

As Twilight Softly Falls

Emma Hewitt, 1902.

William Kirkpatrick.

Dear Lord, as twilight softly falls,
And nature sinks to rest,
Let now Thy blessed peace descend
And soothe the troubled breast;
As gently fades the light of day,
And shades of night appear,
Our longing hearts to Thee we bring,
O heav'nly Father, hear!

Forgive the word, the thought unjust,
The kindly deed undone;
O, may for us a better day
Rise with the morrow's sun!
Lend us the strength we sorely need,
Be Thou our steadfast guide,
And may we now and evermore,
Cling closely to Thy side.

Lord, when our earthly race is run,
O, may we by Thy grace,
Hear from Thy lips the words "Well done,"
And see Thee face to face.
In Thy blest presence, there shall come
No lingering shades of night;
We hail afar the welcome ray,
The day of glory bright.