

When the twilight gathers fast (II)

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

77. 77. 77. 67

1. When the twilight gathers fast,
With a quiet still and deep,
When the busy day has passed,
And the weary "falls on sleep."
When the lifelong toil is o'er,
At the setting of the sun,
Comes joy for evermore,
With the Master's word, "Well done."

2. 'Mid the tread of many feet,
'Mid the hurry and the throng,
In the burden and the heat,
Have the working hours seemed long?
Softly the shadow falls,
And the pilgrim's race is run;
While through celestial halls,
Resounds the glad, "Well done."

3. Well worth the daily cross;
Well worth the earnest toil;
Well worth reproach and loss,
The fight on stranger soil!
Let us lift our hearts and pray,
And take our journey on;
Work while 'tis called today,
With the thought of that, "Well done."