1. Blessed day, when pure devotions
Rise to God on wings of love;
When we catch the distant music
Of the angel choirs above.

2. Blessed day, when bells are calling
Weary souls from earthy care;
And we come with hearts uplifted,
To the holy place of prayer.

3. Blessed day, thy light is fading,
One by one its beams depart;
May thine own sweet benediction
Still abide in every heart.

Words: Fanny J. Crosby
Music: C. A. Barnard

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