AN EVENING PRAYER

Twilight falls. The day is ended;
Calm the sun's revealing light;
Lines of earth and sky are blended
In a gloom o'er all demanded.
Softly, gently comes the night.

Hear my prayer, O Thou who knowest
Thoughts and yearnings unexpressed —
Be the gift which Thou bestowest,
Be the mercy which Thou showest —
I am weary; let me rest.

Let me rest from toil and striving;
From the cares that seem the day;
From all scheming and sowing,
Labor, effort or contriving;
Grant me peace from these, I pray.

To forget both joy and sorrow,
From both pain and pleasure free,
Let me dream of that tomorrow,
That sweet yet bright tomorrow
Which shall ever placid be.

Grant me strength, O Kindly Power,
Over earthly joy and hate
As life's evening shadows lower;
And when Thou shalt choose the hour,
Send us, tranquil, to my fate.