Go To Thy Rest, Fair Child

1. Go to thy rest, fair child, Go to thy dream-less bed, While yet so gentle, unde-filed, With blessings on thy head.
2. Before thy heart had learn’d In way-ward-ness to stray; Before thy feet had ever turned The dark and down-ward way;
3. Ere sin had seared the breast, Or sorrow woke the tear; To thy home of change-less rest In yon ce-les-ti-al
gentle angel, seek thy place Amid the cher-ub train.
4. Because thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright; Because thy love-ing cra-dle-care Was such a dear de-light;
5. Shall love, with weak em-brace, Thy up-ward wing de-tain? No! Shall love, with weak em-brace, Thy up-ward wing de-tain? No!

Words by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney
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