

So in an unexpected hour
 The King shall come in God-like power ;
 And flashing through this world of gloom,
 Shall wake His people from the tomb,
 Shall call the nations round His throne,
 And take to glory all His own.

With trumpet voice, with thunder's roll
 The Judge shall take supreme control,
 Shall rule the nations with His rod,
 And thunder forth the wrath of God
 Against unrighteousness and sin,
 And fraud, and greed, and battle's din.

He listens to the mourner's cry,
 He lifts the weeping ones on high ;
 He hears the plaints of those distressed,
 He bids the weary come and rest ;
 He calls the nations to His feet,
 He gives the saints a welcome sweet.
 He says to them, " Come home, ye blest,
 Enter My kingdom, share My rest,
 And safe beyond earth's toil and strife
 Inherit everlasting life."

Roll on, O day of joy sublime,
 Thou consummating hour of time,
 When the long years of Satan's sway
 Shall end in God's eternal day ;
 When sin and sorrow shall be past,
 And joy and peace shall come at last ;
 And 'neath the circuit of the sun,
 God's will shall as in heaven be done.

—Sel.