

Bedtime

It's bedtime, and we lock the door,
Put out the lights- the day is o'er;
All that can come of good or ill,
The record of this day to fill,
Is written down; the worries cease,
And old and young may rest in peace.

We knew not when we started out
What dangers hedged us all about,
What little pleasures we should gain,
What should be ours to bear of pain.
But now the fires are burning low,
And this day's history we know.

No harm has come. The laughter here
Has been unbroken by a tear;
We've met no hurt too great to bear,
We have not had to bow to care;
The children all are safe in bed,
There's nothing now for us to dread.

When bedtime comes and we can say
That we have safely lived the day.
How sweet the calm that settles down
And shuts away the noisy town!
There is no danger now to fear
Until to-morrow shall appear.

When the long bedtime comes, and I
In sleep eternal come to lie-
When life has nothing more in store,
And silently I close the door,
God grant my weary soul may claim
Security from hurt and shame.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)