

Incantations, Part 4

Mike Oldfield

Queen and huntress chaste and fair
Now the sun is laid to sleep
Seated in a silver chair
State in wonted manner keep

Earth let not an envious shade
Dare itself to inter pose
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to cheer when day did close

Lay the bow of pearl apart
And the crystal shining quiver
Give un to the flying hart
Space to breathe how short so ever

Hesper us entreats thy light
Goddess excellently bright
Bless us then with wished sight
Thou who makes a day of night