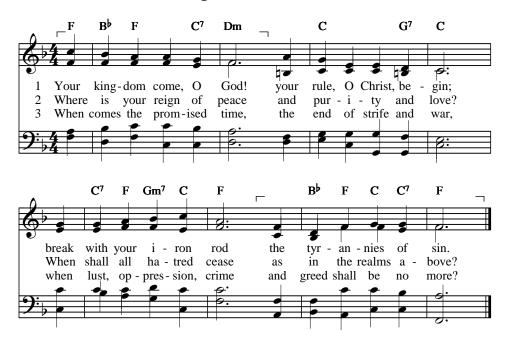
Your kingdom come, O God!



- 4 O Lord our God, arise and come in your great might! revive our longing eyes, which languish for your sight.
- Men scorn your sacred name, and wolves devour your fold; by many deeds of shame we learn that love grows cold.
- 6 On nations near and far thick darkness gathers yet; arise, O Morning Star, arise and never set!

Text: Lewis Hensley, 1867, alt. Tune: Leighton G. Hayne, 1863