

Te lucis ante terminum
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Rerum creator poscimus
Ut solita clementia
Sis praesul ad custodium

Before the ending of the day
Creator of the world we pray
That with thy wonted favour thou
Would be our guard and keeper now

Keep me as the apple of an eye
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings
Keep me as the apple of an eye
Hide me, hide me, hide me
Hide me, hide me, hide me

The heaven soars with voices above
The skies resound the power of your love
The stars shine out your glorious light
Shine through our gloom and take us on high

Keep me as the apple of an eye
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings
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Sancto Spiritu, rerum Creator