At Even, Ere The Sun Was Set

ANGELUS

1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
2. Once more 'tis even-tide, and we Op-press'd with var-i-ous ills draw near;
3. Oh, Sav-i-or Christ, Thou too art Man, Thou hast been trou-bled, tempt-ed, tried;
4. Thy touch has still its an-cient pow'r; No word from Thee can fruit-less fall;

Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way!
What if Thy form we can-not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
Thy kind, but search-ing glance can scan The ver-y wounds that shame would hide.
Hear, in this sol-emn eve-ning hour, And in Thy mer-cy heal us all.