

From Ancient Roots

XXI. s.

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rom an- cient roots, a shoot shall rise, Full- bloom- ing Wis- dom of our

God; With per- fect judge- ment in His eyes, and per- fect jus- tice from His rod.

2. A- bun- dant peace, like streams, shall flow, Til stars and moon fall from the sky;

And all the lands and peo- ples know, the Name of God, the Lord Most High. 3. A

voice cries out, "Pre- pare the Way, Re- pent, and make His path- ways clear!" We dare

not rest, dare not de- lay, Sal- va- tion by our God is near. 4. The axe, as yet, a- waits

the tree, The thresh- ing floor a- waits the fan. Be- fore His jus- tice, none can flee;

Be- neath His judge- ment, none can stand. 5. Pre- pare then well, and swift- ly

too, For swift- er still is God's own grace. Pre- pare your heart to be made new, Pre-

-pare your eyes to see His face.