THY KINGDOM COME, O KING OF EARTH

1 Thy kingdom come, O King of earth and heav’n,
2 Thee will I serve, for he who serves Thee reigns,
3 Thee as my King my soul at last shall hail,

Creator, Saviour, who our chains hast riv’n;
Thee will I freely serve while life remains,
No more to swerve, no more to faint nor fail.

Oh, that all hearts would Thy sweet yoke embrace;
Till, free no longer, in Thy realm above,
O Father, take Thy weary wanderer home;

Reign in my heart for ever, King of grace.
Bound in the rapturous thrall of Thy love,
O King of glory, may Thy kingdom come.