

A Perfect Day
by Carrie Jacobs Bond

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And you sit alone with your thought
While the chimes ring out with a song so 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, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true;
For mem'ry 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.

