

As servants working an estate, whose owner is away,
And whose return they all await though no one knows the day,
So none of us can name the hour, the season, or the year
When Christ with all the heaven's power will suddenly appear.

Our task is not to calculate what angels do not know,
But faithfully to watch and wait and Christ's compassion show.
Not loading fragile human schemes with hopes they cannot bear,
We trust the promise that redeems the present from despair.

For Christ the Lord will surely come, the king whom kings will fear,
And with God's perfect justice plumb the justice we do here,
Revealing that the present age and every age that's past
Are not the final moral gauge that judges us at last.

So guide, Lord Christ, our every choice that when our hearts shall hear
Your step, your knock, your calling voice, we will not hide in fear,
But welcome you from realms above to your estate below,
Where justice, mercy, peace, and love, abundantly will grow.