

# FROM ANCIENT ROOTS

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rom ancient roots, a shoot shall rise, Full-blooming Wisdom of our God;

With perfect judgement in His eyes, and perfect justice from His rod.

2. Abundant peace, like streams, shall flow, Til stars and moon fall from the sky;

And all the lands and peoples know, the Name of God, the Lord Most High.

3. A voice cries out, "Pre-pare the Way, Re-pent, and make His pathways clear!"

We dare not rest, dare not de-lay, Salva-tion by our God is near.

4. The axe, as yet, awaits the tree, The threshing floor awaits the fan.

Be-fore His justice, none can flee; Beneath His judgement, none can stand.

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