

Stars of Evening, Softly Gleaming  
Mary Whiting, 1902.  
Francis Lloyd.

Stars of evening, softly gleaming  
In the fading west,  
With your heavenly light is streaming  
Hope to hearts oppressed!  
Toil is over, cease from sorrow,  
Till tomorrow  
Sleep and rest!

Hark! the evening bells are bringing  
Hope of glad release,  
Welcome strains their chimes are ringing:  
"Labor now shall cease;  
Thou the day be long and dreary,  
To the weary  
Cometh peace!"

Heavenly Father! watch beside us  
Till the dawn of light,  
And whatever may betide us,  
Guard us by thy might!  
Trusting in thy gracious keeping,  
Calmly sleeping  
Through the night.

So when death's dark clouds fall slowly  
Over land and sea,  
May thy light, serene and holy,  
On our pathway be;  
Leading us to joy transcending  
In unending