As Twilight's Gradual Veil Is Spread

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
As twilight's gradual veil is spread A-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
cross th'evening sky; So

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
man's bright hours de- cline in shade, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
mortal comforts die.

The other verses

2 The bloom of spring, the summer rose,
In vain pale winter brave;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom knows
A ransom from the grave.

3 But morning dawns and spring revives,
And genial hours return;
So man's immortal soul survives,
And scorns the mouldering urn.

4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
Or swiftly fades away,
He sinks into a Father's arms,
Nor dreads the coming day.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by James Edward Smith (1759–1828). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.