

Judge eternal, throned in splendour

Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918) alt. The Editors.

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1. Judge eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
with your living fire of judgement
purge this world of evil things:
comfort all its lands and peoples
with the shadow of your wings.
2. Weary people still are longing
for the hour that brings release:
and the city's crowded clangour
cries aloud for sin to cease;
and the homesteads and the woodlands
plead in silence for their peace.
3. Crown, O God, your own endeavour,
cleave our darkness with your light;
heal your people's inward blindness
with your word that gives us sight;
cleanse the body of this nation
with eternal glory bright.

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01449 738827