

ALL praise 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, through 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 judgement day.
- 4 O, may 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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, 1637-1710