

All praise to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, oh, 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.
Teach me to die so that I may
Rise glorious at the awe-full day.
Oh, may my soul on thee repose
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me distress.
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.