

Evensong Is Hushed in Silence  
John Purchas, 1866.  
Viscountess Hawarden.

Evensong is hushed in silence,  
And the hour of rest is nigh;  
Strengthen us for work tomorrow,  
Jesus, Son of God most high!  
Thou who in the village workshop,  
Fashioning the yoke and plough,  
Didst eat bread of daily labor,  
Succor them that labor now.

Refrain

We are weary of life-long toil,  
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin;  
But there is a City with streets of gold,  
And 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

Refrain

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,  
Savior, Son of God most high!

Refrain