

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose:
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855