

## 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