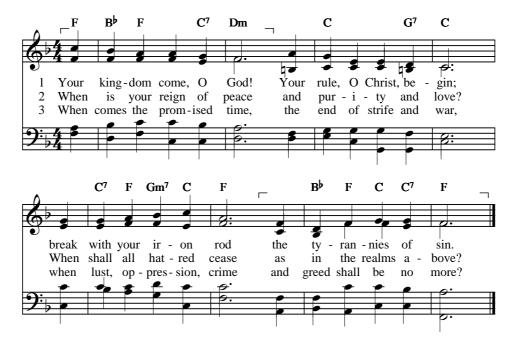
## # Your kingdom come, O God!



- 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: L. Hensley, 1824–1905 Tune: L. G. Hayne, 1836–1883