

See the Gloomy Gathering Cloud

John Newton, 1779.

Samuel Webbe, 1792.

See the gloomy gathering cloud  
Hanging o'er a sinful land!  
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,  
Times of trouble are at hand:  
Happy they, who love His name!  
They shall always find Him near;  
Though the earth were wrapped in flame,  
They have no just cause for fear.

Hark! His voice in accents mild,  
O, how comforting and sweet!  
Speaks to every humble child,  
Pointing out a sure retreat!  
Come, and in My chambers hide,  
To My saints of old well known;  
There you safely may abide,  
Till the storm be overblown.

You have only to repose  
On My wisdom, love, and care;  
Where My wrath consumes my foes,  
Mercy shall My children spare:  
While they perish in the flood,  
You that bear My holy mark,  
Sprinkled with atoning blood,  
Shall be safe within the ark.

Sinners, see the ark prepared!  
Haste to enter while there's room;  
Though the Lord His arm has bared,  
Mercy still retards your doom:  
Seek Him while there yet is hope,  
Ere the day of grace be past;  
Lest in wrath He give you up,  
And this call should prove your last.