

Savior, Whom Our Hearts Adore

Charles Wesley, 1762.

Anonymous.

Savior, whom our hearts adore,  
To bless our earth again,  
Now assume Thy royal power,  
And o'er the nations reign;  
Christ, the world's desire and hope,  
Power complete to Thee is given;  
Set the last great empire up,  
Eternal Lord of Heaven.

Where they all Thy laws have spurned,  
Where they Thy name profane,  
Where the ruined world hath mourned  
With blood of millions slain,  
Open there the ethereal scene,  
Claim the heathen tribes for Thine;  
There the endless reign begin  
With majesty divine.

Universal Savior, Thou  
Wilt all Thy creatures bless;  
Every knee to Thee shall bow,  
And every tongue confess:  
None shall in Thy mount destroy;  
War shall then be learnt no more:  
Saints shall their great King enjoy,  
And all mankind adore.