Hail, Tranquil Hour Of Closing Day

SERENITY C. M.

1. Hail, tranquil hour of closing day! Be gone, disturbing care!
2. How sweet the tear of penitence, Before His throne of grace,
3. How sweet, thru long remembered years, His mercies to recall,
4. How sweet to look, in thought ful hope, Beyond this fading sky,
5. Calmly the day forsakes our heav’n To dawn beyond the west;

And look, my soul, from earth away To Him who heareth prayer.
While to the contrite spirit’s sense, He shows His smiling face.
And pressed by wants, and griefs, and fears, To trust His love for all.
And hear Him call His children up To His fair home on high.
So let my soul in life’s last ev’n, Retire to glorious rest.

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