

The Day Is Gently Sinking To A Close

AYLSWORTH P. M.

Allegro, ma non troppo.

p *mp*

1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close Faint - er and
2. Our change - ful lives are ebb - ing to an end, On - ward to
3. Thou, who in dark - ness walk - ing didst ap - pear Up - on the
4. The wea - ry world is mould - 'ring to de - cay, Its glo - ries

mp

yet more faint the sun - light glows: O bright - ness of Thy Fa - ther's glo - ry,
dark - ness and to death we tend: O Conq - 'ror of the grave be Thou our
waves, and Thy dis - ci - ples cheer, Come, Lord, in lone - some days when storms as -
wane, its pag - eants fade a - way; In that last sun - set, when the stars shall

mp

Thou E - ter - nal light of light, be with us now: Where Thou art pre - sent
guide, Be Thou our light in death's dark e - ven - tide; Then in our mor - tal
sail, And earth - ly homes and hu - man suc - cors fail: When all is dark may
fall, May we a - rise a - wak - en'd by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for -

cresc... *f* *dim...*

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.