

'T WAS LATE AT NIGHT

'Twas late at night a disciple slept
within a garden where Jesue knelt
To pray alone.

'Twas later still, that disciple wept
Within his soul where darkness dwelt
Denying the Son,

'Tis late at night mens souls still sleep,
For though our God His vigil keeps,
They die alone.

'Twas late at night within our lives
When Christ delivered us from strife,
Our victory won.

'Tis late at night, O Father still
Protect us by Thy Spirit till
Thy face we see.

May Christ's dear light shine on our way
And help us seek men when they stray.
Afar from Thee.

By night and day our pathway lead
I may we show a world in need
The Savior's love.

And when the night of death is o'er
Awake to live forevermore
In Heaven above,

by Milton A, Lites