The Saffron Tints Appear

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: QUAM DILECTA

| m - | f - m - m - r - | d - - - - - s - |
The saffron tints ap- pear, The

| l - m - r - d - | r - - - - - r - |
morning comes 'tis here. Wipe

| m - s - s - l - | s - - - - - r - |
slumber from thine eyes, Be-

| m - f - m - - r | d - - - - - |
hold the sun a- rise!

The other verses

2 Clad in his garb of gold,
Bright as he shone of old;
Beams o'er the heavens extend,
Shafts from his orb descend.

3 Sun, that in morning light
Rises, nor sinks in night,
Shine in my soul alway,
Make there an endless day.

4 Life for my deadness give;
Shine, that my soul may live;
Joy to my sorrow bring;
Light on Thy glowing wing.

5 If 'neath the cloud I lie,
Darkness obscure my sky;
Yet, may my faith behold
Glints of the hidden gold.

6 Father, to Thee, always,
And Holy Ghost, be praise;
Glory, while ages run,
To Thee, O Christ! our Sun.

Tune QUAM DILECTA by Henry Lascelles Jenner (1820–1898); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.