

Hark! A herald voice is calling:
'Christ is nigh' it seems to say;
'cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!'

Startled at the solemn warning,
let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her sun, all sloth dispelling,
shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! The Lamb, so long expected,
comes with pardon down from heaven;
let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
one and all to be forgiven.

So when next He comes with glory,
wrapping all the earth in fear,
may He then as our defender
on the clouds of heaven appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
to the Father and the Son,
with the co-eternal Spirit,
while unending ages run.