

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of overflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and lasting love
Sit smiling on His brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Those sacred, blessèd feet of His,
That ragged nails once tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

4 His head, that dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

5 This is our Lord, the exalted Man,
Whom we by faith adore;
But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748