

The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn

Cecil Alexander, 1853.

Wurttemberg, Germany, 1784.

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!

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!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hopes, and grace to lead us higher;

But there are perfectness and peace beyond our best desire.

O by Thy love and anguish, Lord, O by Thy life laid down,

Grant that we fall not from Thy grace, nor cast away our crown!