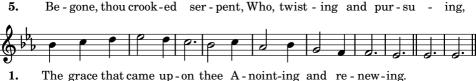
- 1. Ser-vant of God, re-mem-ber The streamthy soul be-dew-ing, 2.
- When kind ly slum-ber calls thee, Up on thy bed re-clin - ing. 3. The Cross dis-solves the dark-ness, And drives a - way temp-ta - tion;
- 4. Be-gone, be-gone, the ter-rors Of vague and form-less dream-ing;



- 2. Trace thou the Cross of Je-sus, Thy heart and forehead sign-ing.
- 3. It calms the wavering spir-it By qui-et con-sec-ra-tion. Be-gone, thou fell de-ceiv-er, With all thy boast-ed scheming. 4.

By fraud and lie pre-par-est The sim-ple soul's un - do - ing; 8. A - men.

6. Tremble, for Christ is near us, Depart, for here he dwelleth,

5.

Thy strong battalions quelleth. **7.** Then while the weary body

And this, the Sign thou knowest,

- Its rest in sleep is nearing, The heart will muse in silence On Christ and his appearing.
- 8. To God, eternal Father, To Christ, our King, be glory, And to the Holy Spirit, In never-ending story. Amen.

Text: Cultor Dei, memento, Prudentius (348-413), Tr. Thomas Alexander Lacey (1853-1931) Music: NUN LASST UNS GEH'N 77 77, Kirchen-und-Haus-Buch Dresden 1694