Earnestly

In The Silence

Susan Evans McCloud

Michael F. Moody

In the silence of the evening Underneath a winter sky, When the
silence, in the shadows, Lo, the light of truth burns bright. In thy
sunrise, sweet with bird-song, In the clarity of morn, Let me

stars stream forth in splendor, Thy coming Lord, is nigh. Oh, will I
peace and in thy power There will nevermore be night! Oh, let thy
seek thee, let me find thee, Let thy love in me be born! Oh, Savior,

see thee in the beauty? Will I hear the angels sing? Are my
Saints rejoice together, Let our hearts rise to thy throne, Let thy
Lord come to redeem us, Let me walk thy gentle way, Let thy

own gifts pure and ready For an offering to bring?
love be as a beacon That will
mercy, all sufficient, Light my

Guide us safely home. 3. In the striving mortal day.