

Our Day of Praise Is Done

Garden City. S.M.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871

HORATIO PARKER, 1893

1. Our day of praise is done; The eve-ning shad-ows fall;
 2. A-round the throne on high, Where night can nev-er be,
 3. Too faint our an-thems here; Too soon of praise we tire;
 4. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each way-ward thought re-claim,
 5. A lit-tle while, and then Shall come the glo-rious end;

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightenest all.
 The white-robed harp-ers of the sky Bring cease-less hymns to Thee.
 But O, the strains, how full and clear, Of that e-ter-nal choir!
 And make our life a dai-ly psalm Of glo-ry to Thy name.
 And songs of an-gels and of men In per-fect praise shall blend.

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The Sun Rolls Down

Anon.

Vesper. C.M.

HAROLD A. MILLER, 1939

1. The sun rolls down the dis-tant west, Soft twi-light steals a-broad
 2. This ho-ly day let us be-gin With songs of praise to God,
 3. Now in this tran-quil hour we lay All world-ly cares a-side,
 4. 'Tis not to seek the world's applause That we from la-bor rest;

4. la - bor rest;

To wel-come in the day of rest, The Sab-bath of the Lord.
 Who par-dons all our guilt and sin, Through Je-sus' pre-cious blood.
 And hal-low God's most ho-ly day, Though friends or foes may chide.
 We strive to keep God's ho-ly laws, And He these mo-ments blessed.