

## Vespers

**N**OW at the setting of the sun  
We turn our thoughts to rest and sleep.  
Do Thou, O chaste and Holy One,  
Our spirits keep!  
O shed Thy radiance forth in streams  
To keep us in the Land of Dreams!

The subtle enemy of man  
Marshals his hosts to work us ill.  
His demons bloat or deathly wan  
Sustain his will.  
More than day's arrow doth affright  
The Fear that walketh in the night.

Keep Thou our dreams! Let holy words  
And angel voices breathing balm  
And sweetly-tuned celestial birds  
Uplift their psalm!  
Our meditations on Thy grace  
Blend to the vision of Thy face.

So shall we sleep without alarm  
And wake refreshed to worship Thee,  
Thy children from infernal harm  
For ever free,  
Until we pray Thine holy breath  
To keep us in the Land of Death.

*Amen.*