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.

Mercy and truth, that long were missed, Now joyfully are met; Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed, And hand in hand are set.

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!

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God! Thee honor and adore With my whole heart; and blaze abroad Thy name forevermore!

John Milton

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