

**The World Is Very Evil**

Words: Bernard of Morlaix, 12th Century

Music: Robert Pearsall (1795-1856).

The world is very evil, the times are waxing late,  
Be sober and keep vigil, the judge is at the gate.  
The judge who comes in mercy, the judge who comes in might,  
Who comes to end the evil, who comes to crown the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian, let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow to heavenly gladness lead,  
To light that has no evening, that knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden, the light that is but one.

O home of fadeless splendor, of flowers that bear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children who here as exiles mourn;  
'Midst power that knows no limits, where wisdom has no bound,  
The beatific vision shall glad the saints around.

The peace that is for Heaven, and shall be too for earth,  
The palace that re-echoes with festal song and mirth;  
The garden breathing spices, the paradise on high;  
Grace beautified to glory, unceasing minstrelsy.

O happy, holy portion, reflection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty, true cure of the distressed!  
Strive, man, to win that glory; toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it, till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessd country, the home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessd country, that eager hearts expect!  
Jesu, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest;  
Who art with God the Father and Spirit, ever blest.