

Hymn Lyrics

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Evensong is hushed in silence

Evensong is hushed in silence,
and the hour of rest is nigh:
strengthen us for work tomorrow,
Son of Mary, God most high.
Thou who in the village workshop,
fashioning the yoke and plow,
didst eat bread by daily labor,
succor them that labor now.

Refrain.

*Treading the path of lifelong toil,
and weary of pain and sin,
we look for the city with streets of gold,
where all is peace within.*

How are we to reach that city,
whose delights no tongue may tell?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
by a life of doing well:
sinful men and sinful women,
he will wash our sins away;
he will take us to the sheepfold,
whence no sheep can ever stray.

There the dear ones who have left us
we shall some day meet again;
there will be no bitter partings,
no more sorrow, death or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
and the hour of rest is nigh:
lighten thou our darkness, Jesus,
Son of Mary, God most high.

D Refrain