

't Is Eventide

An evening prayer

't Is eventide, with shadows long,
the day is nearly gone.
In gratefulness I raise my song,
with darkness coming on,
for being with me through this day,
my Guide in work, in play.
You are my Friend, I can depend,
that evil You'll prevent.

And as the darkness deepens, Lord,
please be my favoured guest,
I will be safe with You aboard,
when I lay down and rest.
You are the Guardian of my soul,
when under Your control,
I know I'll have a restful sleep,
because I'm in Your keep.

Prepare me then for a new day,
when I may serve again,
the God Who is my hope and stay,
Creator of all men.
Oh may I be Your witness, Lord,
the offer You accord
of grace and mercy, joy and peace,
to all who seek release.

For in Your mercy You have sent
Your only Son to earth,
eternal suffering to prevent,
You grant a second birth.
Now may I share, with words afire,
the God I so admire.
Alight in me Your Spirit flame,
to glorify Your name.

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