Hail, Tranquil Hour Of Closing Day

1. Hail, tranquil hour of closing day! Be-gone, dis-turb-ing care!
2. How sweet the tear of pen-i-tence, Be-fore His throne of grace,
3. How sweet, thru long re-mem-bered years, His mer-cies to re-call,
4. How sweet to look, in thought-ful hope, Be-yond this fad-ing sky,
5. Calm-ly the day for-sakes our heav'n To dawn be-yond the west;

And look, my soul, from earth a-way To Him who hear-eth prayer.
While to the con-trite spir-it's sense, He shows His smil-ing face.
And pressed by wants, and griefs, and fears, To trust His love for all.
And hear Him call His chil-dren up To His fair home on high.
So let my soul in life's last ev'n, Re-tire to glo-rious rest.

Words: L. Bacon
Music: William V. Wallace, 1856