

Opening Hymn #25 Glory to Thee, My God, This Night

*All praise 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.*

*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.*

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

*When 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.*

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
praise God, all creatures here below;
praise God above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

Office Hymn #572 Let There Be Light

*Let there be light,
let there be understanding,
let all the nations gather,
let them be face to face;*

*open our lips,
open our minds to ponder,
open the door of concord
opening into grace;*

*perish the sword,
perish the angry judgment,
perish the bombs and hunger,
perish the fight for gain;*

*hallow our love,
hallow the deaths of martyrs,
hallow their holy freedom,
hallowed be thy name;*

*thy kingdom come,
thy spirit turn to language,
thy people speak together,
thy spirit never fade;*

*let there be light,
open our hearts to wonder,
perish the way of terror,
hallow the world God made.*

Closing Hymn #24 Abide with Me

*Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.*

*Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.*

*I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.*

*I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.*

*Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
heaven's morning breaks,
and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.*