

# 572

ST. CLEMENT

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CLEMENT COTTERILL SCHOLEFIELD (1839-1904)

1. The day—Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness  
 2. We thank Thee that Thy church un - sleep - ing, While earth rolls  
 3. As o'er— each con - ti - nent— and is - land The dawn leads

falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing  
 on - ward in - to light, Through all— the world her  
 on— an - oth - er day, The voice of prayer is

hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall sanc - ti - fy— our rest.  
 watch is keep - ing, And rests— not now— by day— or night.  
 nev - er si - lent, Nor dies— the strain of praise a - way.

4. 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.

5. So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,  
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
 Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

*till that*

JOHN ELLERTON (1826-93)