

O Golden Day

"One is your Master, even Christ. – Matt. 23:8

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 long - er roar;
3. Sing on, ye cho - rus of the morn, Your grand en - deav - or strain,
4. O gold - en day, the ag - es crown, A - light with heav'n - ly love,

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

And hark! like *Mem - non's morn - ing chord Is heard from sea to sea
A thou - sand thou - sand voic - es sing The surg - ing har - mo - ny;
And all the church, with all its pow'rs, In lov - ing loy - al - ty,
When all the world, 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 - ior 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.

**(vs. 1) Memnon - might refer to a statue erected by Amenhotep III in Thebes, called Memnon by the Greeks. This image, when first struck by the rays of the rising sun, is said to have produced a sound like the snapping asunder of a chord.*

Words: Rev. C. A. Dickinson
Music: German