

HYMN 7. L. M.

"Under His wings shalt thou trust."

1 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 !

2 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.

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

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

If 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,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise him, all creatures here below !
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !