

Judge Eternal, Throned in Splendor
Henry Holland, 1902.
Welsh melody.

Judge eternal, throned in splendor,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With Thy living fire of judgment
Purge this land of bitter things;
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of Thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release;
And the city's crowded clangor
Cries aloud for sin to cease.
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, Thine own endeavor;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy Word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the Gospel of the Lord.