

Softly Sighs the Breath of Evening

Author unknown.

Carl von Weber.

Softly sighs the breath of evening,  
Stealing through the shadowy grove,  
While the stars, in heaven shining,  
Keep their silent watch above.

Heav'nly Father, while we're sleeping,  
Send Thy guardian angels bright,  
Faithful watch above us keeping,  
To protect us through the night.

When the morning, gently breaking,  
Tints the sky with golden rays,  
May Thy loving children, waking,  
Sing their heav'nly Father's praise.