We're Marching to Zion

1 Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;
2 Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God;
3 The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets
4 Then let our songs abound, and every tear be dry;

join in a song with sweet accord, join
but children of the heavenly King, but
before we reach the heavenly fields, before we're marching through Emmanuel's ground, we're

in a song with sweet accord and thus sur-
children of the heavenly King may speak their
fore we reach the heavenly fields, or walk the
march-ing through Emmanuel's ground, to fairer

Refrain

round the throne, and thus sur-round the throne.
joys abroad, may speak their joys abroad.
golden streets, or walk the golden streets. We're marching to
worlds on high, to fairer worlds on high.

Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion; we're

march-ing up-ward to Zion, the beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God.