The sun is sinking fast



The sun is sinking fast, The daylight dies; Let love awake, and pay Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross His head inclined, And to His Father's hands His parting soul resigned;

So now herself my soul Would wholly give Into His sacred charge In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye Would calmly rest, Without a wish or thought Abiding in the breast; Save that His will be done, Whate'er betide; Dead to herself, and dead In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now Not I, but He, In all His power and love, Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity, One Lord divine, May I be ever His, And He forever mine.

Edward Caswall

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