

# Sink not yet, my soul, to slumber

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Vad kan dock min själ förnöja

Svenska koralboken, 1697

$\text{♩} = 80$

Sink not yet, my soul, to slum - ber, wake, my heart, go forth and tell,  
 Yes, our wis - dom vain - ly pon - ders, fath - oms not Thy lov - ing thought.  
 Of Thy grace, I pray Thee, par - don, all my sins, and heal their smart;  
 Lord, the twi - light now hath van - ished, send Thy bles - sing on my sleep,

all the mer - cies with - out num - ber that this by - gone day be - fell:  
 Ne - ver tongue can tell the won - ders that Thy hand for me hath wrought;  
 sore and hea - vy is their bur - den, sharp their sting with in my heart;  
 ev' - ry sin and ter - ror ban - ished, let my rest be calm and deep;

tell how God hath kept a - far, all things that a - gainst me war,  
 Thou hast guid - ed me to - day, that no ill hath crossed my way;  
 and my Foe lays man - y'a snare, but to tempt me to des - pair;  
 soul and bo - dy, mind and health, wife and chil - dren, house and wealth,

hath up - held me and de - fen - ded, and His grace my soul be - frien - ded.  
 there is nei - ther bound nor mea - sure in Thy love's o'er - flow - ing trea - sure.  
 Thou a - lone canst help me, Sav - ior, pun - ish not my ill be - hav - ior.  
 friend and foe, the sick, the stran - ger, keep Thou safe from harm and dan - ger.