

- COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
- 3 Come, and in mercy send
A last revival now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth;
Sower and Reaper Thou!
- 4 Come, in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.
- 5 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.
- 6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89