

METRE 4

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN 8s & 7s

1. Fa - ther! now the day is pass-ing, Fades the glow-ing light a - way; Eve-ning gray o'er earth is fall - ing, Fit - ting hour for me to pray.

2. God! I thank thee for the morning! How its freshness fill'd my frame; Na - ture all hath felt the bless - ing, All with me doth praise thy name.

3. Swift - ly sped a - way the morning, Melt - ing in - to yel - low noon; Hours of thought and earn - est pur - pose, Yet for ac - tion fled too soon.

4. Now a - round his wea - ry children, Night's dark cur - tain God en - folds; He who marks the fall - ing spar - row, Eve - ry sleep - ing frame upholds.

5. So doth flit life's sun - ny morning, So doth fade life's glowing noon; Life and la - bor must give ov - er To the shad - ows of the tomb.

6. From death's chill and heavy slum - ber, God will call us in - to light; To a morn that knows no fa - ding To a noon for - ev - er bright.