

At Even, When the Sun was Set

Breslau, 1657

Angelus
L.M.

Chords: Eb Bb Eb F7 Bb Cmin7 F Bb F Bb7 Cmin7 Bb Eb F7 Bb

Chords: Bb7 Edim Fmin Ab Fmin G Cmin Bb Eb Ab Bbsus4 Bb7 Eb

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