The Day Of Praise Is Done

Words: Rev. J. Ellerton
Music: Caryl Florio

1. The day of praise is done; The evening shadows fall;
   Yet pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all.
   A round Thy throne on high, Where night can never 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 eternal choir.
   Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou at-tune the heart,
   We in Thine angels' music still May bear a lower part.

3. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each wayward thought reclaim,
   And make our daily life a psalm Of glory to Thy name.
   Shine Thou within us, then, A day that knows no end,
   Till songs of angels and of men In perfect praise shall blend.