Lost in the night do the people yet languish, longing for the morning the darkness to vanquish; plaintively sighing with hearts full of anguish. Will not day come soon? Will not day come soon?

Must we be vainly awaiting the morrow? Shall those who have light no light let us borrow, giving no heed to our burden of sorrow? Will you help us soon? Will you help us soon?

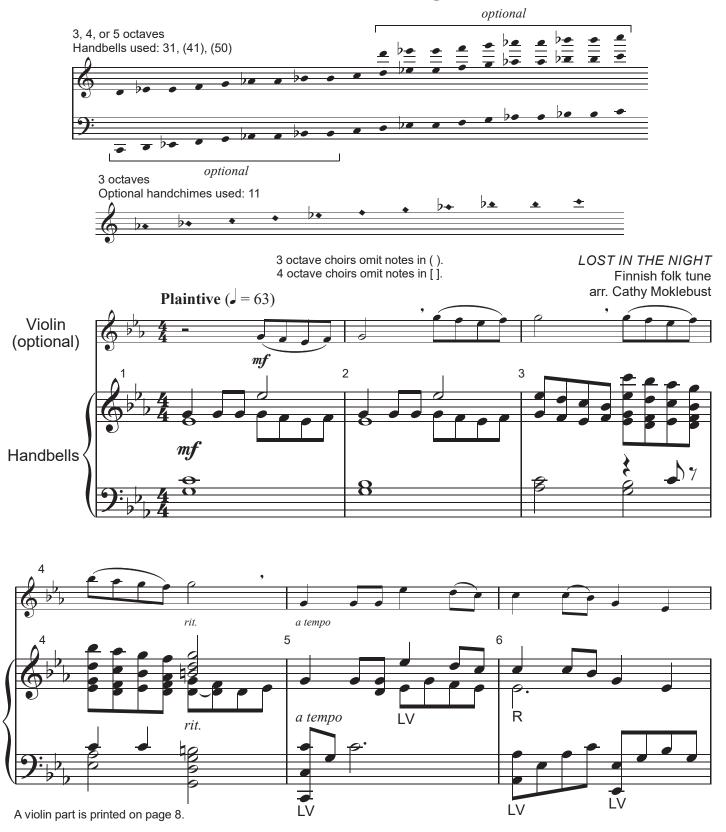
Sorrowing wand'rers, in darkness yet dwelling, dawned has the day of a radiance excelling, death's deepest shadows forever dispelling. Christ is coming soon! Christ is coming soon!

Light o'er the land of the needy is beaming; rivers of life through its deserts are streaming, bringing all peoples a Savior redeeming.

Come and save us soon! Come and save us soon!

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Lost in the Night



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