

Henry Twells

Georg Joseph

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O
 2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we, Op - pressed with
 3. O Sav - iour Christ, our woes dis - pel; For some are
 4. And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the
 5. O Sav - iour Christ, Thou too art man; Thou has been

Lord, a - round Thee lay; O, with how man - y
 var - ious ills, draw near; What if Thy - self we
 sick, and some are sad; And some have nev - er
 world they break not free; And some have friends who
 trou - bled, tempt - ed, tried; Thy kind but search - ing

pains they met! O, with what joy they went a - way!
 can - not see? We know that Thou art ev - er near.
 loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
 give them pain, Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
 glance can scan The ver - y wounds that shame would hide.

6. 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.