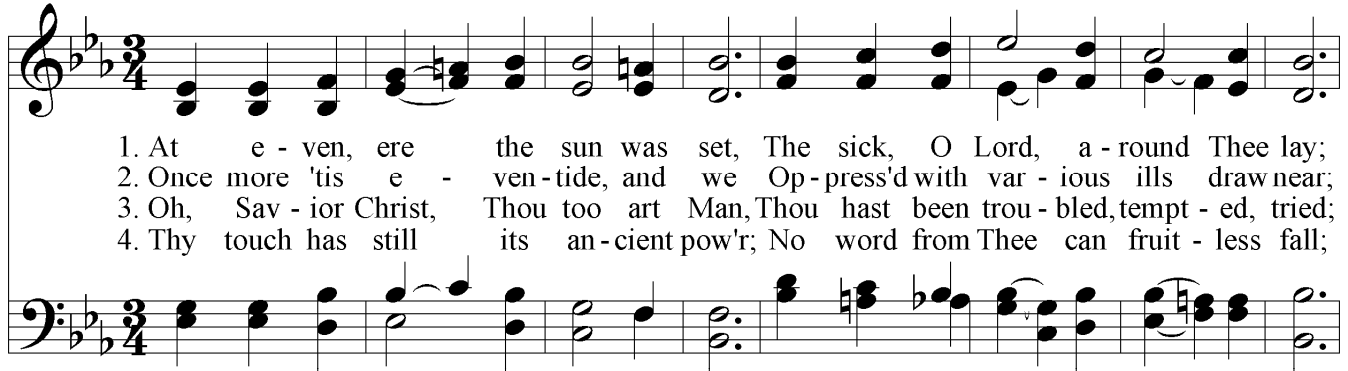
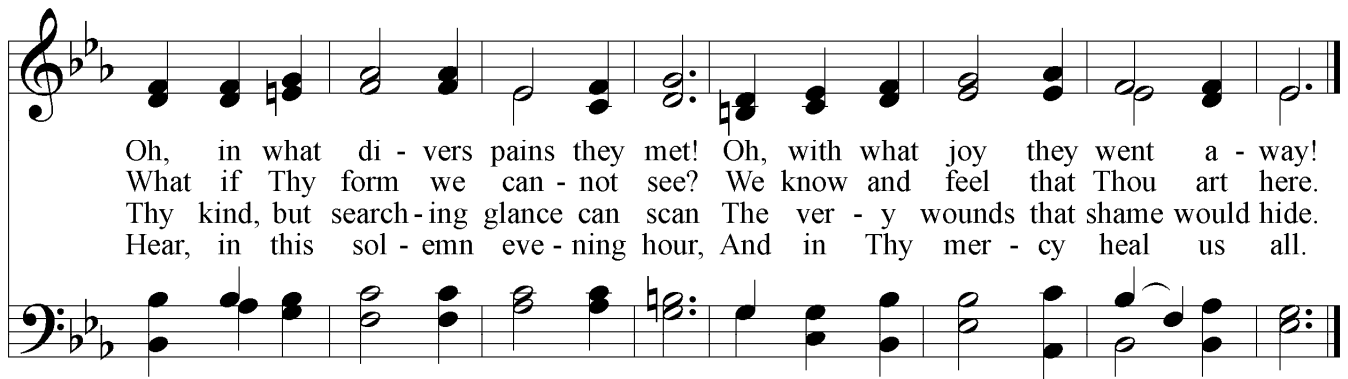


# At Even, Ere The Sun Was Set

ANGELUS



1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;  
2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we Op - press'd with var - ious ills draw near;  
3. Oh, Sav - ior Christ, Thou too art Man, Thou hast been trou - bled, tempt - ed, tried;  
4. Thy touch has still its an - cient pow'r; No word from Thee can fruit - less fall;



Oh, in what di - vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way!  
What if Thy form we can - not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.  
Thy kind, but search - ing glance can scan The ver - y wounds that shame would hide.  
Hear, in this sol - emn eve - ning hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all.