

THE DAY HAS GONE.

POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY FRANK MORI.

Tenderly and slowly.

AIR.—“Go from my window, Love.”

1. Oh! the day has gone, the

mournful day! It pass'd with the midnight chime, Like a sear-leaf from the tree, Like a rain-drop in the sea, Like a sob from the heart of Time, Like a



sob from the heart of Time.

rall.

2. Oh! the day has gone, the wasted day, It brought us both joy and pain,

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3. When the day has gone, let Sorrow go!

We bore it without a tear:

It was well inclin'd to stay,

But we reason'd it away,

And we gave it no welcome here.

4. And, though the joys with the griefs are lost,

Like the snow-flakes on the stream,

There are others to be borne

On the sunlight of the morn—

Let us smile in their purple beam!

5. Lo, the Day is dead! Good Night! Good Night!

And the Day is born—good day!

There's a voice upon the blast,

And the sand is falling fast—

Let us sing and rejoice while we may!