

HYMNS

Now Rest beneath Night's Shadow

880



1 Now rest be - neath night's shad - ow The wood - land,  
2 The ra - diant sun has van - ished, Its gold - en  
3 Now all the heav'n - ly splen - dor Breaks forth in  
4 Lord Je - sus, since You love me, Now spread Your



field, and mead - ow; The world in slum - ber lies.  
rays are ban - ished From dark - 'ning skies of night;  
star - light ten - der From myr - iad worlds un - known;  
wings a - bove me And shield me from a - larm.



But you, my heart, a - wak - ing And prayer and mu - sic  
But Christ, the Sun of glad - ness, Dis - pel - ling all our  
And we, this mar - vel see - ing, For - get our self - ish  
Though Sa - tan would de - vour me, Let an - gel guards sing



mak - ing, Let praise to your Cre - a - tor rise.  
sad - ness, Shines down on us in warm - est light.  
be - ing For joy of beau - ty not our own.  
o'er me: This child of God shall meet no harm.

- 5 My loved ones, rest securely,  
For God this night will surely  
From peril guard your heads.  
Sweet slumbers may He send you  
And bid His hosts attend you  
And through the night watch o'er your beds.

# Jesus, Grant That Balm and Healing

421



1 Je - sus, grant that balm and heal - ing In Your ho - ly  
 2 Should some lust or sharp temp - ta - tion Fas - ci - nate my  
 3 If the world my heart en - tic - es With the broad and  
 4 Ev - 'ry wound that pains or grieves me By Your wounds, Lord,



wounds I find, Ev - 'ry hour that I am feel - ing Pains of  
 sin - ful mind, Draw me to Your cross and pas - sion, And new  
 eas - y road, With se - duc - tive, sin - ful vi - ces, Let me  
 is made whole; When I'm faint, Your cross re - vives me, Grant - ing



bod - y and of mind. Should some e - vil thought with - in  
 cour - age I shall find. Or should Sa - tan press me hard,  
 weigh the aw - ful load You were will - ing to en - dure.  
 new life to my soul. Yes, Your com - fort ren - ders sweet



Tempt my teach-'rous heart to sin, Show the per - il, and from  
 Let me then be on my guard, Say - ing, "Christ for me was  
 Help me flee all thoughts im - pure And to mas - ter each temp -  
 Ev - 'ry bit - ter cup I meet; For Your all - a - ton - ing



sin - ning Keep me from its first be - gin - ning.  
 wound - ed," That the tempt - er flee con - found - ed.  
 ta - tion, Calm in prayer and med - i - ta - tion.  
 pas - sion Has pro - cured my soul's sal - va - tion.

- 5 O my God, my rock and tower,  
 Grant that in Your death I trust,  
 Knowing death has lost its power  
 Since You crushed it in the dust.  
 Savior, let Your agony  
 Ever help and comfort me;  
 When I die be my protection,  
 Light and life and resurrection.

# Not All the Blood of Beasts

431



1 Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain  
2 But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;  
3 My faith would lay its hand On that dear head of Thine,  
4 My soul looks back to see The bur - den Thou didst bear  
5 Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move;



Could give the guilt - y con - science peace Or wash a - way the stain.  
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.  
While as a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.  
When hang - ing on the curs - ed tree; I know my guilt was there.  
We bless the Lamb with cheer - ful voice And sing His bleed - ing love.

*Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.*

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