

Slowly Sinks the Setting Sun
William Lacy, 1891.

Slowly sinks the setting sun,
Now the work of day is done;
Lord, we come a thankful throng,
Raise to Thee our evening song.

For Thy tender care bestowed,
For Thy pardoning blood which flowed;
For Thy love that crowns our days,
Lord, accept our grateful praise.

And when sets life's weary sun,
When the toil of earth is done,
To Thy home of perfect rest,
Lord, receive us, ever blest.

For the robe, the palm, the blood,
May we always praise our God,
And with all the ransomed throng,
Swell high Heaven's triumphant song.