

George Washington Doane
(1799-1859)

Softly now the light of day

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Slow Dulce (77. 77)

p

cresc. *dim.* *rit.*

1 Softly now the light of day
fades upon my sight away;
free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
naught escapes, without, within,
pardon each infirmity,
open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
shall for ever pass away;
then, from sin and sorrow free,
take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
all of man's infirmity;
then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.