It Is The Gentle Evening Hour

FOLEN L. M.

1. It is the gentle evening hour, And see, the shades are length'ning fast;
   My spirit feels its soft'ning pow'r, And troubles, with the day, have pass'd.

2. In quiet beauty, fix'd re-pose, The hills, like guardians of the land,
   Catch last the sun-beam as it glows, And bright in tranquil grandeur stand.

3. All, all is beauty, love, and peace; Mysterious longings heave and swell
   Within my soul, and shall not cease Till glory there alike shall dwell.

Words: Elisa Lee Follen
Music: Jay Deavereaux

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