

Dormant

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

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2. On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die;
O Israel's watchful shepherd, spread
Tents of angels round my bed.

3. Let not the spirits of the air
While I slumber, me ensnare;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.

4. Clouds and thick darkness is thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion;
O dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!

5. Thus when the morn, in crimson dressed,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise
Like incense or the morning sacrifice.