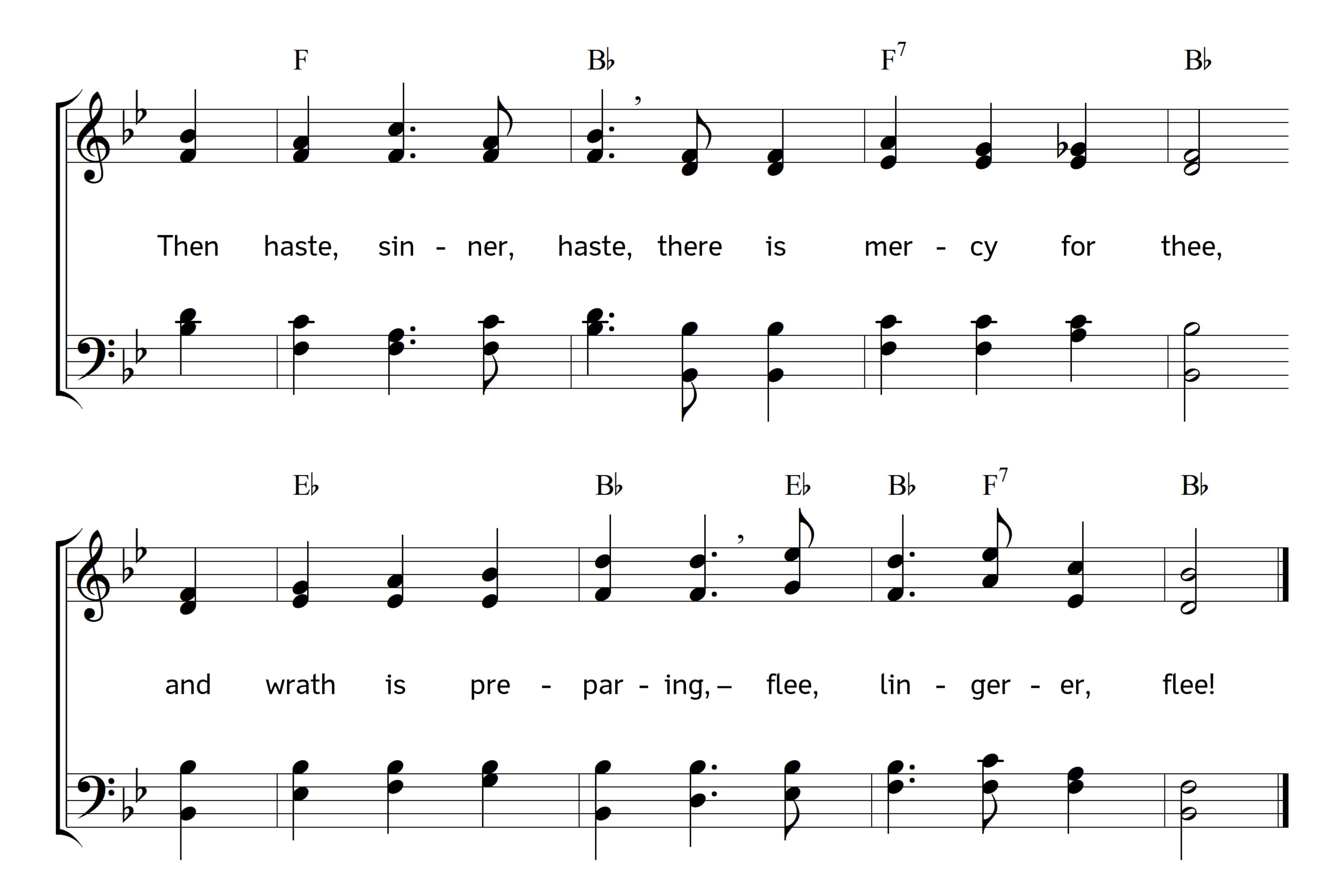
THE NIGHT COMETH





2. Rides forth the fierce tempest on the wing of the cloud; the moan of the night-blast is fitful and loud; the mountains are heaving, the forests are bowed, the ocean is surging, earth gathers its shroud. Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee, and wrath is preparing, – flee, lingerer, flee!

The vision is nearing,
the Judge and the throne!
the voice of the Angel
proclaims "It is done."
On the whirl of the tempest
its Ruler shall come,
and the blaze of his glory
flash out from its gloom.
Then haste, sinner, haste,
there is mercy for thee,
and wrath is preparing, –
flee, lingerer, flee!

4. With clouds he is coming!
His people shall sing,
with gladness they hail him
Redeemer and King.
The iron rod wielding,
the rod of his ire,
he cometh to kindle
earth's last fatal fire!
Then haste, sinner, haste,
there is mercy for thee,
and wrath is preparing, –
flee, lingerer, flee!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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