

## EVEN-SONG.

⓪ TOIL worn hands, and tired eyes,  
Which saw the faint gray dawn arise,  
And watch the slow-descending sun,  
Their daily task-work still undone, —  
Take heart, to weariest days and long  
Cometh at last the even-song.

And ye who wake to feel again  
The burden of the same dull pain,  
The loss renewed, the hopeless grief,  
To which kind sleep brought short relief  
When visions of the lost ones throng, —  
Faith comes, and hope with even-song.

And ye whose desolate souls retain  
The empty shrine, the ruined fane,  
From whom life's young ideals are fled,  
Why seek the living 'mid the dead ;  
Come to this altar and be strong,  
It shall be light at even-song.

Forgive us, Lord, for Thy dear Son  
The evils of our lives foredone,  
And bring us at life's eventide  
Close, and still closer to Thy side,  
With all life's mystery and wrong  
Merged in the peace of even-song.