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This day, may I securely pass,
Protected by Almighty power,
Nor sin, or sorrow, find a place,
Nor evil edicts meet my door.
MORNING HYMN.
Then be the guardian of my sleep,
This day my all-sufficient guide,
And aid me right my heart to keep,
Howe'er its ramparts or its tide.

The joyful or afflicting scene
Goodness,
So
The
AGAIN I wake, Almighty Lord,
Collect my thoughts, and call on thee;
Who hast my thinking powers restor'd,
And in thy mercy guarded me.

To thought and action I revive,
And leave, with strength renew'd, my bed;
From that defenceless state I live,
Which was the image of the dead.

Distant from me was every harm,
When I had been an easy prey;
But Lord, 'twas thine Almighty arm
Kept death and danger far away.

This day, may I securely pass,
 Protected by Almighty power ;
 Nor sin, or sorrow, find a place,
 Nor evil tidings meet my door.

Then be the guardian of my sleep,
 This day my all-sufficient guide,
 And aid me right my heart to keep,
 Howe'er its tempted or is tried.

The joyful or afflicting scene,
 Goodness or wisdom shall prepare ;
 So may my thoughts by thee be seen,
 That blameless I may either share.