Come, Quickly Come, Dread Judge Of All

1. Come, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all, For aw-ful tho’ Thine ad-vent be,
2. Come, quick-ly come, true Life of all; The curse of death is on the ground;
3. Come, quick-ly come, sure Light of all; For gloom-y night broods o’er our way;

All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee:
On ev-’ry home His shad-ows fall, On ev-’ry heart His mark is found:
And faint-ing souls be-gin to fall With wea-ry watch-ing for the day:

Come, quick-ly come: for doubt and fear
Come, quick-ly come, great King of all;
Come, quick-ly come: for grief and pain

Like clouds dis-solve when Thou art near.
Let sin no more our souls en-thral,
Can nev-er cloud Thy glo-ri-ous reign:

Come, quick-ly come: for Thou a-lone
Reign all a-round us, and with-in
Come, quick-ly come: for round Thy throne

Canst make Thy scat-tered peo-ple one.
Let pain and sor-row die with sin.
No eye is blind, no night is known.