OUR DAY OF PRAISE IS DONE

1. Our day of praise is done, The evening shadows fall;
2. Around the throne on high, Where night can never be,
3. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each wayward thought reclaim,

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that lightest all.
The white robed angels of the sky Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
And make our life a daily psalm Of glory to Thy name.

WORDS BY JOHN ELLERTON
MUSIC BY A. WILLIAMS