

SEE the ransomed millions stand,  
Palms of conquest in their hand;  
This before the throne their strain,  
'Hell is vanquished, death is slain;  
Blessing, honour, glory, might,  
Are the Conqueror's native right;  
Thrones and powers before Him fall;  
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!'

- 2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;  
Come in glory and in power;  
Still Thy foes are unsubdued;  
Nature sighs to be renewed.  
Time has nearly reached its sum,  
All things with Thy bride say, 'Come.'  
Jesus, Whom all worlds adore,  
Come, and reign for evermore!

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*