

O quickly come, dread Judge of all

O quickly come, dread Judge of all,
for, awful though thine advent be;
all shadows from the truth will fall,
and falsehood die, in sight of thee.
O quickly come, for doubt and fear
like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all;
reign all around us, and within;
let sin no more our souls enthrall,
let pain and sorrow die with sin.
O quickly come, for thou alone
canst make thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all;
for death is mighty all around;
on every home his shadows fall,
on every heart his mark is found.
O quickly come, for grief and pain
can never cloud thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all
for gloomy night broods o'er our way;
and weakly souls begin to fall
with weary watching for the day.
O quickly come, for round thy throne
no eye is blind, no night is known.