

The Day Of Praise Is Done

FLETCHER S. M. D.

Con moto, ma quieto

p

1. The day of praise is done; The ev - 'ning shad - ows fall;
 2. Too faint our an - thems here; Too soon of praise we tire;
 3. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each way - ward thought re - claim,

mf

Yet pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'n - est all.
 But, oh! the strains how full and clear Of that e - ter - nal choir.
 And make our dai - ly life a psalm Of glo - ry to Thy name.

mp

A - round Thy throne on high, Where night can nev - er be,
 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will then, If Thou at - tune the heart,
 Shine Thou with - in us, A day that knows no end,

f

The white - rob'd harp - ers of the sky Bring cease - less songs to Thee.
 We in Thine an - gels' mu - sic still May bear a low - er part.
 Till songs of an - gels and of men In per - fect praise shall blend.