We're Marching to Zion

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known: Join in a song with sweet accord,
2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the heav’n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad.
3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets; Be fore we reach the heav’n-ly fields, Or walk the gol- den streets.
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev’ry tear be dry; We're marching thro’ Im-manuel’s ground, To fairer worlds on high.

And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne. We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion; We're marching on to Zion.

May we speak their joys a-broad; May we speak their joys a-broad.

Or walk the golden streets, Or walk the golden streets.

To fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high.

We're Marching to Zion

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Tune: Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

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marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.