When you come to the end of a perfect day, And you sit alone with your
thought, While the chimes ring out with a carol gay, For the
joy that the day has brought, Do you think what the end of a

perfect day Can mean to a tired heart, When the

sun goes down with a flaming ray, And the dear friends have to part?
Well, this is the end of a perfect day, Near the end of a journey,

But it leaves a thought that is big and strong, With a
Wish that is kind and true. For memory has painted this


Perfect day with colors that never fade. And we

find, at the end of a perfect day, The soul of a friend we've made.

B. 113-4 & 3

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