## EVENING



- 2. Feed with oil the languid taper, faintly by the night-wind fanned, hide it from the rising vapour in the hollow of thy hand;O my blessed Saviour! yearning as my Spirit doth for thee, may my lamp be bright and burning when thou comest unto me.
- 3. Every weight that would encumber lay aside, my soul, and rise, shake from off thy heart the slumber that is stealing o'er thine eyes;O my blessed Saviour! yearning as my Spirit doth for thee, may my lamp be bright and burning when thou comest unto me.
- 4. Lo! the Bride, in all her beauty, bending toward the eastern gate, clothed in praise, and girt with duty, doth upon her threshold wait;

  O my blessed Saviour! yearning as my Spirit doth for thee, may my lamp be bright and burning when thou comest unto me.
- 5. Though the Bridegroom be delaying, yet his hand is on the door;when he comes, his second staying will be with us evermore;O my blessed Saviour! yearning as my Spirit doth for thee,may my lamp be bright and burning when thou comest unto me.

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