

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas . . .

3 This awesome God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He *shall* send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

4 And here—before we rise
To that immortal state—
The thought of such a world of bliss
Should constant joy create.

5 God's saints have ever found
Glory begun below:
That heavenly fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748