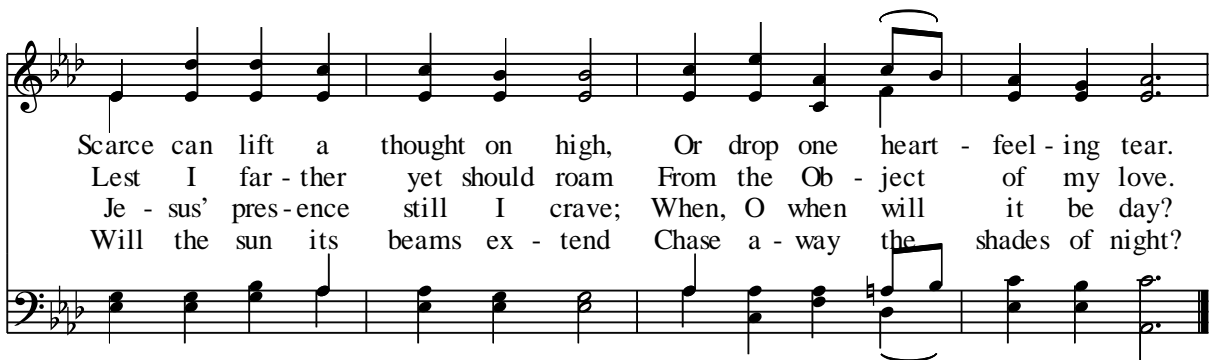


♩=115 "At evening time it shall be light." Zech. 14. 7



1. What am I, and where am I? Strange my - self and paths ap - pear;
 2. Yet I feel I'm not at home, But know not which way to move:
 3. Some small glimm - 'ring light I have, Yet too dark to see my way;
 4. Is the even - ing time at hand? Will it then in - deed be light?



Scarce can lift a thought on high, Or drop one heart - feel - ing tear.
 Lest I far - ther yet should roam From the Ob - ject of my love.
 Je - sus' pres - ence still I crave; When, O when will it be day?
 Will the sun its beams ex - tend Chase a - way the shades of night?

5. Will the Lord indeed appear,
 Give me light, and joy, and rest,
 Drive away my gloomy fear,
 Draw me to his lovely breast?
6. Then his love is rich and free;
 Jesus, let me feel its power,
 And my soul will cling to thee,
 Love and praise thee and adore.