The Day Is Past And Gone
SUNSET S. M.

1. The day is past and gone: Great God, we bow to Thee;
2. Oh, when shall that day come, Ne'er sinking in the west,
3. Where we, preserved beneath The shelter of Thy wing,

Again, as shades of night steal on, Unto Thy side we flee,
That country and that happy home, Where none shall break our rest;
For ever-more Thy praise shall breathe, And of Thy mercy sing.

Words: Latin. Tr. William John Blew, 1849
Music: S. M. Bixby
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