

The Shadows of the Evening Hours

Adelaide Procter, 1862.

Henry Hiles, 1867.

The shadows of the evening hours fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers the dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n, we kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high, and hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not now despise,
But let the incense of our prayers before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory, chase the shadows from our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade, so fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy, that one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one, within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven, and trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, now our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil; calm and subdue our woes.
Through the long day we labor, Lord, O give us now repose.