Silently The Shades Of Evening

STOCKWELL

1. Silently the shades of evening
   Gather round my lowly door;
2. Of the lost, the unforgotten
   Tho' the world be oft forgot!
3. Living in the silent hours,
   Where our spirits only blend—
4. How such holy memories cluster,
   Like the stars when storms are past;

Silently they bring before me
   Faces I shall see no more.
O the shrouded and the lonely!
   In our hearts they perish not.
They, unlinked with earthly trouble;
   We, still hoping for its end.
Pointing up to that far heaven
   We may hope to gain at last.

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Music by D. E. Jones

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