

# 513 The Clouds of Judgment Gather



1 The clouds of judg - ment gath - er, The  
 2 A - rise, O true dis - ci - ples; Let  
 3 The home of fade - less splen - dor, Of  
 4 Oh, hap - py, ho - ly por - tion, Re -



time is grow - ing late; Be so - ber and be  
 wrong give way to right, And pen - i - ten - tial  
 blooms that bear no thorn, Where they shall dwell as  
 lief for all dis - tressed, True vi - sion of true



watch - ful, Our judge is at the gate:  
 shad - ow To Je - sus' bless - ed light:  
 chil - dren Who here as ex - iles mourn;  
 beau - ty, Re - fresh - ment for the blest!



The judge who comes in mer - cy, The  
 The light that has no eve - ning, That  
 The peace of all the faith - ful, The  
 Strive now to win that glo - ry, Toil



judge who comes in might To put an end to  
 knows no moon or sun, The light so new and  
 calm of all the blest, In - vi - o - late, un -  
 now to gain that light; Send hope a - head to



e - vil And di - a - dem the right.  
 gold - en, The light that is but one.  
 fad - ing, Di - vin - est, sweet - est, best.  
 grasp it Till hope be lost in sight.

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