

Glory To Thee, My God, This Night  
by Charles Wesley

1 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!

2 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.

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 awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose!  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep that may 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 My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust;  
O make me thy peculiar care,  
Some mansion for my soul prepare!

7 O may I always ready stand,  
With my lamp burning in my hand;  
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

8 All praise to thee in light arrayed,  
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made;  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

9 The sun in its meridian height  
Is very darkness in thy sight;  
My soul O lighten and inflame,  
With thought and love of thy great name.

10 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.