

Great God, Who, Hid from Mortal Sight
Words: Paris Breviary, 1736
Music: Johann Schein, 1628

Great God, who, hid from mortal sight,
Dost dwell in unapproached light,
Before whose throne with veiled brow,
Thy sinless angels trembling bow.

A while in darkness here below
We lie oppressed with sin and woe;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase the night of gloom away.

The day prepared for us by Thee;
The day reserved for us to see;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.

Too long, alas! it still delays,
It lingers yet, that day of days;
The flesh, with all its load of sin,
Must perish, ere its joy we win.

Then from these earthy bonds set free
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee;
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.

All bounteous Trinity! prepare
Our souls Thy hidden joy to share,
That our brief daytime, used aright,
May issue in eternal light.