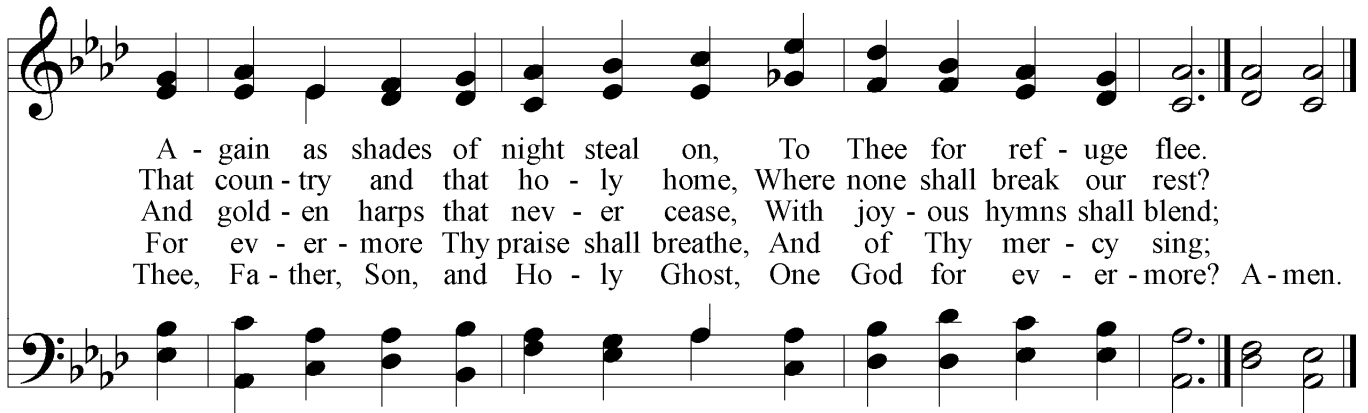


The Day Is Past And Gone

SCHUMANN S. M.



1. The day is past and gone, Great God, we bow to Thee;
2. O, when shall that day come, Ne'er sink - ing in the west,
3. Where all things shall be peace, And pleas - ure with - out end,
4. Where we, pre - served be - neath The shel - ter of Thy wing,
5. And with the an - gel - host Praise, hon - or, and a - dore



A - gain as shades of night steal on, To Thee for ref - uge flee.
That coun - try and that ho - ly home, Where none shall break our rest?
And gold - en harps that nev - er cease, With joy - ous hymns shall blend;
For ev - er - more Thy praise shall breathe, And of Thy mer - cy sing;
Thee, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One God for ev - er - more? A - men.