The Gath'ring Clouds, with Aspect Dark

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
The gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark, A

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
rising storm pre- sage; O!

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
to be hid with- in the ark, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
sheltered from its rage!

The other verses

2 See the commissioned angel frown!
That vial in his hand,
Filled with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land!

3 Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer;
If yet there may be hope;
Who knows but Mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop!

4 Already is the plague begun,
And fired with hostile rage;
Brethren, by blood and interest one,
With brethren now engage.

5 Peace spreads her wings, prepared for flight,
And war, with flaming sword,
And hasty strides draws nigh, to fight
The battles of the Lord.

6 The first alarm, alas, how few,
While distant, seem to hear!
But they will hear, and tremble too,
When God shall send it near.

7 So thunder, o'er the distant hills,
Gives but a murm'ring sound,
But as the tempest spreads, it fills,
And makes the welkin sound.

8 May we, at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The churches, and our own.

9 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); 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.