

# The Day is Past and Gone

Aretha Franklin

The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
O may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.