Go To Thy Rest, Fair Child

BURBER

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; Be-fore thy feet had ever turned The dark and down-ward way;

3. Ere sin had seared the breast, Or sorrow woke the tear; Rise to thy home of change-less rest In yon ce-les-ti-al

4. Because thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright; Be-cause thy lov-ing cra-dle-care Was such a dear de-light,

5. Shall love, with weak em-brace, Thy up-ward wing de-tain? No! gen-tle an-gel, seek thy place A-mid the cher-ub train.

Words by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney
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