

**Now That the Daylight Dies Away**  
Words: Ambrose of Milan, 4th Century.  
Music: Day's Psalter, 1563.

Now that the daylight dies away,  
By all Thy grace and love,  
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray  
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms fly,  
The offspring of the night,  
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,  
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,  
Father, co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
Eternal Three in One.