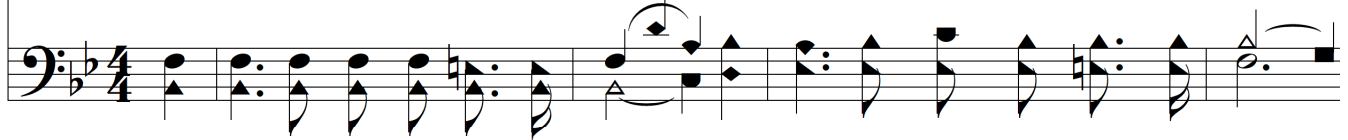


It Is The Gentle Evening Hour

FOLEN L. M.



1. It is the gen-tle eve-ning hour, And see, the shades are length-'ning fast;
2. In qui-et beau-ty, fix'd re- pose, The hills, like guard-ians of the land,
3. All, all is beau-ty, love, and peace; Mys-te-rious long-ings heave and swell



My spir-it feels its soft-'ning pow'r, And trou-bles, with the day, have pass'd.
Catch last the sun-beam as it glows, And bright in tran-quil gran-deur stand.
With-in my soul, and shall not cease Till glo-ry there a-like shall dwell.

