Ere I sleep, for every favour

O.J. Stimpson, b 1835

Evensong
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Ere I sleep, for every favor, This day showed, by my God, I will bless my Savior.

O my Lord, what shall I render To Thy Name, still the same, Gracious, good, and tender?

Thou hast ordered all my goings In Thy way, Heard my pray, Sanctified my doings. Leave me not, but ever love me; Let Thy peace, be my bliss, Till Thou hence remove me.

Thou my rock, my guard, my tower, Safely keep, While I sleep, Me, with all Thy power.

So, whene'er in death I slumber, Let me rise With the wise, Counted in their number.

John Cennick