

When The Crimson Sun Had Set

Rev. S. S. Greatheed



When the crim-son sun had set Low be-hind the win-try sea,



On the bright And cold mid-night Burst a sound of heaven-ly glee:



Glo - - - - ri-a in ex-cel-sis De - o.



Glo - - - - ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-



- o!