

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 sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A stream of joys untold,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the streets of gold.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

6 There shall we see His face
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.