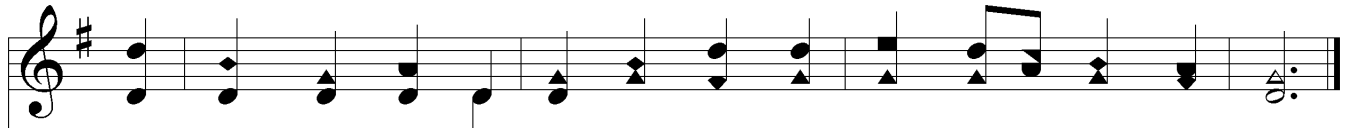


Our Day of Praise Is Done



1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;
2. A - round the throne on high, Where night can nev - er be,
3. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each way - ward tho't re - claim,



But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light - est all.
The white robed an - gels of the sky Bring cease - less hymns to Thee.
And make our life a dai - ly psalm Of glo - ry to Thy name.

