

The night is now far spent

(ALBAN'S. 6.6.6.6.8.8)

SopranoAlto

1. The night is now far spent, The
 2. Though men our hope de - ride, Nor
 3. For us the Lord in - tends A

TenorBasse

day is draw - ing night, Soon
 will the truth be - lieve, We
 bright a - bode on high, The

will the morn - ing break In
 in His word con - fide, And
 place where sor - row ends, And

ra - diance through the sky ; O
 it will ne'er de - ceive, Soon
 nought is known but joy : With

let the thought our spi - rits cheer, The
 all that grieves shall pass a - way, And
 such a hope let us re - joice, We

Lord Him - self will soon ap - pear.
saints shall see a glo - rious day.
soon shall hear the Sav - iour's voice.