The Day Is Gently Sinking To A Close

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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 Father's glory,
   Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear Up-on the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
   Come, Lord, in lone-some days when storms as-wane, its page-ants fade a-way;
   In that last sunset, when the stars shall wane;

2. Our change-ful lives are ebbing to an end, On-ward to dark-ness and to death we tend: O Conq'ror of the grave be Thou our sail, And earth-ly homes and hu-man suc-cors fail:
   When all is dark may fall, May we arise awaken'd by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for-
   Be Thou our light in death's dark e-ven-tide; Then in our mor-tal night, be with us now: Where Thou art pres-sent guide, Be Thou our light in death's dark e-ven-tide;
   Then in our mor-tal light of light, be with us now: Where Thou art pre-sent

3. Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear Up-on the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
   Come, Lord, in lone-some days when storms as-wane, its page-ants fade a-way;
   In that last sunset, when the stars shall wane;

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

Words: Christopher Wordsworth
Music: Caryl Florio

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