

The roseate hues of early dawn

Mrs C. F. Alexander
(1818-95)

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

(D.C.M.)

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heav'n!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hopes,
And grace to lead us higher:
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our great desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!