



# Golden Sun of Evening

Eva H. King  
(1866-1959)

S *mp* Gold - en sun of eve - ning, *p* In thy splen - did car, *mp* To the west re -

A *mp* Gold - en sun of eve - ning, *p* In thy splen - did car, *mp* To the west re -

T *mp* Gold - en sun of eve - ning, *p* In thy splen - did car, *mp* To the west re -

B *mp* Gold - en sun of eve - ning, *p* In thy splen - did car, *mp* To the west re -

S *dim.* treat - ing, Rich thy glo - ries are. *mp* Sun I love to view thee,

A *dim.* treat - ing, Rich thy glo - ries are. *mp* Sun I love to view thee,

T *dim.* treat - ing, Rich thy glo - ries are. *mp* Sun I love to view thee,

B *dim.* treat - ing, Rich thy glo - ries are. *mp* Sun I love to view thee,

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11 *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

S Since I lisp'd thy name, Since I learned thy glo - ries From Je - ho - vah came.

A *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

A Since I lisp'd thy name, Since I learned thy glo - ries From Je - ho - vah came.

T *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

T Since I lisp'd thy name, Since I learned thy glo - ries From Je - ho - vah came.

B *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

B Since I lisp'd thy name, Since I learned thy glo - ries From Je - ho - vah came.

17 *mp* *p* *mp*

S Wel - come is thy beau - ty, Gold - en eve - ning sun, Charm - ing is thy

A *mp* *p* *mp*

A Wel - come is thy beau - ty, Gold - en eve - ning sun, Charm - ing is thy

T *mp* *p* *mp*

T Wel - come is thy beau - ty, Gold - en eve - ning sun, Charm - ing is thy

B *mp* *p* *mp*

B Wel - come is thy beau - ty, Gold - en eve - ning sun, Charm - ing is thy

22 *dim.* *mp*

S ra - diance, Just as day is done. Thou must be ex - tin - guished,

A *dim.* *mp*

A ra - diance, Just as day is done. Thou must be ex - tin - guished,

T *dim.* *mp*

T ra - diance, Just as day is done. Thou must be ex - tin - guished,

B *dim.* *mp*

B ra - diance, Just as day is done. Thou must be ex - tin - guished,

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27 *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

S Quencher gold - en day, Thy im - mor - tal spir - it Can not fade a - way.

A Quencher gold - en day, Thy im - mor - tal spir - it Can not fade a - way.

T Quencher gold - en day, Thy im - mor - tal spir - it Can not fade a - way.

B Quencher gold - en day, Thy im - mor - tal spir - it Can not fade a - way.

33 *mp* *p* *mp*

S Gold - en sun of eve - ning, We shall see no more, Till your light ap -

A Gold - en sun of eve - ning, We shall see no more, Till your light ap -

T Gold - en sun of eve - ning, We shall see no more, Till your light ap -

B Gold - en sun of eve - ning, We shall see no more, Till your light ap -

38 *dim.* *mp*

S proach - es From the east - ern shore. Then in morn - ing splen - dor,

A proach - es From the east - ern shore. Then in morn - ing splen - dor,

T proach - es From the east - ern shore. Then in morn - ing splen - dor,

B proach - es From the east - ern shore. Then in morn - ing splen - dor,

## Golden Sun of Evening

43 *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

S As you light the skies, Call - ing us from slum - ber, Bid - ding us a - rise.

A *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

A As you light the skies, Call - ing us from slum - ber, Bid - ding us a - rise.

T *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

T As you light the skies, Call - ing us from slum - ber, Bid - ding us a - rise.

B *cresc.* *mp* *dim.*

B As you light the skies, Call - ing us from slum - ber, Bid - ding us a - rise.

J. F. King, publisher  
(1901)

**Eva M. Higgins King** (1866-1959) was born in Indiana. She married music teacher, composer and publisher Jacob Franklin King of Wayne County, Ohio, and lived in Walcottville, Indiana, where he operated a music publishing business. They were active teaching music conventions and singing schools throughout the region. She composed for his singing school collections. They eventually moved back to his former Ohio home and, after he died in 1904, she married Elmer C. Bowman. She died in Columbus, Ohio, after a number of years living there.

Golden sun of evening,  
In thy splendid car,  
To the west retreating,  
Rich thy glories are.  
Sun I love to view thee,  
Since I lisp'd thy name,  
Since I learned thy glories  
From Jehovah came.

Golden sun of evening,  
We shall see no more,  
Till your light approaches  
From the eastern shore.  
Then in morning splendor,  
As you light the skies,  
Calling us from slumber,  
Bidding us arise.

Welcome is thy beauty,  
Golden evening sun,  
Charming is thy radiance,  
Just as day is done.  
Thou must be extinguished,  
Quenched each golden day,  
Thy immortal spirit  
Can not fade away.

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