

St. Peter of the Fields Parish

Our Day of Praise Is Done

Garden City 6.6.8.6

John Ellerton, 1869

Horatio W. Parker, 1890

1. Our day of praise is done; The even-ing 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. Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou at - tune the heart,
 5. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each way-ward thought re - claim,
 6. A lit - tle while, and then Shall come the glo - rious end;

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light-ene-st 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!
 We in Thine an - gels' mu - sic still May bear our low - er part.
 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.