FORTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT



2. The sun in the heaven is languid and pale; and feeble and few are the fruits of the vale; and the hearts of the nations fail them for fear, for the world is grown old, and judgment is near!

3. The king on his throne, the bride in her bower, the children of pleasure all feel the sad hour; the roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer, for the world is grown old, and judgment is near!

4. The world is grown old! – but should we complain, who have tried her and know that her promise is vain? Our heart is in Heaven, our home is not here, and we look for our crown when judgment is near!

Words: Reginald Heber. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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