

Hebron

Isaac Watts / Anon: Arr. Graham Pratt

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolonged my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste;
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past
And gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.