

We praise You, Father, for Your gifts
of dusk and nightfall over earth,
foreshadowing the mystery
of death that leads to endless birth.

Within Your hands we rest secure;
in quiet sleep our strength renew;
yet give Your people hearts that wake
in love to You, unsleeping Lord.

Your glory may we ever seek
in rest, as in activity,
until its fullness is revealed,
O source of life, O Trinity.