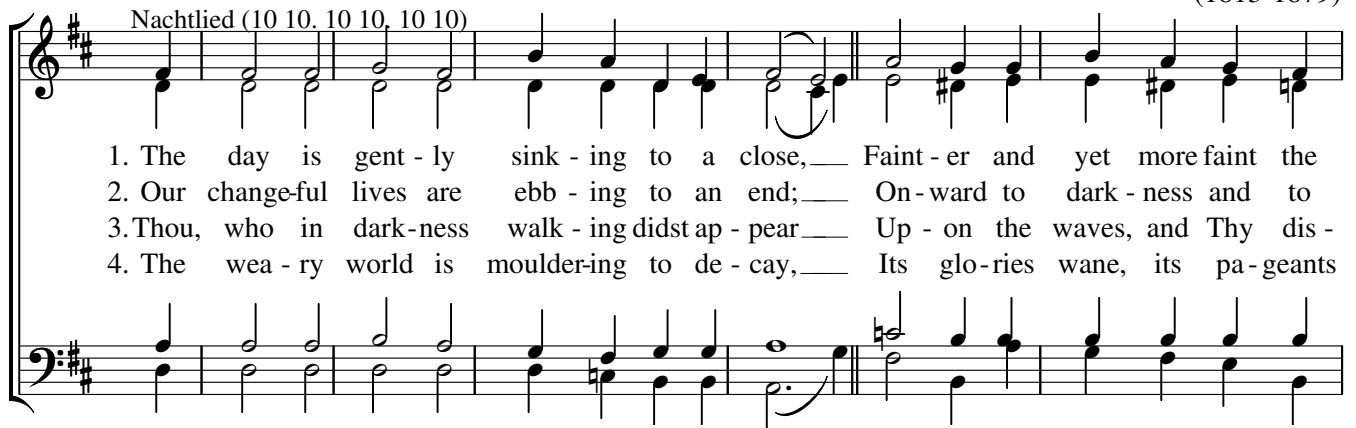


Christopher Wordsworth
(1807-85)

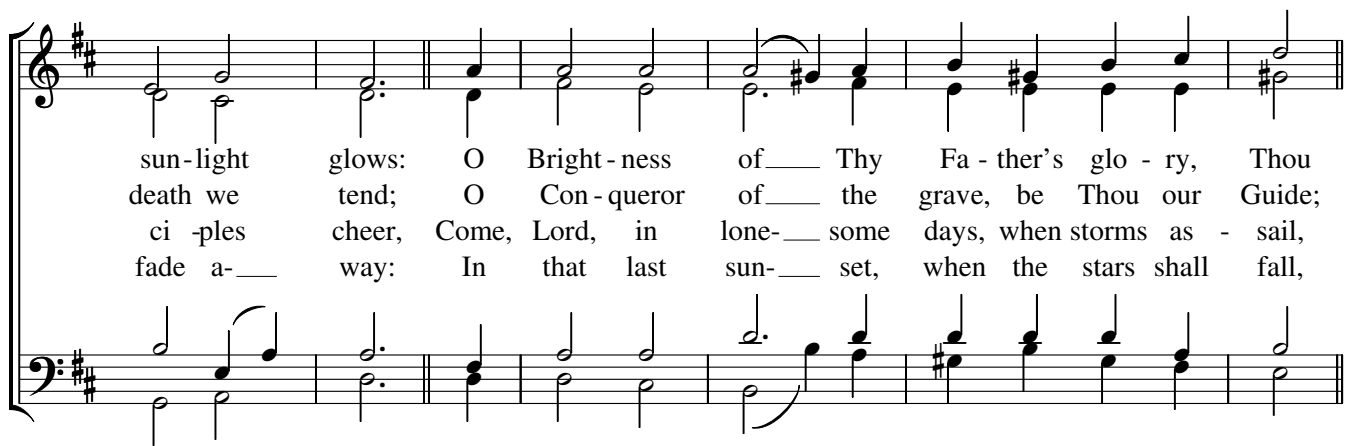
The day is gently sinking

Henry Smart
(1813-1879)

