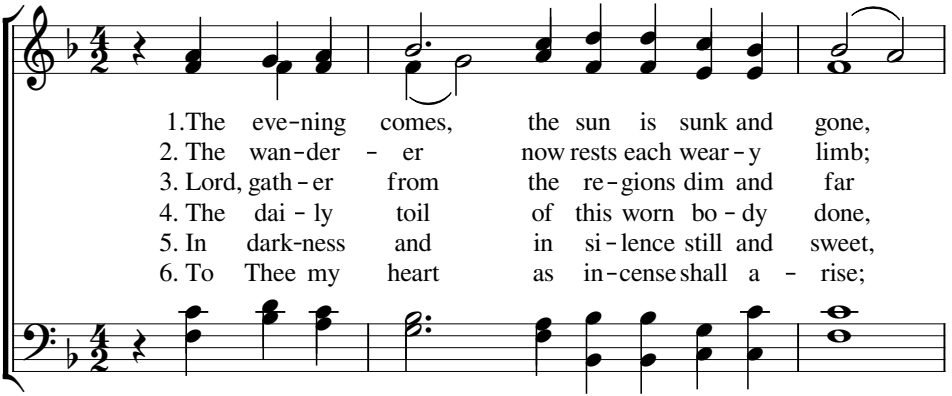


The Evening Comes

Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769)
tr. E. Frances Bevan (1827-1909),
Hymns of Ter Steegen, Suso, and Others, 1894

"Mülheim" 10.10.10.10

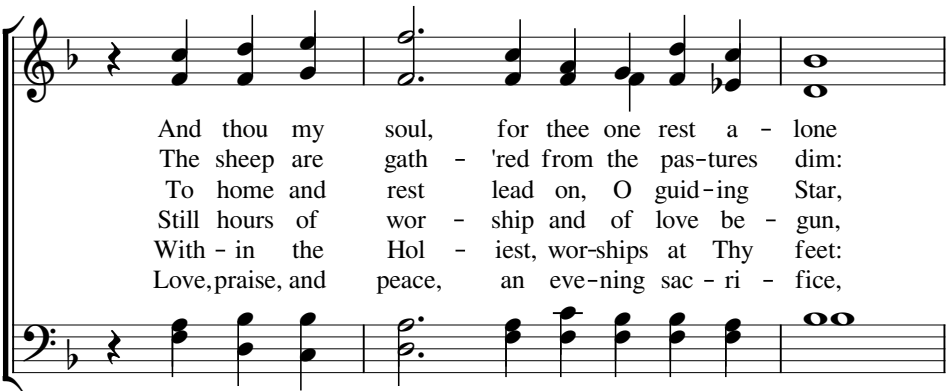
G.C.F., 2021



1. The eve-ning comes, the sun is sunk and gone,
2. The wan-der - er now rests each wear - y limb;
3. Lord, gath - er from the re - gions dim and far
4. The dai - ly toil of this worn bo - dy done,
5. In dark-ness and in si - lence still and sweet,
6. To Thee my heart as in - cense shall a - rise;



And all things lie in still-ness and in rest.
Birds to their nests re - turn from heath and hill;
De - sires and thoughts that wan-dered far from Thee;
The spir - it for un - tir - ing work is strong;
With bles - sed awe my spi - rit feels Thee near.
Con-sum'd u - pon Thine al - tar all my will.



And thou my soul, for thee one rest a - lone
The sheep are gath - 'red from the pas - tures dim:
To home and rest lead on, O guid - ing Star,
Still hours of wor - ship and of love be - gun,
With - in the Hol - iest, wor - ships at Thy feet:
Love, praise, and peace, an eve - ning sac - ri - fice,

