

Norway

John Leland, 1792

66. 86. (S. M.)

Transcribed from *Province Harmony*, 1809.

A minor

Hezekiah Moors, 1809

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1. The day is past and gone, The eve-ning shades ap-pear, O
 2. I lay my gar-ments by, Up-on my bed to rest; So
 3. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se-cure from all my fears; May
 4. And when I ear-ly rise, To view th'un-wea-ried sun, May
 5. That when my days are past, And I from time re-move, May Lord,

1. The day is past and gone, The eve-ning shades ap-pear, O may we all re-
 2. I lay my gar-ments by, Up-on my bed to rest; So death will soon re-
 3. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se-cure from all my fears; May an-gels guard me
 4. And when I ear-ly rise, To view th'un-wea-ried sun, May I set out to
 5. That when my days are past, And I from time re-move, Lord, I may in thy

1. O may we all re-mem-ber well, O
 2. So death will soon re-move me hence, So
 3. May an-gels guard me while I sleep, May
 4. May I set out to win the prize, May
 5. Lord, I may in thy bo-som rest, Lord,

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may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death is near.
 death will soon re-move me hence, And leave my soul un-dressed.
 an-gels guard me while I sleep, Till mor-ning light ap-pears.
 I set out to win the prize, And af-ter glo-ry run.
 I may in thy bo-som rest, The bo-som of thy love.

1. 2.
 O may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death is near.
 So death will soon re-move me hence, And leave my soul un-dressed.
 May an-gels guard me while I sleep, Till mor-ning light ap-pears.
 May I set out to win the prize, And af-ter glo-ry run.
 Lord, I may in thy bo-som rest, The bo-som of thy love.

mem-ber well The night of death is near, The night of death is near.
 move me hence, And leave my soul un-dressed, And leave my soul un-dressed.
 while I sleep, Till mor-ning light ap-pears, Till mor-ning light ap-pears,
 win the prize, And af-ter glo-ry run, And af-ter glo-ry run.
 bo-som rest, The bo-som of thy love, The bo-som of thy love.

may death we will soon re-mem-ber well The night of death is near. O
 an-gels guard me while I sleep, Till mor-ning light ap-pears. So
 I set out to win the prize, And af-ter glo-ry run. May
 I may in thy bo-som rest, The bo-som of thy love. May Lord,