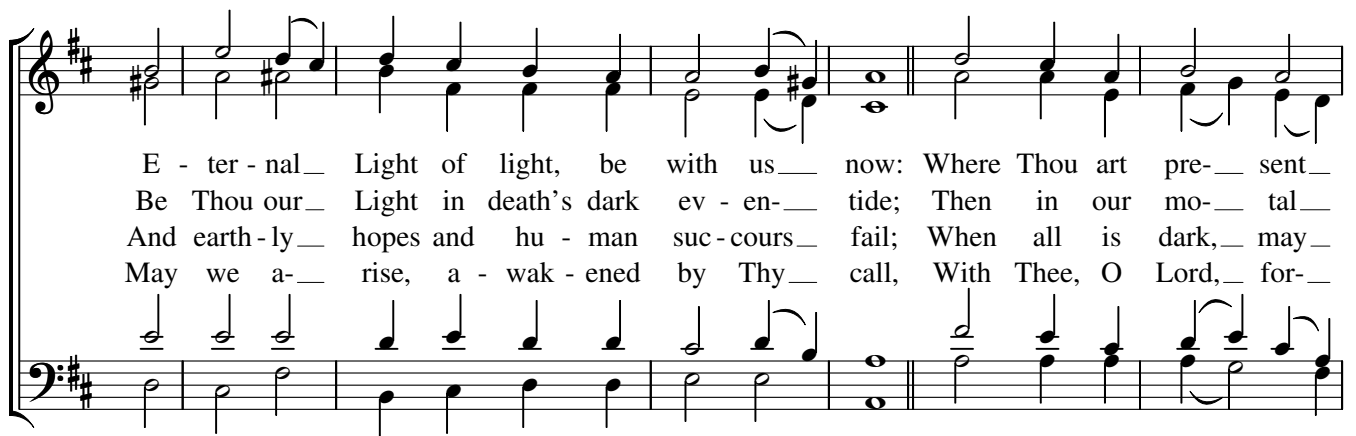
Nachtlied (10 10. 10 10, 10 10)



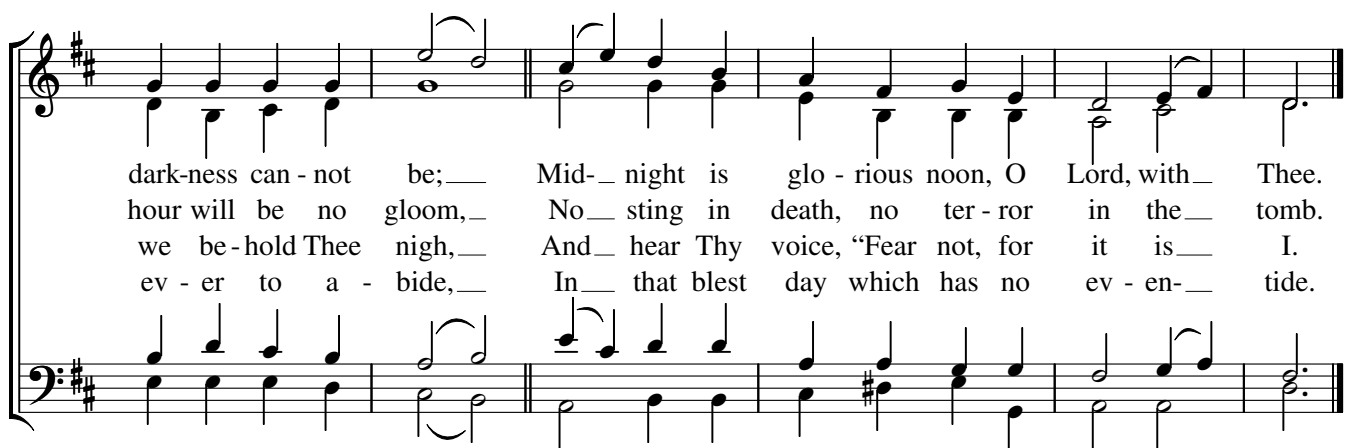
1. The day is gently sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the
2. Our change - ful lives are ebb - ing to an end; On - ward to dark - ness and to
3. Thou, who in dark - ness walk - ing didst ap - pear Up - on the waves, and Thy dis -
4. The wea - ry world is moulder - ing to de - cay, Its glo - ries wane, its pa - geants



sun - light glows: O Bright - ness of Thy Fa - ther's glo - ry, Thou
death we tend; O Con - queror of the grave, be Thou our Guide;
ci - ples cheer, Come, Lord, in lone - some days, when storms as - sail,
fade a - way: In that last sun - set, when the stars shall fall,



E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now: Where Thou art pre - sent
Be Thou our Light in death's dark ev - en - tide; Then in our mo - tal
And earth - ly hopes and hu - man suc - cours fail; When all is dark, may
May we a - rise, a - wak - ened by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for -



dark - ness can - not be; Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no ter - ror in the tomb.
we be - hold Thee nigh, And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I.
ev - er to a - bide, In that blest day which has no ev - en - tide.