

1 Through the day Thy love hath 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 short day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last.