

Hear Our Prayer, O Heav'nly Father
Harriet Parr, 1856.
H. W. Hurndall, 1878.

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience,
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has wrought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come,
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.