

BROTHERS, THE DAY IS ENDED

Air: "Suoni la Tromba"

♩ = 112

F B \flat F C⁷ F

Broth-ers, the day is end - ed, Lost in the surge of time.
Heaved on the breast of beau - ty, Tossed on the man - ly heart,

F B \flat F C⁷ *Ritard...* F

Gent - ly the hour have blend - ed In that mel - o - dy sub - lime.
Glit - ters the gold - en to - ken, Twin - ed hands that nev - er part.

C F C A Dm G C G⁷ C

Soft as a dream of beau - ty Fad - eth the sil - ver light,
Vexed with a vain am - bi - tion, For - ing the wear - y page,

C *poco a poco...* F C A Dm G C C⁷

Done with the joys of Du - ty, Now for the joys of Night! Hurrah!
Oth - ers may dream of great - ness, Here's to a greenold age! Hurrah!

F B \flat F C⁷ F

Sing till the star-bells, ring - ing, Chime in the gold - en sun!
"On to the field of glor - y!" Soon be the tri - umph won!

F B \flat F C⁷ *Ritard...* F

Hail to thee, glor - y bring - ing, Star - ry crowned Psi Up - si - lon.
Hallowed in song and stor - y, Ev - er live Psi Up - si - lon!