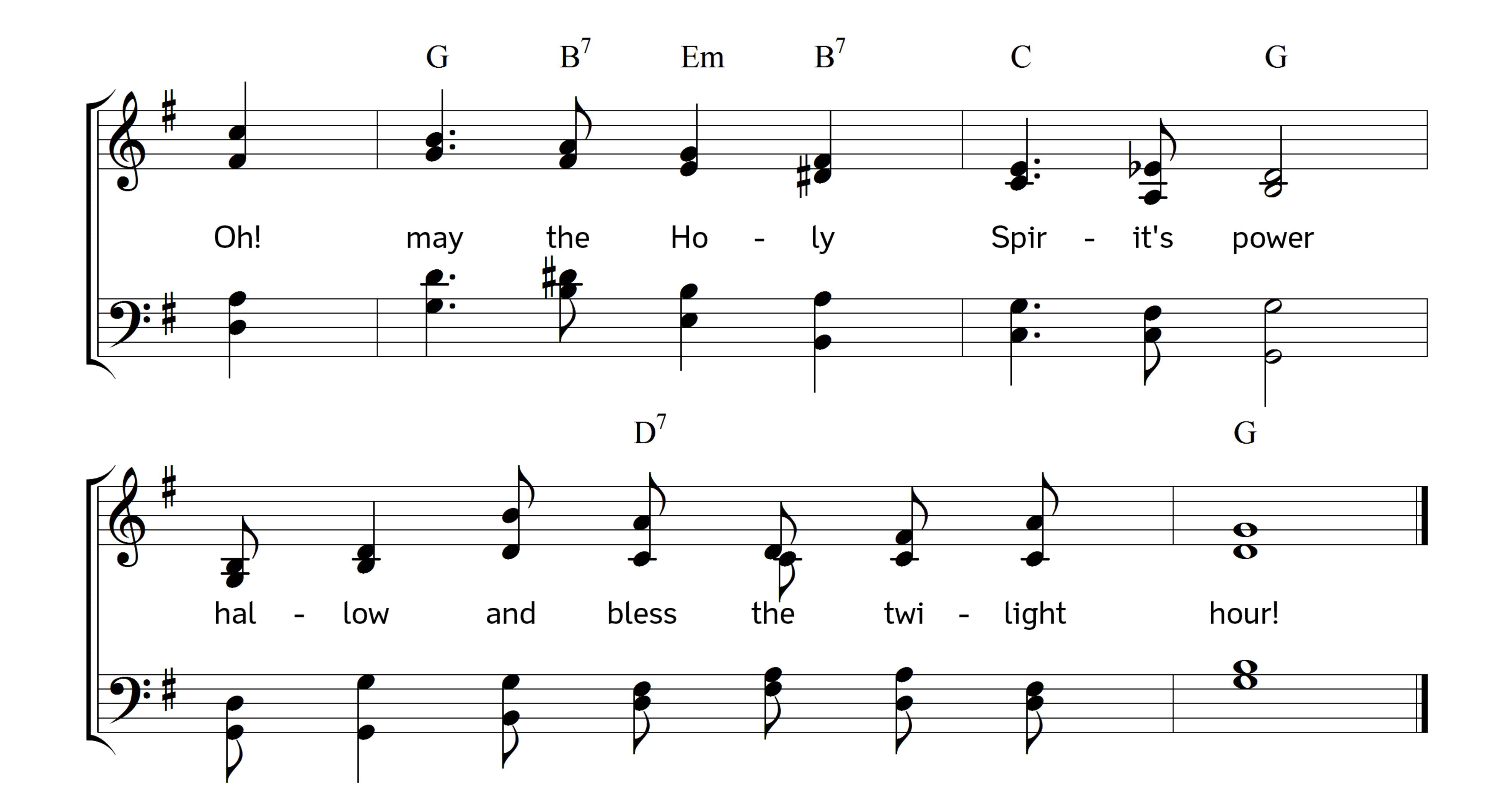
THE TWILIGHT HOUR





- 2. The day is past and gone!
 The sun has run his round!
 All nature's course has hastened on;
 earth, sea, and sky their task haven done,
 faithful has each been found.
 How has my soul pursued her track?
 Have I gone forward, or gone back?
- 3. My God! throughout this day
 thine eye has watched my heart!
 Has marked each footstep of my way;
 and now its penetrating ray
 seems through my soul to dart;
 discovering the dark depths within,
 and many an unexpected sin.
- 4. What progress can I trace?What growth in faith and love?What urgent cries for quickening grace?What strenuous toil to run the race?What grasp of things above?Ah! lukewarm praises, languid prayers, betray a heart oppressed with cares.

- 5. My loins have not been girt,
 my lamp has not been bright;
 my soul, unwatchful, weak, inert,
 has failed such efforts to exert
 as draw down life and light;
 no spur to others has been given,
 no fragrance shed that breathes of heaven.
- 6. O thou whose cleansing blood forms my sole hope and plea, down to that renovating flood where guilt is lost and strength renewed, with contrite faith I flee; now let its healing, quickening power stamp value on this twilight hour.

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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