

An Evening Prayer.

WE at close of day O Father
For our Empire plead,
Guard our Soldiers, God of Armies
In their need.

Shield our Sailors in their perils
On the mighty deep,
Guide them, bless them, loving Pilot,
Safely keep.

Grant our Airmen as they upwards
Climb through haze and cloud,
Grace to hear Thy promise ringing
Clear and loud.

Grant our wounded as they languish
On their beds of pain
Heavenly comfort : and Thy mercy
On the slain.

Grant our Leaders strength and courage
Whilst they plans devise,
May their Schemes find fullest favour
In Thine eyes.

On us pour Thy richest Blessings,
When all wars shall cease :
In the brightness of Thy Presence
We find peace.