



Latin text

Ecce beatam lucem;
Ecce bonum sempiternum,
Vos turba electa celebrate Jehovam
eiusque natum
aequalem Patri deitatis splendorem.
Virtus Alma et maiestas passim
cernenda adest.
Quantum decoris illustri in sole,
quam venusta es luna,
quam multo clar'honore sidera
fulgent, quam pulcra quaeque in orbe.
O quam perennis esca tam sanctas
mentes pascit!
praesto gratia et amor, praesta nec
novum;
praesto est fons perpes vitae.
Hic Patriarchae cum Prophetis, hic
David,
Rex David ille vates,
cantans sonans adhuc aeternum
Deum.
O mel et dulce nectar, O fortunatam
sedem!
Haec voluptas, haec quies, haec
meta, hic scopus
Nos hinc attrahunt recta in
paradisum.



English translation

Behold the blessed light,
behold eternal goodness,
you throng of the elect, praise God
and His Son
who is equal to the Father; praise the
splendour of the deity.
Benign power and majesty are seen
everywhere.
The dazzling splendour of the sun
is matched by you, the moon,
and by the stars shining brightly in
their great glory.
O how such eternal nourishment
feeds holy minds!
Mercy and love are here, and always
have been;
here is the eternal fount of life.
Here the Patriarchs and Prophets,
here David,
King David the bard,
singing and playing instruments still
praise eternal God.
O honey and sweet nectar, O blessed
place!
This delight, this peace, this goal, this
mark
draw us from here straight to
Paradise.

*Translation by [Mick Swithinbank](#) ,
incorporating a partial translation by
the composer Jonathan Dove found
on [gerontius.net](#)*