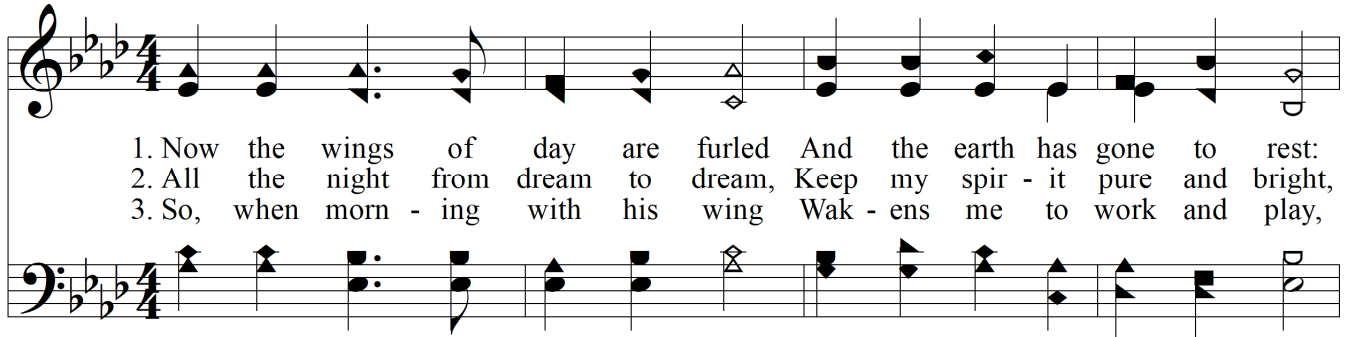
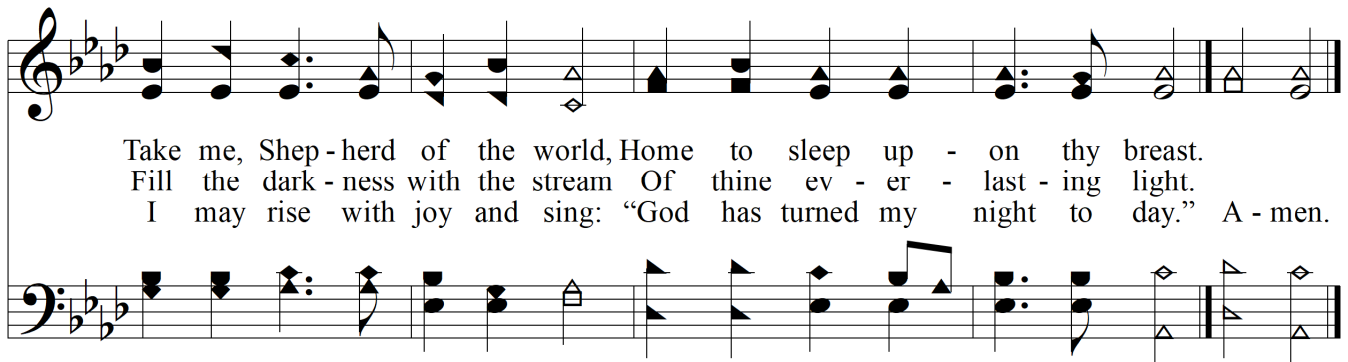


Now The Wings Of Day Are Furled

ST. BEES Four 7s



1. Now the wings of day are furled And the earth has gone to rest:
2. All the night from dream to dream, Keep my spir - it pure and bright,
3. So, when morn - ing with his wing Wak - ens me to work and play,



Take me, Shep - herd of the world, Home to sleep up - on thy breast.
Fill the dark - ness with the stream Of thine ev - er - last - ing light.
I may rise with joy and sing: "God has turned my night to day." A - men.