The Day Is Past And Gone

SUNSET S. M.

1. The day is past and gone: Great God, we bow to Thee;
   A - gain, as shades of night steal on, Un - to Thy side we flee.
   That country and that happy home, Where none shall break our rest;

2. Oh, when shall that day come, Ne'er sinking in the west,
   That country and that happy home, Where none shall break our rest;
   For ever - more Thy praise shall breathe, And of Thy mer - cy sing.

3. Where we, pre - served be - neath The shelter of Thy wing,
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Words: Latin. Tr. William John Blew, 1849
Music: S. M. Bixby

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