

MY best-belovèd keeps His throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But He descends and shows His face
In the fair gardens of His grace.

- 2 He has engrossed my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in His heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.
- 3 He lifts my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where His glories are:
No earthly poet, sage or scribe
This heavenly rapture could describe.
- 4 O, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall seal my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748