

# At Even, When the Sun Was Set

1. At e - ven, when the sun is set,  
 2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we,  
 3. O Sav - ior Christ, our woes dis - pel;  
 4. And none, O Lord, have per - fect rest,  
 5. O Sav - ior Christ, Thou too art man;  
 6. Thy touch has still its an - cient pow'r;

The sick, O lord, a - round Thee lay;  
 Op - pressed with var - ious ills, draw near;  
 For some are sick and some are sad,  
 For none are whol - ly free from sin;  
 Thou hast been trou - bled, tempt - ed, tried;  
 No word from Thee can fruit - less fall:

O in what di - vers pains they met!  
 What if Thy form we can - not see,  
 And some have nev - er loved thee well,  
 And they who fain would serve Thee best  
 Thy kind but search - ing glance can scan  
 Hear, in this sol - emn eve - ning hour,

O with what joy they went a - way!  
 We know and feel that Thou art here.  
 And some have lost the love they had.  
 Are con - scious most of that wrong with - in.  
 The ver - y wounds that shame would hide.  
 And in Thy mer - cy heal us all

Words: Henry Twells  
 Music: Timothy B. Mason