



2. O thou, whom we delight in, the messenger of love! come to thy temple quickly back from thy throne above: but who may bide thy coming, who hear thy footsteps tread, who stand when thou appearest, thou Judge of quick and dead?

3. Send down thy Dove before thee, till every heart, restored by its sweet breath, adore thee their only God and Lord: and make our offerings pleasant as in the days of old, and as in former happy years of which our fathers told.

4. Come back and fill thy Temple, built up of human hearts, with that abiding Presence which never more departs; come where the prostrate nations before thy feet shall fall, come with thy holy angels, come back the Lord of all.

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