




When nighttime comes
and no more light,
you get in bed;
we say *good night*.



But when it's dark,
and I can't see—
Why do you say
good night to me?




The Lord made day.
The Lord made night.
So even dark
is good and right.



But I'm so scared
when you're away.
Can night be good
just like you say?





Lord, you made night,
and you can see.
You're the Shepherd
who cares for me.