O Redemptor, hear your people
as they join in song to you.

Trees by gentle sunlight ripened,
gave this oil for hallowing:
Humbly we present it to you,
Saviour of the world, our King.
King of our eternal homeland,
consecrate this living sign:
May this olive bring protection
from the Evil One’s design.
Let the unction of the Chrism
make both men and women new,
heal their wounded nature’s glory,
raise them to new life in you.
At the font the cleansing waters
drive away all taint of sin,
when the forehead is anointed,
holy gifts come flooding in.
Of the Father’s heart begotten,
dweller in the Virgin’s womb,
give us light who share the Chrism,
close for us the path to doom.
Through the ages that await us
may this be our festive day,
hallowed by your worthy praises
and preserved from time’s decay.