

- 1 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at Thy behest; To Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
- 2 As o'er each continent and island The dawn leads on another day, The voice of prayer is never silent, Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 3 The sun that bids us rest is waking Our brethren 'neath the western sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are making Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 4 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never, Like earth's proud empires, pass away; Thy Kingdom come, to stand for ever, When all the earth shall own Thy sway.