O Lord, the clouds are gathering

With strength

Capo 5

1. O Lord, the clouds are gathering, the fire of judgement burns, how we have fallen! O Lord, you stand appalled to see your laws of love so scorned and lives so broken.

(Women) Have mercy, Lord, for give us, Lord, re

(Men) Have mercy, Lord, for give us, Lord, re
2. O Lord, over the nations now
Where is the dove of peace?
Her wings are broken.
O Lord, while precious children starve
The tools of war increase;
Their bread is stolen.

3. O Lord, dark powers are poised to flood
Our streets with hate and fear;
We must awaken!
O Lord, let love reclaim the lives
That sin would sweep away
And let your Kingdom come.

4. Yet, O Lord, your glorious cross shall tower
Triumphant in this land,
Evil confounding.
Through the fire your suffering church display
The glories of her Christ:
Praises resounding!