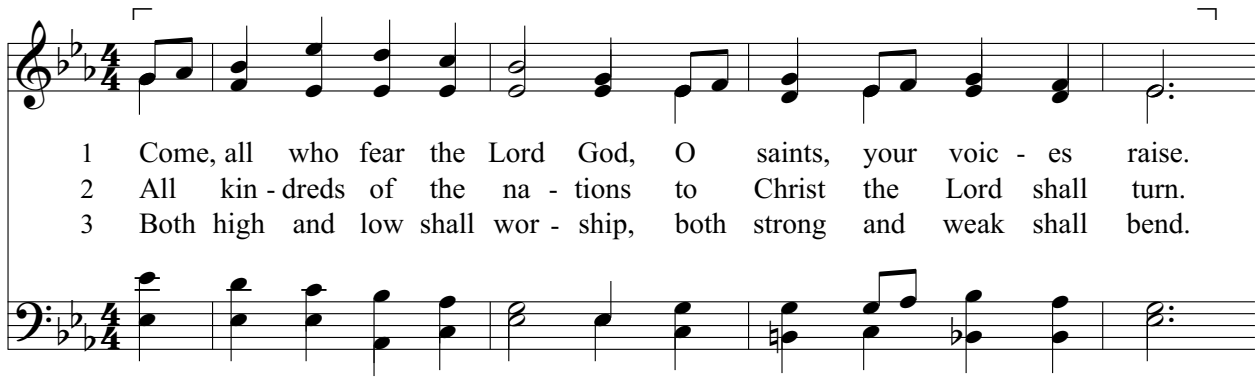
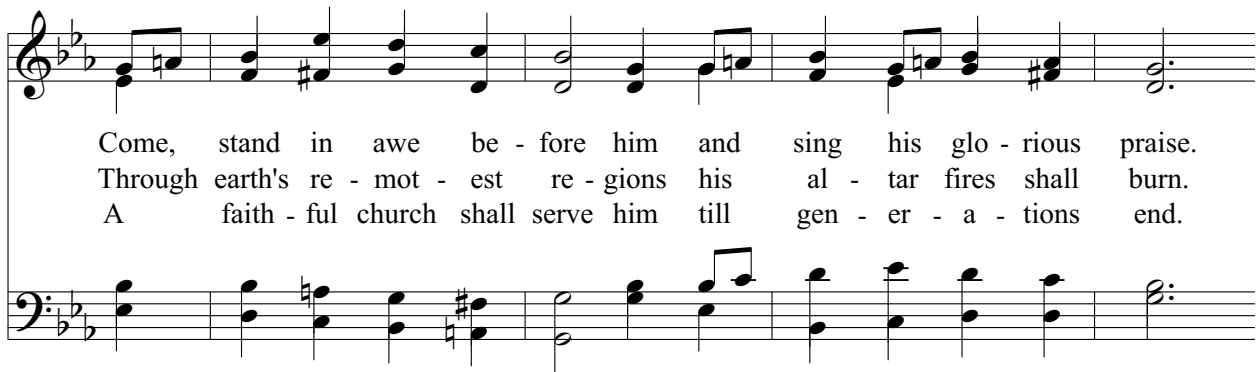


# Come, All Who Fear the Lord God



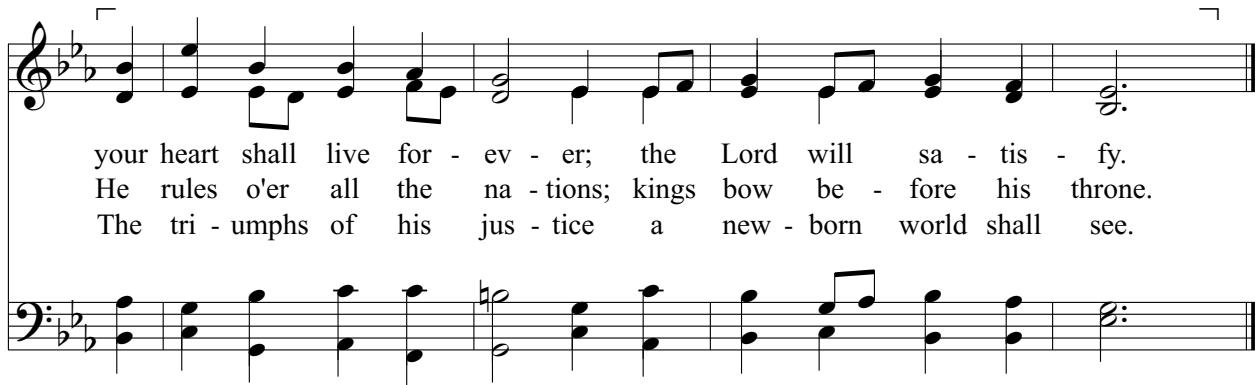
1 Come, all who fear the Lord God, O saints, your voices raise.  
2 All kindreds of the nations to Christ the Lord shall turn.  
3 Both high and low shall worship, both strong and weak shall bend.



Come, stand in awe before him and sing his glorious praise.  
Through earth's remotest regions his altar fires shall burn.  
A faithful church shall serve him till generations end.



You lowly and afflicted who on his word rely,  
All kingdoms, power, and glory be long to him alone.  
His praise shall be recounted to nations yet to be.



your heart shall live forever; the Lord will satisfy.  
He rules o'er all the nations; kings bow before his throne.  
The triumphs of his justice a new-born world shall see.

Text: Psalm 22:23-31; vers. *Psalter*, 1912  
Tune: Berthold Tours, 1872



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[www.hymnary.org/text/come\\_all\\_who\\_fear\\_the\\_lord\\_god](http://www.hymnary.org/text/come_all_who_fear_the_lord_god)