

The Day, O Lord, Is Spent

John Neale, 1842.

Joseph Barnby, 1869.

The day, O Lord, is spent;  
Abide with us, and rest;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making Thee our Guest.

We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now;  
Our day is almost o'er;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
Shine on us evermore.

From men below the skies,  
And all the heavenly host,  
To God the Father praise arise,  
The Son, and Holy Ghost.