 Come, We That Love the Lord

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who never knew our God;
3. The hill of Zion yields A thou-sand sac-red sweets,
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev'ry tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May
Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
We're march-ing thro' Im-manuel's ground, To

thus sur-round the throne. speak their joys a broad.
walk the golden streets. fair worlds on high.

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