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# Evening Song

by Edith King

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Soft falls the night,  
The day grows dim,  
To Thee I lift my evening hymn,  
O Lord of dark and light.

My hands I raise,  
A little spire,  
And send my voice up high and higher  
To Thee in happy praise.

For home and friend,  
For books and toys,  
For all the countless loves and joys  
That Thou dost daily send.

Close Thou mine eyes,  
That when the day  
Returns once more from far away,  
I may rejoicing rise.