

# Come, ye that love the Lord

Come, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus approach the throne.  
 Let those refuse to sing,  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But servants of the heavenly King,  
 May speak their joys abroad.

The God, Who rules on high,  
 That all the earth surveys,  
 That rides upon the stormy sky,  
 And calms the roaring seas.  
 This awful God is ours,  
 Our Father and our Love;  
 He will send down his heavenly powers,  
 To carry us above.

There we shall see His face,  
 And never, never sin!  
 There, from the rivers of His grace,  
 Drink endless pleasures in.  
 Yea, and before we rise,  
 To that immortal state,  
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss,  
 Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
 From hope and faith may grow.  
 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts