



The Night is Far Spent

John R Ecob

The night is far spent, the day is at hand;
I stand on the mount and gaze o'er the land
Where saints once camped in the valley below,
The fires they lit are now just a glow.

Loved ones have parted, the ranks are now thin;
We've not long to labour a laurel to win.
Days are all numbered in God's perfect plan;
While daylight is with us we'll do all we can.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand;
The time is approaching for our little band
To leave earth's valley for mansions above;
To be with the Saviour and dwell in His love.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand;
Events are unfolding the way God had planned,
The call to come higher may be any time;
Caught up with our loved ones to mansions sublime.

