

The Lord will come and not be slow

The Lord will come and not be slow,  
his footsteps cannot err;  
before him righteousness shall go,  
his royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
shall bud and blossom then;  
and justice, from her heavenly bower,  
look down on mortal men.

Rise, God, judge thou the earth in might,  
this wicked earth redress;  
for thou art he who shalt by right  
the nations all possess.

The nations all whom thou hast made  
shall come, and all shall frame  
to bow them low before thee, Lord,  
and glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great  
by thy strong hand are done:  
thou in thy everlasting seat  
remainest God alone.