

A PERFECT DAY

**When you come to the end of a per-fect day,
And you sit a-lone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a car-ol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a per-fect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flam-ing ray,
And the dear friends have to part?**

(interlude)

**Well, this is the end of a per-fect day,
Near the end of a jourNEY, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem-‘ry has paint-ed this per-fect day
With col-ors that nev-er fade,
And we find at the end of a per-fect day
The soul of a friend we’ve made.**