

Glory to Thee, my God, this night  
for all the blessings of the light;  
keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
beneath Thy 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 my be.

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.

O may my soul on Thee repose  
and with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
sleep that may me more vigorous make  
to serve my God when I awake.

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.