

All Through This Night

An evening prayer

Oh hear me as I pray Lord,
the day its course has run.
The night is fast approaching,
the ev'ning has begun.

The moon will soon be rising,
stars glitt'ring through the night:
how great, Lord, is Your might,
how great, Lord, is Your might,
with me abide, with me abide.

A sky filled with Your stars, Lord,
is like a royal robe.

You give in all creation
such beauty to this globe.
And me You have created
that I must sleep and rest
with all this beauty blest,
with all this beauty blest.

Please do abide, with me abide.

Now through the coming night, Lord,
keep watch o'er me, Your child,
so that my mind and body
in rest stay undefiled.

Take care o'er me till morning,
so I may sleep in peace,
I know Your mighty pow'r
from worries will release,

all through this night, all through this night.

After a hymn by Franz Abt
English paraphrase: Adrian Vermeulen-Miller

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