THE NIGHT IS NOW FAR SPENT



2. Ye saints, lift up your heads, salvation draweth nigh; see where the morning spreads its radiance through the sky; oh, let the sight your spirit cheer; the Lord himself will soon appear.

3. Though men your hope deride, nor will themselves believe; yet in his word confide, who never can deceive; when heav'n and earth shall pass away, the saints shall see a glorious day.

4. For you the Lord intends
a bright abode on high;
the place where sorrow ends,
and nought is known but joy:
with such a hope, ye saints, rejoice;
we soon shall hear th' archangels voice.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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