See the Gloomy Gath'ring Cloud

Doh is F · 6/4 Tune: MARTYN

| m - - - m - m - - - d - | r - - - r - r - - - - - |
See the gloomy gath'ring cloud

| m - - - m - s - - - f - | m - - - - - r - - - - - |
Hanging o'er a sinful

| d - - - - - - - - - - - | m - - - m - m - - - d - |
land! Sure the Lord pro-

| r - - - r - r - - - - - | m - - - m - s - - - f - |
claims aloud, Times of trouble

| m - - - - - r - - - - - | d - - - - - - - - - - - |
are at hand:

| s - - - s - s - - - s - | l - - - - - l - - - - - |
Happy they, who love his

| s - - - - - - - - - - - | s - - - s - s - - - s - |
name! They shall always

| l - - - - - l - - - - - | s - - - - - - - - - - - |
find him near;

| m - - - m - m - - - d - | r - - - r - r - - - - - |
Though the earth were wrapped in flame,

| m - - - m - s - - - f - | m - - - - - r - - - - - |
They have no just cause for

| d - - - - - - - - - - - |
fear.

The other verses

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

Tune MARTYN by Simeon B. Marsh (died undefined); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.