

Christopher Wordsworth
(1807-85)

The day is gently sinking to a close

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Smooth 10 10. 10 10. 10 10

Slower.

1 The day is gently sinking to a close:
Fainter, and yet more faint the sunlight grows.
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking, didst appear
Upon the waves and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.