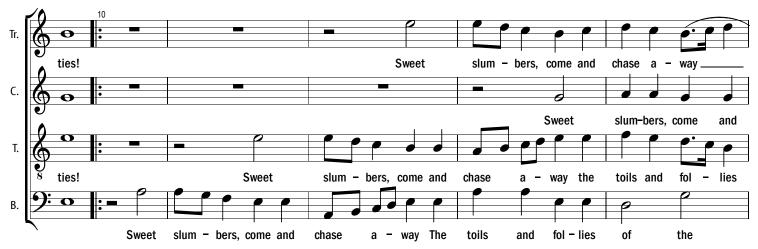
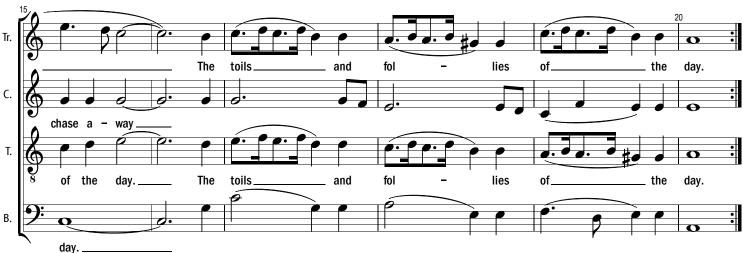
Dormant

Transcribed from Harmony of Harmony, 1802







- 2. On your soft bosom will I lie, Forget the world, and learn to die; O Israel's watchful shepherd, spread Tents of angels round my bed.
- 3. Let not the spirits of the air While I slumber, me ensnare; But save thy suppliant free from harms, Clasped in thine everlasting arms.
- 4. Clouds and thick darkness is thy throne,Thy wonderful pavilion;O dart from thence a shining ray,And then my midnight shall be day!
- 5. Thus when the morn, in crimson dressed, Breaks through the windows of the east, My hymns of thankful praise shall rise Like incense or the morning sacrifice.