

Come, Thou Conqueror of the Nations  
By Charles Wesley

Come, Thou Conqueror of the nations,  
Now on Thy white horse appear;  
Earthquakes, famines, desolations  
Signify Thy kingdom near:  
True and faithful!  
Stablish Thy dominion here.

Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;  
Thine the ransomed nations are.  
Let the heathen fall before Thee,  
Let the isles Thy power declare.  
Judge and conquer  
All mankind in righteous war.

Thee let all mankind admire,  
Object of our joy and dread!  
Flame Thine eyes with heavenly fire,  
Many crowns upon Thy head.  
But Thine essence  
None, except Thyself, can read.

Yet we know our Mediator,  
By the Father's grace bestowed;  
Meekly clothed in human nature,  
Thee we call the Word of God.  
Flesh Thy garment,  
Dipped in Thy own sacred blood.

Captain, God of our salvation,  
Thou Who hast the wine press trod,  
Borne the Almighty's indignation,  
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,  
Take the kingdom,  
Claim the purchase of Thy blood.

On Thy thigh and clothing written,  
Show the world Thy heavenly Name,  
That, with loving wonder smitten,  
All may glorify the Lamb.  
All adore Thee,  
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.

Honor, glory, and salvation  
To the Lord our God we give.  
Power, and endless adoration,  
Thou art worthy to receive.  
Reign triumphant,  
King of kings, forever live!