All Holy, Everliving One!

AIDEN

1. All holy, ever-living One! With uncreated splendor bright!
2. Let ev’ry star withhold its ray; Clouds hide the earth and sky from sight;
3. Thou art the only source of day; Forget-ting Thee alone is night;
4. Still near-er Thee my soul would rise; Thus she attains her high-est flight,

Darkness may blot from heav’n the sun, Thou art my ever-last-ing light.
Fear-less I still pursue my way T’ward Thee, my ever-last-ing light.
All things for which we hope or pray Flow from Thine ever-last-ing light.
And, as the eagle sun-ward flies, Seeks Thee, her ever-last-ing light.

Words by Thomas Hill
Music Arr. By W. H. Monk

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