

Come, Desire Of Nations, Come!  
by Charles Wesley

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!  
Hear the Spirit and the bride;  
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,  
Make us meet for our reward;  
Then with all thy saints descend;  
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days;  
Who for full redemption groan,  
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the man of sin;  
Now thine ancient flock bring in!  
Filled with righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here,  
Glorious in thy saints appear;  
Speak the sacred number sealed;  
Speak the mystery revealed.

6 Take to thee thy royal power;  
Reign, when sin shall be no more,  
Reign, when death no more shall be;  
Reign to all eternity.