Day is Dying in the West
Sacred Song

Words by
Mary A. Lathbury

Music by
Oley Speaks

Voice

Piano

Moderato

Day is dying in the west,

Heav'n is touching earth with rest,

Wait and worship.

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while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
Holy, Holy,

Holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee,
prais ing Thee, O Lord most high!

While the deep-hing shad-ows fall,

Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all,

Thro' the glo-ry and the grace
dim.

Of the stars that veil Thy face Our hearts as-

dim.

pp poco meno mosso

cend.

When for ev'r from our sight

pp poco meno mosso

Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an-gels,

cresc.

on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise And
shadows end, and shadows.

ff grandioso

end. Holy, Holy, Holy,

ff grandioso

Lord God of Hosts!

simile

Heav'n and earth are full of Thee,
Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord, O Lord most Maestoso