

O GOLDEN DAY

(Ellacombe. C. M. D.)

Charles A. Dickinson

German

1. O gold - en day, so long de - sired, Born of a dark - some night,
 2. The nois - es of the night shall cease, The storms no lon - ger roar;
 3. Sing on, ye her - alds of the morn, Your grand en - deav - or strain,
 4. O gold - en day! the a - ges crown, A - glow with heaven - ly love,

The wait - ing earth at last is fired By Thy re - splen - dent light.
 The fac - tions foes of love and peace Shall vex the soul no more.
 Till Chris - tian hearts es - tranged and torn, Blend in the glad re - frain;
 Rare day in proph - e - cy's re - nown, On to thy ze - nith move,

And hark! the pro - mised heav'n - ly chord Is heard from sea to sea;
 A thou - sand thou - sand voi - ces sing The surg - ing har - mo - ny;
 And all the church, with all its pow'rs, In lov - ing loy - al - ty,
 When earth and heav'n with one ac - cord, In full - voiced u - ni - ty,

This song: One Mas - ter, Christ, the Lord; And breth - ren all are we.
 One Mas - ter, Christ, one Sav - iour - King; And breth - ren all are we.
 Shall sing: One Mas - ter, Christ, is ours, And breth - ren all are we.
 Shall sing: One Mas - ter, Christ our Lord, And breth - ren all are we.