

Now with the fast-departing light,
Maker of all! We ask of Thee,
of Thy great mercy, through the night
our Guardian and Defence to be.

Far off let idle visions fly:
no phantom of the night molest:
curb Thou our raging enemy,
that we in chaste repose may rest.

Father of mercies! Hear our cry:
hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
reignest while endless ages run.