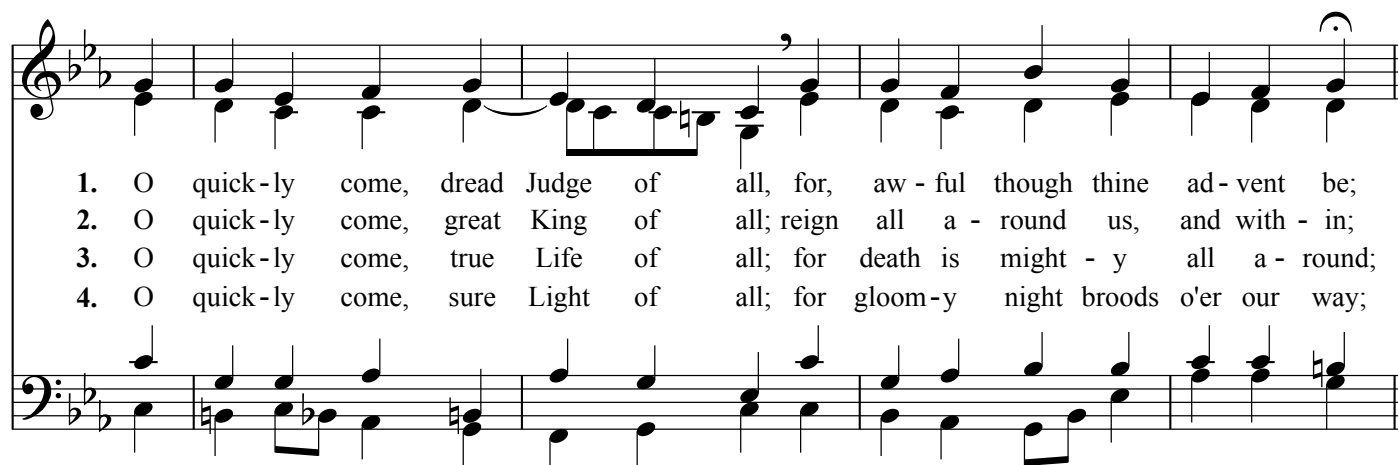


330 • O Quickly Come, Dread Judge Of All

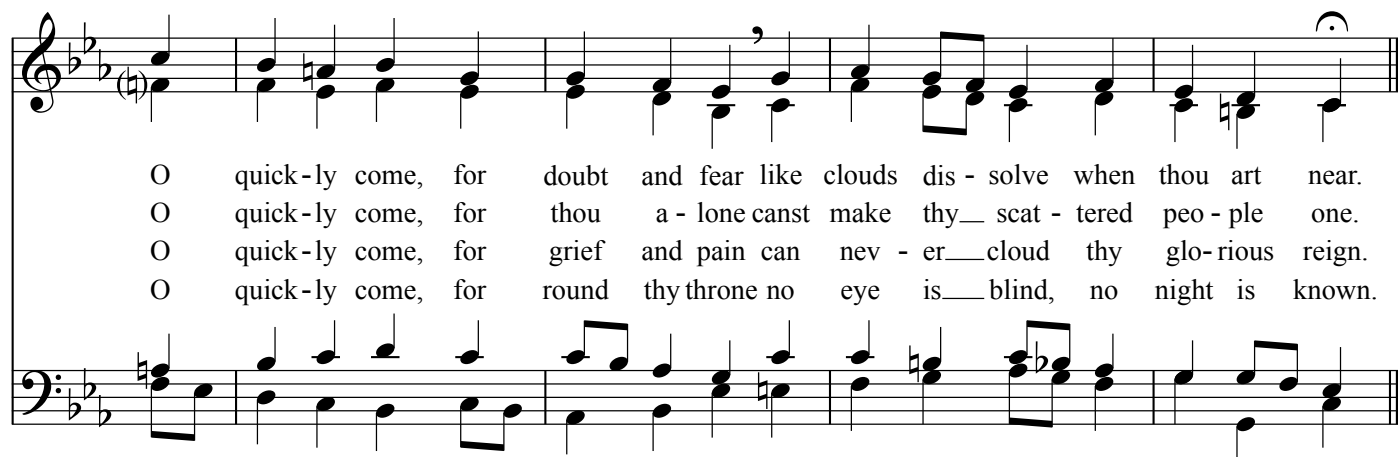
Tune: VATER UNSER (88 88 88) Text: Lawrence Tuttiel (†1897) alt



1. O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all, for, aw - ful though thine ad - vent be;
2. O quick-ly come, great King of all; reign all a - round us, and with - in;
3. O quick-ly come, true Life of all; for death is might - y all a - round;
4. O quick-ly come, sure Light of all; for gloom-y night broods o'er our way;



all shad - ows_ from the truth will fall, and false - hood die, in sight of thee.
let sin no__more our souls en thrall, let pain and sor - row die with sin.
on eve - ry__home his shad ows fall, on eve - ry heart his mark is found.
and weak - ly__souls be - gin to fall with wea - ry watch - ing for the day.



O quick-ly come, for doubt and fear like clouds dis - solve when thou art near.
O quick-ly come, for thou a - lone canst make thy__ scat - tered peo - ple one.
O quick-ly come, for grief and pain can nev - er__cloud thy glo - rious reign.
O quick-ly come, for round thy throne no eye is__blind, no night is known.