The roseate hues of early dawn



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!

Cecil Alexander