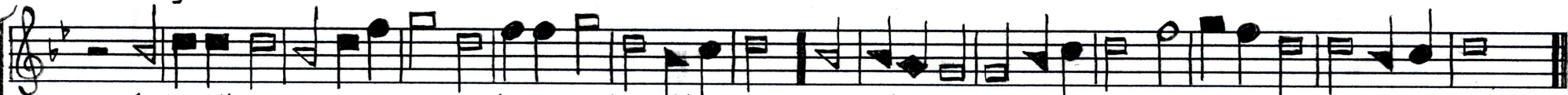


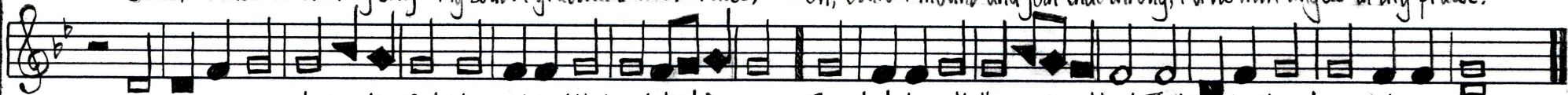
# EVENING PRAYER L.M.

Primitive Hymns

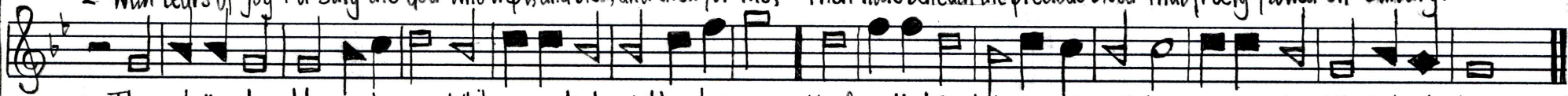
C Woods 2015



1 Jesus, to thee an evening song My soul in gratitude would raise; Oh, could I mount and join that throng, I'd vie with angels in thy praise.



2 With tears of joy I'd sing the God Who wept, and bled, and died for me; Then hide beneath the precious blood That freely flowed on Calvary.



3 There sheltered would my soul remain, While weary limbs might seek repose; Nor from that fountain go again, When morning should the light disclose.



4 And when, at last, no sun nor moon, Nor star shall light the pilgrim's way. May angel bands convey me home, To realms of ever-lasting day.