

Servant of God, remember

Servant of God, remember
the stream thy soul bedewing,
the grace that came upon thee
anointing and renewing.

When kindly slumber calls thee,
upon thy bed reclining,
trace thou the cross of Jesus,
thy heart and forehead signing.

The cross dissolves the darkness,
and drives away temptation;
it calms the wavering spirit
by quiet consecration.

Begone, begone, the terrors
of vague and formless dreaming;
begone, thou fell deceiver,
with all thy boasted scheming.

Begone, thou crooèd serpent,
who, twisting and pursing,
by fraud and lie preparest
the simple soul's undoing;

Tremble, for Christ is near us,
depart, for here he dwelleth,
and this, the sign thou knowest,
thy strong battalions quelleth.

Then while the weary body
its rest in sleep is nearing,
the heart will muse in silence
on Christ and his appearing.

To God, eternal Father,
to Christ, our King, be glory,
and to the Holy Spirit,
in never-ending story.

Words: Prudentius (348-413);
trans. T.A. Lacey (1853-1931)
Music: Nun lasst uns gehen, Cultor Dei
Meter: 77 77