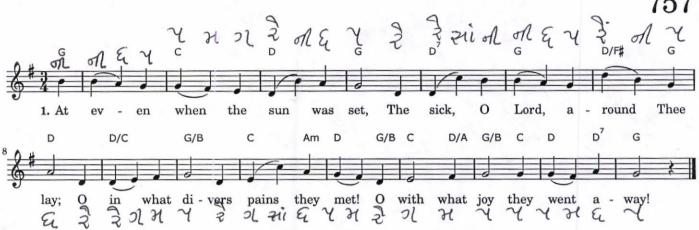
## At even when the sun was set

Divine Healing—Christ the Same as of Old



- 2. Once more 'tis eventide, and we Oppressed with various ills draw near; What if Thy form we cannot see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3. O Savior Christ, our woes dispel; For some are sick, and some are sad, And some have never loved Thee well And some have lost the love they had;
- 4. \*And some have found the world is vain,
  Yet from the world they break not free;
  And some have friends who give them pain,
  Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
- 5. \*And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin; And they who fain would serve Thee best Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6. O Savior Christ, Thou too art Man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried; Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7. Thy touch has still its ancient power; No word from Thee can fruitless fall; Hear in this solemn evening hour, And in Thy mercy heal us all.