

Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.

By the signals of thy coming,
Soon, we know, thou wilt appear,
Evil with thy breath consuming,
Setting up thy kingdom here ;
Thy last heavenly revelation
These tremendous plagues forerun,
Judgment ushers in salvation,
Seats thee on thy glorious throne.

Earth unhinged, as from her basis,
Owns her great Restorer nigh,
Plunged in complicate distresses,
Poor distracted sinners cry :
Men, their instant doom deploring,
Faint beneath their fearful load ;
Ocean working, rising, roaring,
Claps his hands to meet his God.

Every fresh alarming token,
More confirms thy faithful word,
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken),
Must be suddenly restored :
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise !

Vanish from this world of shadows,
Pass the former things away ;
Lord appear, appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day :
O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside,
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend, and take thy bride.

Charles Wesley, 1756.