

As Shadows Lengthen

Richard Adams, 2009.

William Monk, 1861.

As shadows lengthen and the night grows cold,
Not seeing how life's pages will unfold,
Give us Your peace as, yielding to Your will,
We trust the Author loves and keeps us still.

One thing we pray, when evening round us falls,
Show us the place on memory's darkened walls,
As dimming eye and failing flesh grow weak,
Show us where pictures of Your love still speak,

That we may tell to generations new,
Tell of a faithfulness forever true,
Tell of a power that keeps us to the end,
Tell of our God, protector, guide and friend.

Then, when our task is done and comes the wing
Of death's bright angel, teach us how to sing,
With soaring confidence to mount on high,
Flying to golden streets beyond the sky.