of days, God the Father's Name we praise; Who, creation's Lord and spring Did the world from darkness bring.

On this day the eternal Son Over death His triumph won; On this day the Spirit came With His gifts of living flame.

Maker, who didst fashion me Image of Thyself to be, Fill me with Thy love divine, Let my every thought be Thine. Holy Jesus, may I be Dead and buried here with Thee; And, by love inflamed, arise Unto Thee a sacrifice.

Thou, who dost all gifts impart, Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart; Best of gifts Thyself bestow; Make me burn Thy love to know.

God, the blessèd Three in One, Dwell within my heart alone; Thou dost give Thyself to me; May I give myself to Thee.

Latin, 18th Century

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