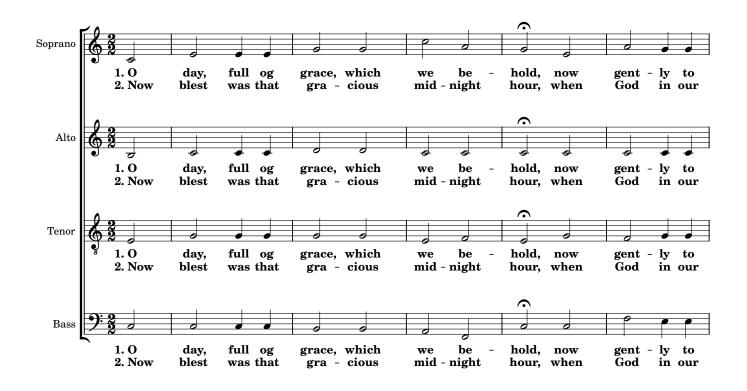
O day, full of grace, which we behold

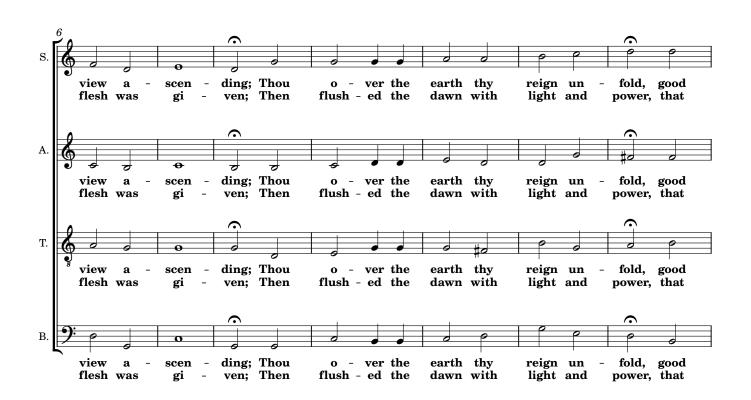
Carl Døving (1867-1937)

"Den signede dag med fryd vi ser"

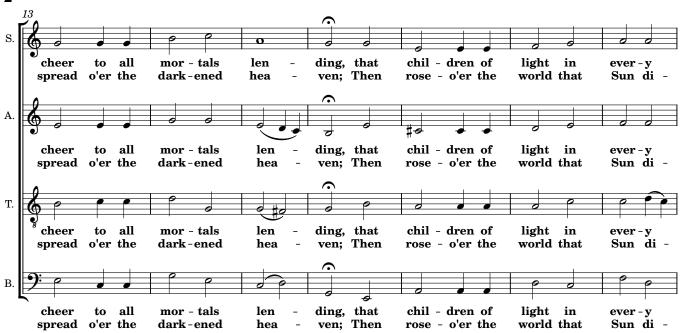
Based on the Danish lyrics by N.F.S. Grundtvig (1783-1872)

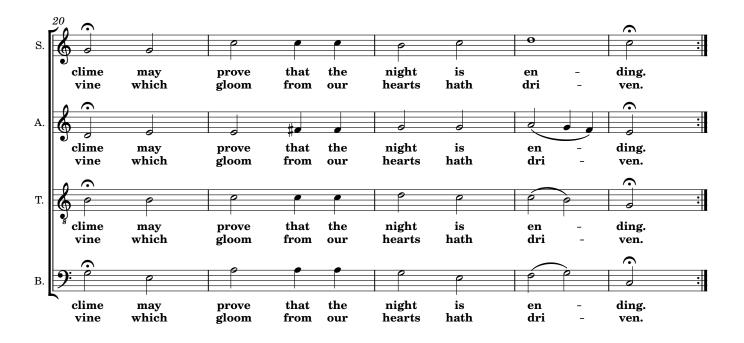
C.E.F. Weyse (1774-1842)











- 3. Yea, were every tree endowed with speech, And every leaflet singing, They never with praise His worth could reach, Though earth with their praise were ringing. Who fully could praise the Light of life, Who light to our souls is bringing?
- 5. With joy we depart for our fatherland, Where God our Father is dwelling, Where ready for us His mansions stand, Where heaven with praise is swelling; And there we shall walk in endless light, With blest ones His praise forth telling.
- 4. As birds in the morning sing God's praise, His fatherly love we cherish, For giving to us this day of grace, For life that shall never perish. His Church He hath kept these thousand years And hungering souls did nourish.