

## The night is wearing fast away.

1. The night is wearing fast away,  
The day of glory's dawning;  
When Christ shall all His grace display,  
The fair Millennial morning.

2. Gloomy and dark the night has been,  
And long the way, and dreary,  
And sad each faithful saint is seen,  
And faint, and worn, and weary.

3. Ye mourning pilgrims! dry your tears,  
And hush each sigh of sorrow;  
The light of that bright morn appears,  
The long sabbatic morrow.

4. Lift up your heads—behold from far  
A flood of splendour streaming,  
It is the bright and morning Star,  
In living lustre beaming.

5. And see that star-like host around  
Of angel-bands attending:  
Hark! hark! the trumpet's gladd'ning sound  
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.