

WHEN THE LIGHT OF DAY IS DIMMING

Words and Music by John W. Holt

♩ = 69

F Dm B♭

When the light of day is dim-ming - And my la - bors are but
When my bo - dy has grown wea-ry - But my spir - it seeks to
I have tried to be found wor-thy - Though I'm sim - ple; though I'm
Let me lie down in green pas-tures - Near the wa - ters calm and

F Dm

through I can close my eyes in slum-ber - Where I
fly Will the an - gels come to guide me - To His
weak I have sought His sweet for - giv - ness - As I've
still Let me dwell there ev - er af - ter - Where my

B♭ F Dm B♭

dream a dream that's true I can see a shin - ing heav-en with its
man - sion in the sky? Will He greet me at the por - tal? Will I
fal - len on my knees Will He greet me at the por - tal? Will He
joy will be ful - filled He will greet me at the por - tal He will

F B♭ Dm

streets all paved with gold Where the love of God sur-
 feel His sweet em- brace? Will I touch the scars He
 call me by my name? Will He know I need not
 say these words to me, "O thou good and faith- ful

B♭ C F

rounds me - In a place of sweet re- pose.
 car- ries? - Will I see His gen- tle face?
 rich- es - Or this world's - emp- ty praise?
 ser- vant - Ye are mine e- ter- nal- ly."