

Come Then, Lord Jesus

Words by Horatius Bonar alt by Hutson and Bowser, Music by Kenny Hutson & Katy Bowser.
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1. The Church has waited long Her absent Lord to see
And still in loneliness she waits A friendless stranger she
Age after age has gone, Sun after sun has set
And still, in weeds of widowhood, She weeps a mourner yet

Chorus: Come then, Lord Jesus, come
Come then, Lord Jesus
Come then, Lord Jesus, come, come, come.

2. The serpent's brood increase, The powers of hell
grow bold
The conflicts thickens, faith is low, And love is waxing cold
How long, O Lord our God, Holy and true and good
Wilt thou not judge Thy suffering Church, Her sighs and
tears and blood?

3. We long to hear thy voice, To see Thee face to face
To share Thy crown and glory then, As now we share thy
grace
Should not the loving bride, The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief, Until her
Lord return?

4. The whole creation groans, And wait to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness, And make
her wastes rejoice
Come, Lord, and wipe away, The curse, the sin, the stain
And make this blighted world of ours, Thine own fair
world again.