

The night is now far spent

(ALBAN'S. 6.6.6.6.8.8)

SopranoAlto

1. The night is now far spent, The day is draw - ing
 2. Though men our hope de - ride, Nor will the truth be -
 3. For us the Lord in - tends A bright a - bode on

TenorBasse

nigh, Soon will the morn - ing break In
 lieve, We in His word con - fide, And
 high, The place where sor - row ends, And

ra - diance through the sky ; O let the thought our
 it will ne'er de - ceive, Soon all that grieves shall
 nought is known but joy : With such a hope let

spi - rits cheer, The Lord Him - self will soon ap - pear.
 pass a - way, And saints shall see a glo - rious day.
 us re - joice, We soon shall hear the Sav - iour's voice.