

## At Eventide.

Words & Music by  
*Moderato.*

LOUISE R. WAITE.

At e - ven - tide, when hearts are worn and weary, As tired children

seek their mothers' breast, We turn to Thee and feel Thy spir - it o'er us,

And in Thy love we find our home and rest. Ab - dul Ba - ha, We  
we find our home and rest.

turn our hearts to Thee, For Thou art love di - vine e - ter - nal - ly.

At eventide when darkness falls  
around us  
Earth's sorrows dim and burdens  
fall away  
As we with dear ones, meet in  
sweet communion  
Loves holy presence doth all  
fear allay  
Abdul Baha  
We turn our hearts to Thee  
For Thou art love divine  
Eternally.

At eventide when life's short day  
is ended  
And death's glad tidings fall upon  
our ear  
As into realms of bliss and joy  
and rapture  
Thy hand will guide us. Thou  
wilt still be near  
Abdul Baha  
We turn our hearts to Thee  
For Thou art love divine  
Eternally.