

Vigil

WITH the Cross on my sword as its sigil
With the foes of Thy Church I would
grapple,
All night by my arms I keep vigil
In the lonely and luminous chapel.

From the solemn monitions of even
I brood; Thou dost shine from above.
The veil of Thy mystical heaven
Is melted in glory and love.

O Thou, of Thy mercy apply
Thy grace to my spurs and my sword,
That my banner may flame to the sky
In the van of the hosts of the LORD!

Amen.