

Now the Day Is Over  
Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867.  
Joseph Barnby, 1868.

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

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds, and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

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.

Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
While all ages run.