

**[2] The Day Is Done**

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)*

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall be banished like restless feelings  
And silently steal away.

**[3] The New Moon**

*Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)*

Day, you have bruised and beaten me,  
As rain beats down the bright, proud sea,  
Beaten my body, bruised my soul,  
Left me nothing lovely or whole —

Yet I have wrested a gift from you,  
Day that dies in dusky blue:  
For suddenly over the factories  
I saw a moon in the cloudy seas —

A wisp of beauty all alone  
In a world as hard and gray as stone —  
Oh who could be bitter and want to die  
When a maiden moon wakes up in the sky?

**[4] Littlemore Tractus**

*John Henry Newman (1801–1890)*

May He support us all the day long, till the  
shades lengthen, and the evening comes,  
and the busy world is hushed, and the fever  
of life is over, and our work is done! Then  
in his mercy may He give us a safe lodging,  
and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

**[5] Nox Aurumque**

*Charles Anthony Silvestri, (b. 1965). Used by permission.*

Gold,  
Tarnished and dark,  
Singing of night,  
Singing of death,

Singing itself to sleep...

And an angel dreams of dawns, and of war.  
She weeps tears of the golden times  
Tears of the cost of war.

O shield!  
O gilded blade!  
You are too heavy to carry  
Too heavy for flight.

Gold, tarnished and weary,  
Awaken!  
Melt from weapon into wing!  
Let us soar again,  
High above this wall;  
Angels reborn and rejoicing  
With wings made  
Of dawn,  
Of gold,  
Of dream.

Gold,  
Singing of wings,  
Singing of shadows...

**[7] The Veil of the Temple: You mantle yourself in Light**

*From the Psalms*

You mantle yourself in light,  
stretch out the skies as a curtain;  
the clouds your chariot,  
you tread the ways of the wind,  
making winds your messengers,  
flaming fire your servant,  
on a firm base establishing the earth,  
which forever will not be moved:  
the deeps enrobed it;  
the waters stood above the mountains.  
At your rebuke they flee,  
at the voice of your thunder they rush away.  
Mountains rose, valleys sank down  
to the place you established for them.  
You filled the bounds they may not pass,  
nor return to cover the earth.  
You made the moon for its seasons,  
the sun knows the hour of its setting.  
You made darkness, and it is light  
in which beasts of the field prowl forth,  
young lions roaring for their prey,  
seeking food from God.

**[8] To the Evening Star**

*William Blake (1757–1827)*

Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening,  
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light  
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!  
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on  
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,  
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,  
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
And then the lion glares through the dun forest:  
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with  
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence!

**[10] There Will Be Rest**

*Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)*

There will be rest, and sure stars shining  
Over the roof-tops crowned with snow  
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,  
The music of stillness, holy and low.  
I will make this world of my devising  
Out of a dream in my lonely mind,  
I shall find the crystal of peace; and above me  
Stars I shall find.