And now another day is gone

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise,
my comforts every hour make known,
his providence and grace.

I lay my body down to sleep;
may angels guard my head,
and through the hours of darkness keep
their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
since thou wilt not remove;
and in the morning let me rise
rejoicing in thy love.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1715
Music: Twyford
Meter: CM