





# Night Thought


Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

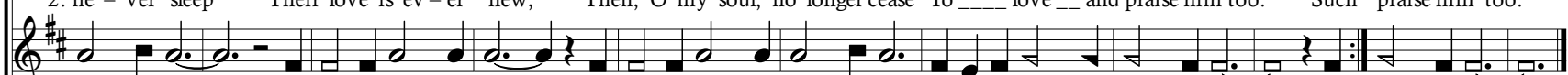
Tr.   
 1. How can I sleep, when angels sing, And all the saints on high Cry glo-ry to th'e-ter-nal King, The Lamb that once did die. When guardian an-gels  
 2. O! how can I in-ac-tive lie, And thought-less all the night. When those ce-les-tial spirits praise The Lord with all their might. Such joy-ful spi-rits

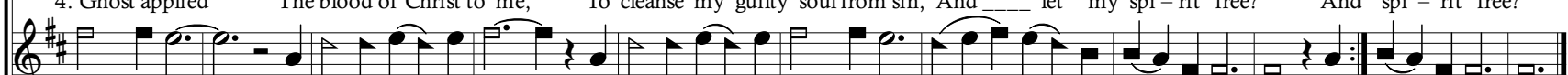
C.   
 3. For I, of all the race. that fell, Or all the heavenly host, Have greatest cause with humbler soul To love and praise him most. Did God the Fa-ther  
 4. Did Jesus leave the Father's breast, That heaven of heavens on high, To come to earth, this world of woe, For guil-ty worms to die. And has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

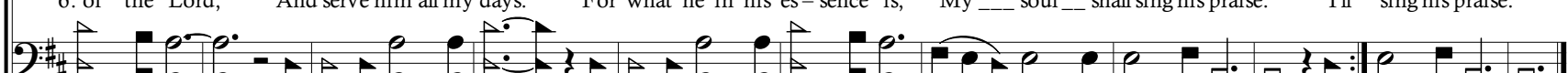
T.   
 5. With me, O heaven and earth, admire, Who am of all the race, The chiefest sin-ner, and deserve, In hell, the hot-test place. Yet mer-cy here and  
 6. No lon-ger then will I lie here. But rise and praise and pray; And join to sing while I en-joy A glimpse of heavenly day. I'll view the glo-ries

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 me. Thanks to the Fa-ther

Tr.   
 1. fill the room, And hovering round my bed, Do clap their wings, in love to him, Who \_\_\_ is \_\_\_ my glo-rious head. When glo-rious head.  
 2. ne-ver sleep Their love is ev-er new; Then, O my soul, no longer cease To \_\_\_ love \_\_\_ and praise him too. Such praise him too.

C.   
 3. love men so, As to give up his Son, To be a ran-som, and re-deem Them \_\_\_ from the sins they'd done. Did sins they'd done.  
 4. Ghost applied The blood of Christ to me, To cleanse my guilty soul from sin, And \_\_\_ let my spi-rit free? And spi-rit free?

T.   
 5. truth doth meet, And God can jus-ti-fy, Through Jesus Christ's most precious blood, So \_\_\_ vile \_\_\_ a wretch as I. Yet wretch as I.  
 6. of the Lord, And serve him all my days. For what he in his es-sence is, My \_\_\_ soul \_\_\_ shall sing his praise. I'll sing his praise.

B.   
 7. for his Son; To Christ for righteousness, And the Spi-rit, be-cause that he My \_\_\_ soul in it did dress. Thanks it did dress.