

# 168 The night is far spent, and the day is at hand

( HANOVER. 10.10.11.11 )

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand :  
2. What a day will that be, when the Sa-viour ap-pears !  
3. What is loss in this world, when com-pared to that day,

No sign to be looked for ; the Star's in the sky ;  
How wel-come to those who have shared in His cross !  
To the glo-ry that then will from heaven be re-vealed ?

Re-joice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own com-mand ;  
A crown in-cor-rup-ti-ble then will be theirs,  
« The Sa-viour is com-ing, » His peo-ple may say ;

Re-joice, for the com-ing of Je-sus draws nigh.  
A rich com-pen-sa-tion for suf-fering and loss.  
« The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield. »

4. O pardon us, Lord ! that our love to Thy name  
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move ;  
Our coldness might fill us with grief and with shame,  
So much to be loved, and so little to love.

5. O kindle within us a holy desire,  
Like that which was found in Thy people of old,  
Who tasted Thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,  
While they wait'd, in patience, Thy face to behold.

Alternate Tunes : Sweet Home, 383 ; Clarendon Street, 454.