Come, O Thou King of Kings! We've waited long for thee, with healing in thy wings, to set thy people free. Come, thou desire of nations, come, thou desire of nations.

Come, make an end to sin, and cleanse the earth by fire, and righteousness bring in, that Saints may tune the lyre, with songs of joy, a happy strain, to welcome in thy peaceful reign.

Hosannas now shall sound from all the ransomed throng, and glory echoing round a new triumphal throne! While all the chosen race their Lord and Savior own, the wide expance of heaven fill with anthems sweet from Zion's hill.

Hail! Prince of life and peace! Thrice welcome to thy knee, and every tongue sounds praise to thee.

Let Israel now be gathered home. Come, thou desire of nations, come; let Israel now be gathered home.

Text: Parley P. Pratt, 1807–1857
Music: Anon., ca. 1889

Music: 3 Nephi 25:1–2
Isaiah 35:10