The Day Of Praise Is Done

FLETCHER S. M. D.

1. The day of praise is done; The ev'ning shadows fall;
   Yet pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'n'est all.
   A-round Thy throne on high, Where night can nev'er be,
   The white-rob'd harp-ers of the sky Bring cease-less songs to Thee.

2. Too faint our anthems here; Too soon of praise we tire;
   But, oh! the strains how full and clear Of that e-ter-nal choir.
   Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will, If Thou at-tune the heart,
   We in Thine an-gels' mu-sic still May bear a low-er part.

3. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each way-ward thought re-claim,
   And make our dai-ly life a psalm Of glo-ry to Thy name.
   Shine Thou within us, then, A day that knows no end,
   Till songs of an-gels and of men In per-fect praise shall blend.

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