

The Sun Arises Now  
Thomas Kingo, 1699.  
Hartnack Zinck, 1801.

The sun arises now, in light and glory  
And gilds the rugged brow of mountains hoary.  
Be glad, my soul, and lift thy voice in singing.  
To God from earth below, thy heart with joy aglow  
And praises ringing.

Like countless grains of sand, beyond all measure,  
And wide as sea and land is Heaven's treasure  
Of grace which Christ, my Lord, each day bestoweth,  
Which, like refreshing rain, into my soul again  
Each morning floweth.

Keep Thou my soul today from sin and blindness;  
Surround me on my way with loving-kindness  
And fill my heart, O God, with joy from Heaven;  
I then shall ask no more than what Thou hast of yore  
In wisdom given.

Thou knowest best my needs, my sighs Thou heedest;  
Thy hand Thy children feeds, Thine own Thou leadest.  
What should I more desire, with Thee deciding  
The course that I must take, than follow in the wake  
Where Thou art guiding?