

Monday Evening

The first word that came forth was light,
Supreme and sublime its Creator,
Attendant with light was creation,
And thus time was set into motion.

The evening descends on our prayer,
Dawn's glimmer gives way to dusk's glow,
The heavens emblazoned with fire
Proclaim to the earth Your great glory.

New yearning for life is awakened,
Imbuing the earth with its fervour,
All life raised in search of its Maker
Will rest in contentment and peace.

The peace that for us is most true
We find in your Son, Jesus Christ,
Who raised high from earth, arms outstretched,
Recalls all things unto Himself.

Christ Jesus, man's Pastor eternal,
You show us the way to safe passage,
Through darkness engulfing the world
To fresh, verdant pastures of life.

With gladness, we offer new hymns
To Jesus, the gift of Your love.
May glory be Yours, blessed Father
And praise unto Your Holy Spirit.
Amen.