

As Now the Sun's Declining Rays

Charles Coffin, 1736.

Irish melody.

As now the sun's declining rays

At eventide descend,

So life's brief day is sinking down

To its appointed end.

Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched,

To draw Thy people nigh;

O grant us then that cross to love,

And in those arms to die.

All glory to the Father be,

All glory to the Son,

All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,

While endless ages run.