

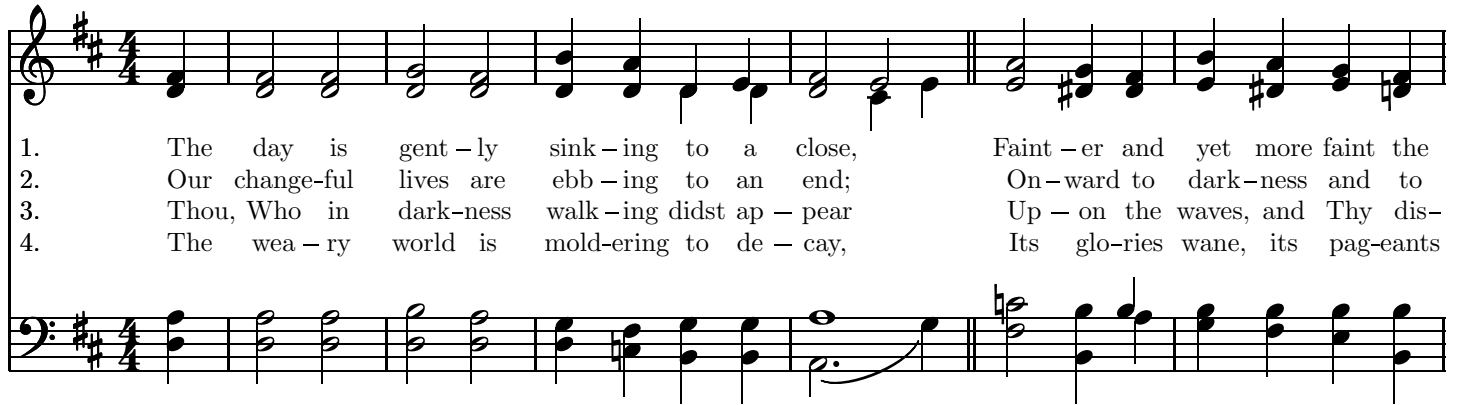
St. Peter of the Fields Parish

The Day Is Gently Sinking to a Close

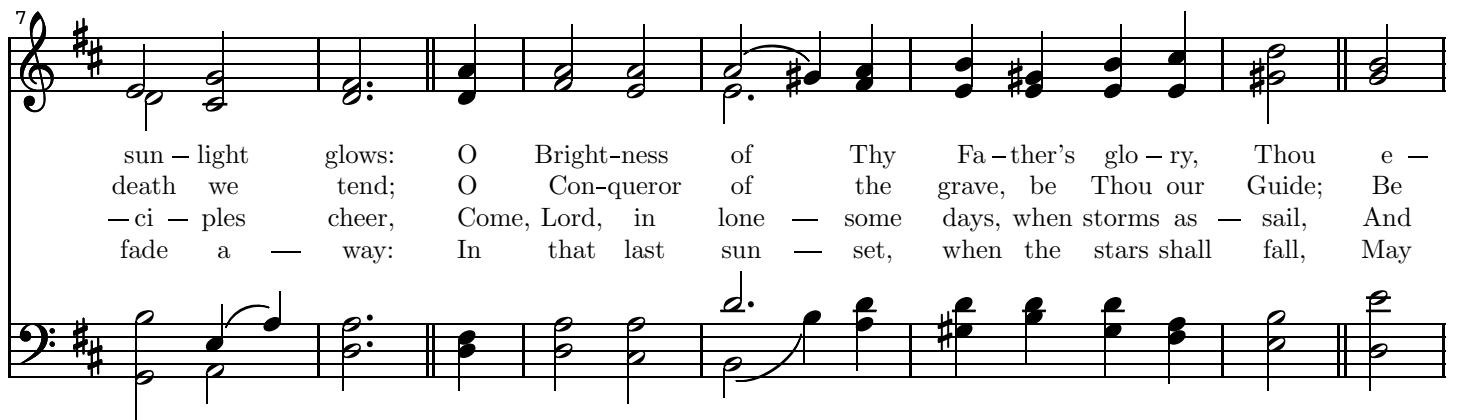
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Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

