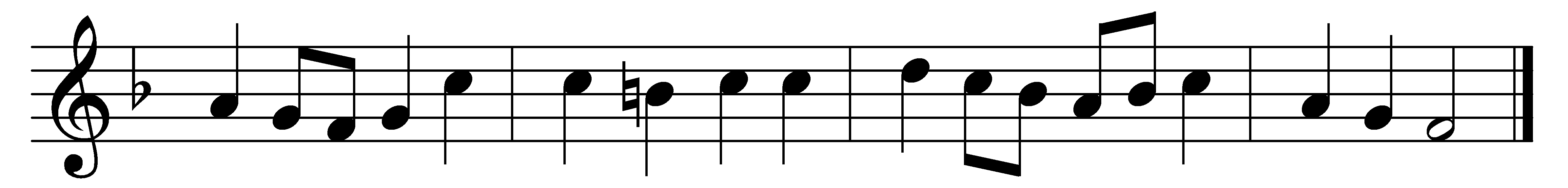
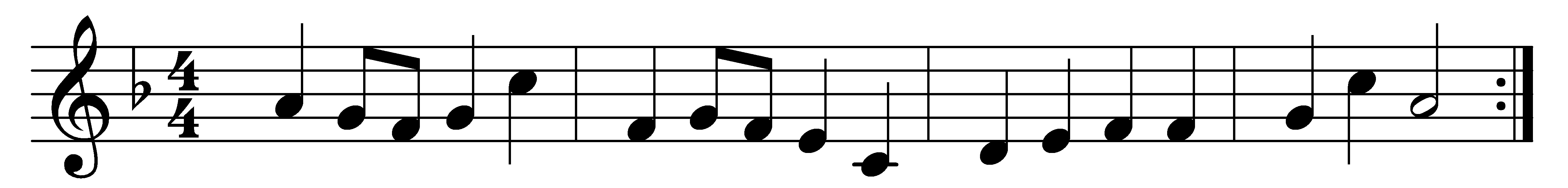
Judge eternal, throned in splendour Hymnal 1982 no. 596

Melody: Komm, o komm, du Geist des Lebens 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.

British spelling



Judge eternal, throned in splendour,

Lord of lords and King of kings,

with thy living fire of judgement

purge this land of bitter things;

solace all its wide dominion

with the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining

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.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavour;

cleave our darkness with thy sword;

feed all those who do not know thee

with the richness of thy word;

cleanse the body of this nation

through the glory of the Lord.

Words: Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)

Music: Melody from *Neu-vermehrtes und zu Übung Christl. Gottseligkeit eingerichtetes Meiningisches Gesangbuch*, 1693