The Day Is Gently Sinking To A Close

AYLSWORTH P. M.

Allegro, ma non troppo.

1. The day is gently sinking to a close Faint-er and yet more faint the sunlight glows: O brightness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, dark-ness and to death we tend: O Conq'-ror of the grave be Thou our waves, and Thy dis-ci-plies cheer, Come, Lord, in lone-some days when storms as-wane, its pag-eants fade a-way; In that last sun-set, when the stars shall

2. Our change-ful lives are ebb-ing to an end, On-ward to Thou E-ter-nal light of light, be with us now: Where Thou art pre-sent guide, Be Thou our light in death's dark e-ven-tide: Then in our mor-tal sail, And earth-ly homes and hu-man suc-cors fail: When all is dark may fall, May we a-rise a-wak-en'd by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for-

3. Thou, who in dark-ness walk-ing didst ap-pear Up-on the dark-ness can-not be: Mid-night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no ter-ror in the tomb. we be-hold Thee nigh And hear Thy voice- "Fear not, for it is I." ev-er to a-bide in that blest day which has no e-ven-tide.

4. The wea-ry world is mould-tring to de-cay, Its glo-ries