When Day's Shadows Lengthen



2 When the night grows darkest, And the stars are pale, When the foe assembles In death's misty vale, Be Thou sword and buckler, Be Thou shield and mail.

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- 3 Come, Thou Food of angels. Source of every grace, In Thy Father's mansions Give us soon a place, That unveiled in splendor, We may see Thy Face.
- 4 By the Jordan's ripple Passing through the shade, Let us hear that promise Once forever made— It is I, thy Jesus, Be not thou afraid.

- 5 Then be near us, Jesus, Enemies shall flee;
 Hidden God and Saviour, Thou our Comfort be,
 Food and Priest and Victim, Let us feed on Thee.
- 6 So shall no fears chill us On that unknown shore, For in death He conquered And can die no more.
 His hand guards and guides us To the City's door.
- 7 Blessed warfare over, Endless Rest alone; Tears no more, nor sorrow, Neither sigh, nor moan, But a song of triumph Round about the Throne.

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