

EVENING.

Subservient to thy daily praise,
Our daily toil shall be ;
So may our works in thee begun
Be furthered, Lord, by thee.

HYMN 4.

Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.—Psalm xvii. 8.

L. M.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.