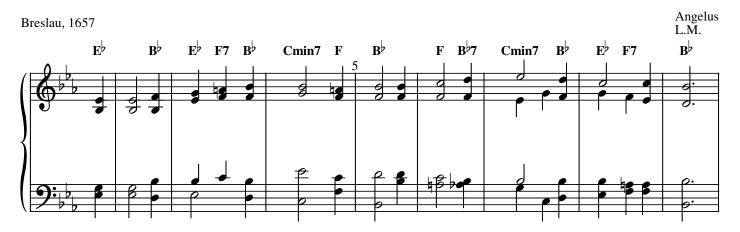
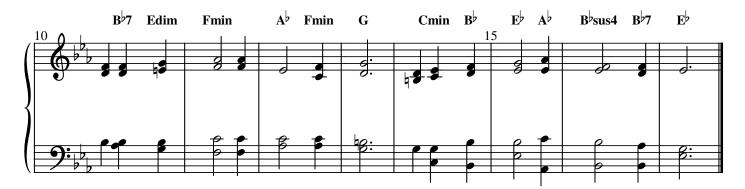
At Even, When the Sun was Set





At even, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay; O, with how many pains they met! O, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Oppressed with various ills, draw near; What if Thyself we cannot see? We know that Thou art ever near.

O Savior Christ, our woes dispel; For some are sick, and some are sad; And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin; And they who fain would serve Thee best Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Savior Christ, Thou too art man; Thou has been troubled, tempted, tried; Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power. No word from Thee can fruitless fall; Hear, in this solemn evening hour, And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells

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