The Day Is Gently Sinking to a Close

1. The day is gently sinking to a close,
   Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows.
   O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
   Eternal Light of Light, be with us now.

2. Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
   Onward to darkness and to death we tend.
   O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
   Be Thou our light in death's dark evening tide;

3. Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
   Up on the waves, and Thy disciples cheer.
   Come, Lord, in some days, when storms as sail,
   And earthly hopes and human succors fail.

4. The weary world is molding to decay,
   Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
   In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
   May we arise awakened by Thy call.
The Day Is Gently Sinking to a Close

Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide

Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
And hear Thy voice: "Fear not, for it is I."
In that blest day which has no e'en tide. Amen.