When Comes the Golden Sunset

Calvin Weiss Laufer, 1922

1. When comes the golden sunset That trails God's way on high, And with its radiant splendor the evening sky, How are the hills and valleys A-glow with crimson rays, While nature's deep-toned organ Lifts heavenward its praise: "Ho, ho, ho!"

2. So God reveals at sunset The grandeur of His throne, The deeper, fuller glory Reserved to be our own; And in that hour's unfolding For got are fear and pain In love's abounding solace, In heaven's great refrain: "Ho, ho, ho!"

3. Then come, blest hour of sunset, Along the golden way, And thrill us with the splendor That fill life's perfect day. God is the end of living, He satisfies the soul, And they who seek His glory Will find in Him their goal. "Ho, ho, ho!"

Refrain

Angel voices sing it; "Ho, ho, ho!" Cloudy pinions wing it; "Ho, ho, ho!" Gleaming towers ring it; "Ho, ho, ho, is the Lord most high."

Public Domain
Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal™