

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And all the spreading skies.

- 2 From the third Heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your eternal King!'
- 4 The God of glory makes with saints
His ever blest abode;
We, the dear objects of His grace,
And He our loving God.
- 5 His own dear hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.
- 6 How long, dear Saviour! O, how long
Shall this great hour delay?
Turn swiftly round, O wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748