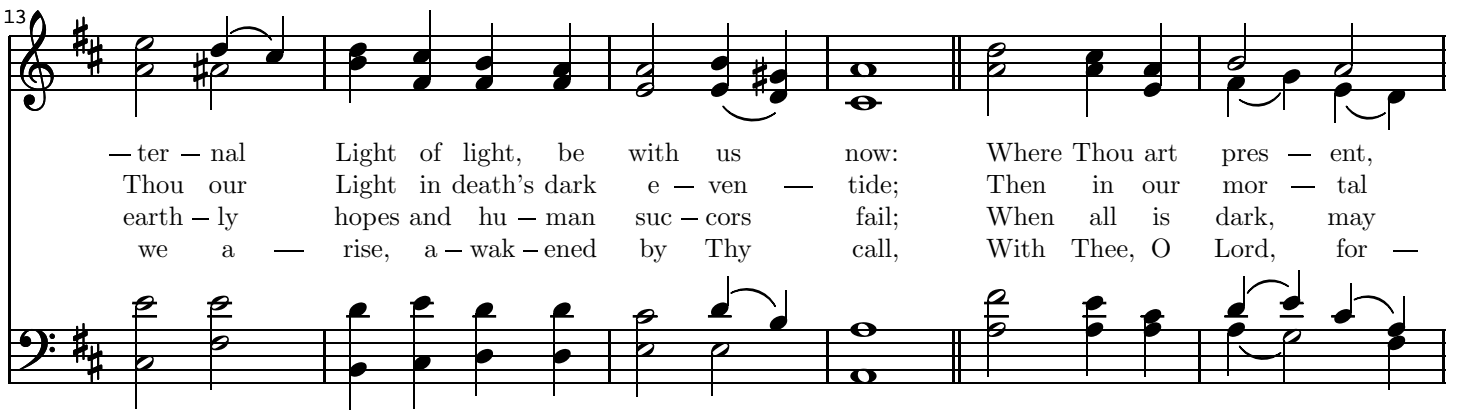
Henry Smart, 1872



1. The day is gently sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the
 2. Our change-ful lives are ebb-ing to an end; On-ward to dark-ness and to
 3. Thou, Who in dark-ness walk-ing didst ap-pear Up-on the waves, and Thy dis-
 4. The wea-ry world is mold-ering to de-cay, Its glo-ries wane, its pag-eants

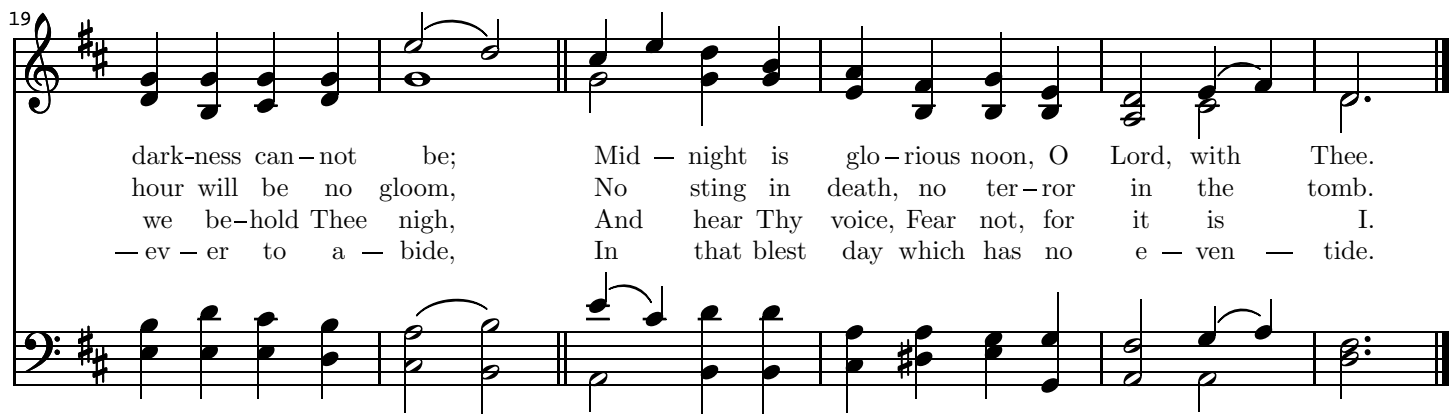


7
 sun-light glows: O Bright-ness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, Thou e-
 death we tend; O Con-queror of the grave, be Thou our Guide; Be
 -ci-ples cheer, Come, Lord, in lone-some days, when storms as-sail, And
 fade a-way: In that last sun-set, when the stars shall fall, May



13
 -ter-nal Light of light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres-ent,
 Thou our Light in death's dark e-ven-tide; Then in our mor-tal
 earth-ly hopes and hu-man suc-cors fail; When all is dark, may
 we a-rise, a-wak-ened by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for -

19



dark-ness can-not be; Mid - night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no ter-ror in the tomb.
we be-hold Thee nigh, And hear Thy voice, Fear not, for it is I.
- ev - er to a - bide, In that blest day which has no e - ven - tide.