The Dispensation Day

1. In the awful age of night, When the earth was struck with blight,
   And the clouds of papal darkness filled the sky.
   Persecution's fire and flood, Rooting in an angry flood,
   Failed to crush the Church sustained by God on high.

2. But she raised her banner high, And did all her foes defy,
   Over her gates of hell have not prevailed.
   For her forces multiplied, Not withstanding those who died,
   In the martyr's flames her glory was revealed.

3. Now the evening time has come, When the brightness of the sun,
   Thru the gospel shines in the remotest land.
   It will reach the distant isles, Where the golden harvest smiles.
   To be gathered while the Savior's near at hand.

4. We are in the evening light, Shining in the morning light,
   And the clouds of thick obscurity are passed.
   In the conquest we are strong, Singing as we march along.
   And we're ready for the final trumpet's blast.

Words and Music: B. E. Warren
The Dispensation Day

Chorus

We are in the evening of the dispensation day,

And the gospel light has scattered all the night away,

On the sunny mountain hear the melody of song,

Float upon the breezes, as we swiftly pass along.