



One being, will, wisdom and might  
 Have they; of each with equal right  
 Every perfection is proclaimed.  
 Father and Word and Paraclete  
 Are but one God, and yet with meet  
 Especial title each is named.

If One, if Two regarded be,  
 Nothing is shorn of deity  
 In power and glory, depth and height;  
 Alike almighty and divine,  
 The Three with single radiance shine;  
 Their light is godhead, godhead light

The Word the Father's equal is,  
 Nor does the Sonship that is his  
 Lesser to loftier state oppose;  
 Equal to Father and to Son,  
 The Spirit, Lord, Life-giving one  
 From both ineffably outflows.

Never shall subtlest wit of man  
 That union and distinction span  
 Or outrun faith and seize the how;  
 Yet banish thought of time and space,  
 Distance dividing place from place,  
 Succession sundering then from now.

Nothing but God in God may be,  
 No cause be found save only he  
 From whom all modes of causes flow.  
 God as exemplar may be cause,  
 As will that shapes, as end that draws;  
 As warp and woof of things, not so.

What in themselves the Persons are  
 Lies beyond reach and utterance far;  
 The Son eternally begot,  
 The still-proceeding mutual Love  
 Are past our knowledge and above;  
 Faith holds the truth she visions not.

In faith our music was begun;  
 In faith's triumphant unison  
 Let every singer end his lays.  
 To the undivided Trinity  
 And to the threefold Oneness be  
 Co-equal co-eternal praise.