

**H**OW soon! my God, my joys shall rise  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.

2 There, where my Saviour, Jesus, reigns,  
In Heaven's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.

3 Millions of years my wondering eyes,  
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove;  
And endless ages I'll adore,  
The glories of Thy love.

4 Sweet Jesus, every smile of Thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring;  
And thousand tastes of new delight  
From all Thy graces spring.

5 Haste, my Beloved, and take my soul  
Up to Thy blest abode:  
Come, for my spirit longs to see  
My Saviour and my God.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*