

Savior, when night involves the skies

Savior, when night involves the skies,
my soul, adoring, turns to thee;
thee, self abased in mortal guise,
and wrapped in shades of death for me.

On thee my waking raptures dwell,
when crimson gleams the east adorn,
thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
to thee my soul triumphant springs;
thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
to death and thee my thoughts I give;
to death, whose power I soon shall feel,
to Thee, with whom I trust to live.

Words: Thomas Gisborne, 1805

Music: Hesperus

Meter: LM