

Evening and Morning

MORNING

(also known as Golden and Glorious or The Golden Sun or The Golden Morning)

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1666. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854.
 Music: 'Die Güldne Sonne' or 'Franconia (Ebeling)' or 'Philippi' Johann Georg Ebeling, 1660.
 Setting: "The Parish School Hymnal", 1925.
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♩ = 100

1. Eve - ning and mor - - ning, Sun - set and daw - - ning, Wealth, peace, and glad - ness,
 2. Gol - den and glo - - rious, Strong and vic - to - - rious All joy and glad - ness,
 3. Mine eye sur - ve - - yeth What God dis - pla - - yeth Of His great glo - ry
 4. Let us all sin - - ging, And to God brin - - ging Our choi - cest trea - sure,
 5. All here is dy - - ing, Groa - ning and si - - ghing; God does not al - ter,

Com - fort in sad - - ness, These are Thy works; all the glo - ry be Thine!
 Scat - te - ring sad - - ness, Ri - ses the sun with his life - gi - ving rays;
 Spread out be - - fore me, Tea - ching how great are His wis - dom and might;
 To do Him plea - sure, Of - fer a sac - ri - fice swee - ter than lambs.
 Nor His Word fal - - ter; Built like His will, on im - - mu - ta - ble ground,

Times wi - thout num - ber, A - wake or in slum - ber, Thine eye ob - - serves us,
 Still as the dy - ing, My mem - bers were ly - ing, but now up - - spring - ing,
 To His saints sho - wing The home where they're go - ing, Peace - ful - ly quit - ting
 Heart - felt con - tri - tion, And cheer - ful sub - mis - sion, Songs of thanks - gi - ving,
 His love re - mai - neth, His grace ne - ver wa - neth, Soo - thing and hea - ling

From dan - ger pre - serves us, Cau - sing Thy mer - cy u - - pon us to shine.
 With joy I am sin - ging, Ga - zing a - - round me with won - der and praise.
 When God sees it fit - ting, Earth's clo - sing scenes, as they fade from their sight.
 And fruits of good li - ving Please Him far bet - ter than in - cense of rams.
 The pains we are fee - ling, Kee - ping us now and e - - ter - nal - ly sound.

6. Father, O hear me; Pardon and spare me; Calm all my terrors,
 Blot out my errors, That by Thine eyes they may no more be scanned.
 Order my goings; Direct all my doings; As it may please Thee,
 Retain or release me; All I Commit to Thy Fatherly hand.

8. Or should Thou give me, Wormwood to grieve me Griefs to distress me,
 Burdens to press me, Welcome whatever Thy Word hath decreed.
 My kind Physician Knows well my condition, That which will hurt me,
 Or heal and convert me, God will not chasten us more than we need.

7. Wilt Thou to try me, With all supply me, Nature requireth,
 Or heart desireth, Whisper this counsel of love in my breast,
 "God is the greatest, The fairest, the sweetest, God is the purest,
 The truest, the surest, And of all treasures the noblest and best."

9. Griefs of God's sending, All have an ending; Clouds may be pouring,
 Wind and wave roaring, Sunshine will come when the tempest has past:
 Joys still increasing, And peace never ceasing, Faith lost in vision,
 Hope in fruition, These are the joys which I look for at last.