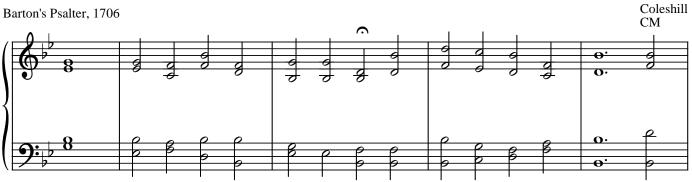
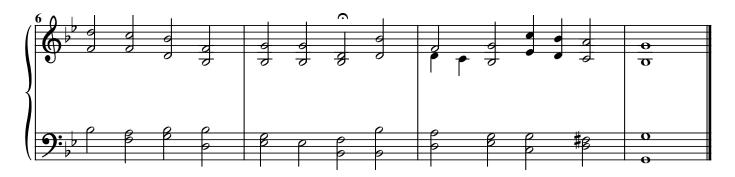
The Lord will come and not be slow





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!

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

J. Milton

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