The Day Is Gently Sinking to a Close

Words: Christopher Wordsworth
Music: Henry Smart

1. The day is gently sinking to a close,
   Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows.
2. Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
   Onward to darkness and to death we tend.
3. Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
   Up on the waves, and Thy disciples cheer.
4. The weary world is molding to decay,
   Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;

O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Come, Lord, in some days, when storms assail,
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,

Eternal Light of Light, be with us now.
Be Thou our light in death's dark evening tide;
And earthly hopes and human succors fail.
May we arise awakened by Thy call.
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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.