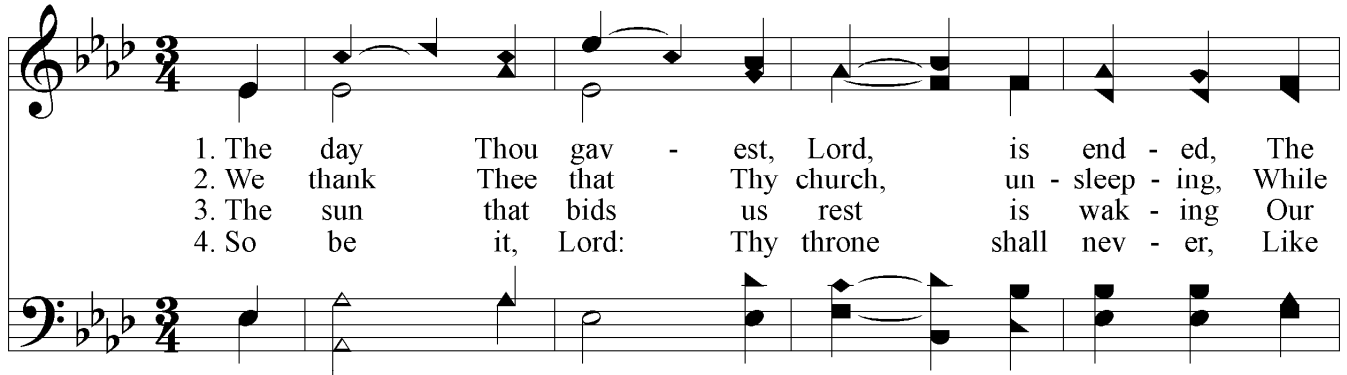
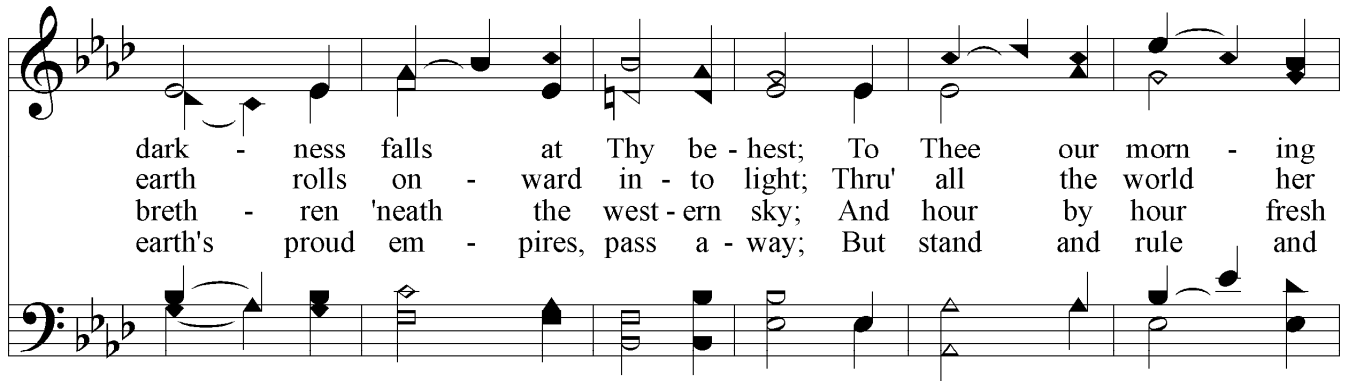


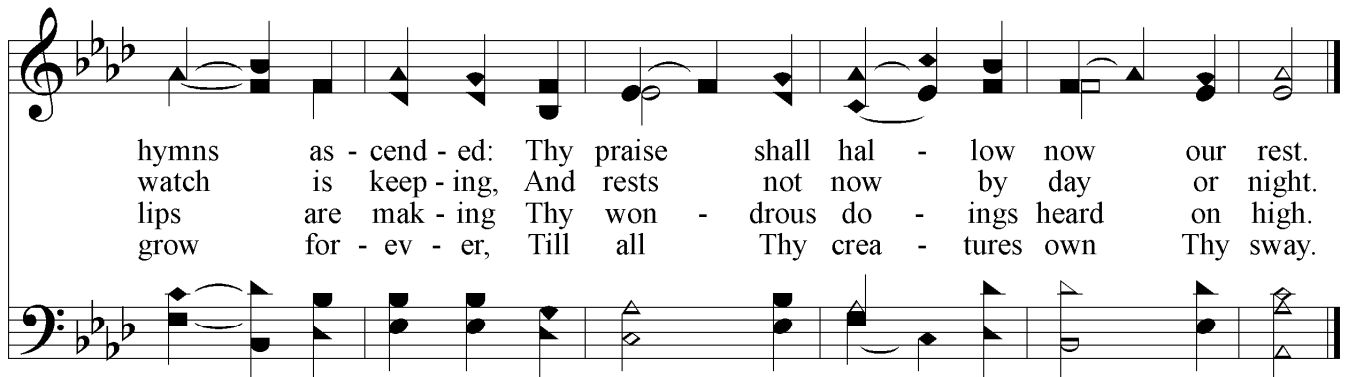
The Day Thou Gavest



1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The
2. We thank Thee that Thy church, un-sleeping, While
3. The sun that bids us rest is waking Our
4. So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never, Like



dark-ness falls at Thy be-hest; To Thee our morn-ing
earth rolls on-ward in-to light; Thru' all the world her
breth-ren 'neath the west-ern sky; And hour by hour fresh
earth's proud em-pires, pass a-way; But stand and rule and



hymns as-cend-ed: Thy praise shall hal-low now our rest.
watch is keep-ing, And rests not now by day or night.
lips are mak-ing Thy won-drous do-ings heard on high.
grow for-ev-er, Till all Thy crea-tures own Thy sway.