

Come, O divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
when hope shall sing its triumph,
and sadness flee away.

*Sweet Saviour, haste; come, come to earth:
dispel the night, and show Thy face,
and bid us hail the dawn of grace.
Come, O divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
when hope shall sing its triumph,
and sadness flee away.*

O Thou, Whom nations sighed for,
Whom priests and prophets long foretold,
wilt break the captive fetters,
redeem the long-lost fold.

Shalt come in peace and meekness,
and lowly will Thy cradle be:
all clothed in human weakness
shall we Thy Godhead see.