Come, ye that love the Lord

1. Come, ye that love the Lord,
   And let your joys be known;
   Join in a song with sweet accord,
   And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing
   That never knew our God,
   But children of the heavenly King
   May speak their joys abroad.

3. The God of heaven is ours,
   Our Father and our love;
   His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
   Then waft our souls above.

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

5. Yes, and before we rise
   To that immortal state.
   The thoughts of such amazing bliss
   Should constant joys create.

6. Children of grace have found
   Glory begun below:
   Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
   From faith and hope may grow.

7. The hill of Sion yields
   A thousand sacred sweets,
   Before we reach the heavenly fields,
   Or walk the golden streets.

8. Then let our songs abound,
   And ev'ry tear be dry;
   We're trav'ling through Immanuel's ground,
   To fairer worlds on high.