

No. 53. The Day of the Lord.

Words by CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

Music by E. CARPENTER.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand! Its

Quickly
Air & Accompt. mf

storms roll up the sky; The na-tions sleep starv-ing on

heaps of gold; All dream-ers toss and sigh;..... The

night is dark-est be-fore the morn; When the pain is

sor-est the child is born, And the Day of the Lord at

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2.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
 Freedom and mercy and truth ;
 O come ! for the earth is grown coward and old ;
 Come down, and renew us her youth.
 Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring, and love,
 Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
 To the Day of the Lord at hand—
 To the Day of the Lord at hand.

3.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
 Famine and plague and war ;
 Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule,
 Gather, and fall in the snare !
 Hireling and Mammonite, bigot and knave,
 Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand—
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

4.

Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
 While the Lord of all ages is here ?
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer, can dare,
 Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand—
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.