

1 Before the day draws near its ending, And evening steals o'er earth and sky, Once more to Thee our hymns ascending Shall speak Thy praises, Lord Most High.

2 O Light all clear, O Truth most holy, O boundless Mercy pardoning all, Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly, With one last prayer Thy children fall.

3 When we no more on earth adore Thee, And others worship here in turn, O may we sing that song before Thee, Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.