Wearied by Day with Toils and Cares

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Wea- ried by day with toils and cares, How

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
welcome is the peaceful night! Sweet

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
sleep our wasted strength repairs, And

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
fits us for re- turning light.

The other verses

2 Yet when our eyes in sleep are closed,
Our rest may break ere well begun;
To dangers every hour exposed
We neither can foresee nor shun.

3 'Tis of the Lord that we can sleep
A single night without alarms;
His eye alone our lives can keep
Secure, amidst a thousand harms.

4 For months and years of safety past,
Ungrateful, we, alas! have been;
Though patient long, he spoke at last,
And bid the fire rebuke our sin.

5 The shout of fire! a dreadful cry,
Impressed each heart with deep dismay;
While the fierce blaze and red'ning sky,
Made midnight wear the face of day.

6 The throng and terror who can speak!
The various sounds that filled the air!
The infant's wail, the mother's shriek,
The voice of blasphemy and prayer!

7 But prayer prevailed, and saved the town;
The few, who loved the Savior's name,
Were heard, and mercy hasted down
To change the wind, and stop the flame.

8 O, may that night be ne'er forgot!
Lord, still increase thy praying few!
Were Olney left without a Lot,
Ruin, like Sodom's, would ensue.

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