Glory to thee, my God, this night





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.

O may my soul on Thee repose, And with 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.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken

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