

AN EVENING PRAYER

Twilight falls. The day is ended;  
Gone the sun's revealing light.  
Lines of earth and sky are blended  
In a gloom e'er all descended.  
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 seam the day;  
From all scheming and conniving,  
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 serene yet bright tomorrow  
Which shall ever placid be.

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