Come, Lord, and tarry not; Bring the long looked for day;

O why these years of waiting here, These ages of decay?

Come, for thy saints still wait; Daily ascends their sigh;

The Spirit and the Bride say, “Come;” Does thou not hear our cry?

O come and make all things new!

Come and make all things new!

O come and make all things new;

Build up this ruined Earth,

Come and make all things new

Come, for creation groans, Impatient of Thy stay,

Worn out with these long years of ill, These ages of delay

Come, for love waxes cold, Its steps are faint and slow;

Faith now is lost in unbelief, Hope’s lamp burns dim and low.

Come, and begin Thy reign; Of everlasting peace;

Come, take the kingdom to Thyself, Great King of Righteousness.