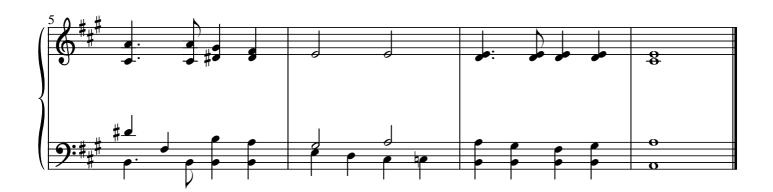
Now the day is over





Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose; With Thy tenderest blessing May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors tossing On the deep, blue sea. Comfort those who suffer, Watching late in pain; Those who plan some evil From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches May Thine angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure, and fresh, and sinless In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould

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