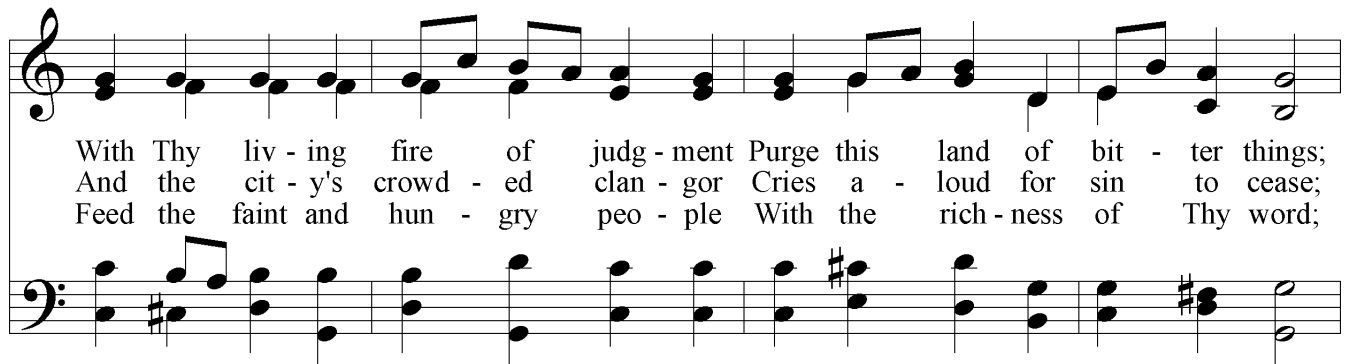


# Judge Eternal, Throned in Splendor

ABBOTT 8,7,8,7,8,7



1. Judge e - ter - nal, thron'd in splen - dor, Lord of lords and King of kings,  
2. Still the wea - ry folk are pin - ing For the hour that brings re - lease,  
3. Crown, O God, Thine own en - deav - or; Cleave our dark - ness with Thy sword;



With Thy liv - ing fire of judg - ment Purge this land of bit - ter things;  
And the cit - y's crowd - ed clan - gor Cries a - loud for sin to cease;  
Feed the faint and hun - gry peo - ple With the rich - ness of Thy word;



Sol - ace all its wide do - min - ion With the heal - ing of Thy wings.  
And the home - stead and the wood - land Plead in si - lence for their peace.  
Cleanse the bod - y of this na - tion Thru the glo - ry of the Lord. A - men.