724 8.33.6

ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render To Thy name, Still the same, Gracious, good, and tender?
- 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings In Thy way, Heard me pray, Sanctified my doings.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me; Let Thy peace Be my bliss, Till Thou hence remove me.
- 5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower, Safely keep, While I sleep, Me, with all Thy power.
- 6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise
 With the wise,
 Counted in their number.

John Cennick, 1718-55