

## A CHILD'S HYMN

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
Ere I lay me down to sleep;  
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,  
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them, every one;  
Down before Thy cross I cast them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril  
Underneath its boundless shade;  
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,  
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought;  
None shall bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,  
Give me strength for days to come;  
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing  
Till Thy angels bid me home.

-- Charles Dickens

