O Lord, Another Day Is Flown

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
O Lord, another day is flown, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
we, a lonely band, Are

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
met once more be- fore thy throne, To

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
bless thy fostering hand.

The other verses

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours!
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Henry Kirke White (1785–1806). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.