

**How Sweet the Hour of Closing Day**  
Words: William Bathurst (1796-1877).  
Music: Albert Peace, 1885.

How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,  
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest,  
When faith, endued from Heav'n with power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek;  
They tell us of his glory nigh,  
In language that no tongue can speak.

A beam from Heav'n is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.

Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?