

Night Thought

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

B minor
 Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr.  5

1. How can I sleep, when angels sing, And all the saints on high Cry glo-ry to th'e-ter-nal King, The Lamb that once did
 2. O! how can I in-active lie, And thought-less all the night. When those ce-less-tial spirits praise The Lord with all their

C. 

3. For I, of all the race. that fell, Or all the heavenly host, Have greatest cause with humbler soul To love and praise him
 4. Did Jesus leave the Father's breast, That heaven of heavens on high, To come to earth, this world of woe, For guil-ty worms to

T.  8

5. With me, O heaven and earth, admire, Who am of all the race, The chiefest sin-ner, and deserve, In hell, the hot-test
 6. No lon-ger then will I lie here. But rise and praise and pray; And join to sing while I en-joy A glimpse of heavenly

B. 

7. Such glo-ries bind my soul to him, While them, by faith, I see, For thanks a-dore him, O my soul, And for his gifts to

Tr.  10 15

1. die. When guardian an-gels fill the room, And hovering round my bed, Do clap their wings, in love to him,
 2. might. Such joy-ful spi-rits ne-ver sleep Their love is ev-er new; Then, O my soul, no lon-ger cease

C. 

3. most. Did God the Fa-ther love men so, As to give up his Son, To be a ran-som, and re-deem
 4. die. And has the Ho-ly Ghost applied The blood of Christ to me, To cleanse my guilty soul from sin,

T.  8

5. place. Yet mer-cy here and truth doth meet, And God can jus-ti-fy, Through Jesus Christ's most precious blood,
 6. day. I'll view the glo-ries of the Lord, And serve him all my days. For what he in his es-sence is,

B. 

7. me. Thanks to the Fa-ther for his Son; To Christ for righteousness, And the Spi-rit, be-cause that he

Tr.  1. 20 2.

1. Who ___ is ___ my glo-rious head. When glo-rious head.
 2. To ___ love ___ and praise him too. Such praise him too.

C. 

3. Them ___ from the sins they'd done. Did sins they'd done.
 4. And ___ let my spi-rit free? And spi-rit free?

T.  8

5. So ___ vile ___ a wretch as I. Yet wretch as I.
 6. My ___ soul ___ shall sing his praise. I'll sing his praise.

B. 

7. My ___ soul in it did dress. Thanks it did dress.

A folk hymn, based in part on an English song, *The Death of Robin Hood* (Jackson 1953b, No. 65).