Come, We That Love the Lord

1 Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known, known, known, known,

2 Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God; join in a song with but children of the

3 The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets be before we reach the

4 Then let our songs abound, and every tear be dry; we're marching through Emmanuel.

sweet accord, and thus surround the throne.

heavenly King may speak their joys abroad.

heavenly fields, or walk the golden streets.

manuel's ground to fairer worlds on high.