

From Thee, My God, My Joys Shall Rise  
Isaac Watts, 1707.  
Joseph Stephenson, 1760.

From Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds,  
And all created bounds.

The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself outbrave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave,  
And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,  
In Heav'n's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity,  
I'll spend a long eternity,  
In pleasure and in praise,  
In pleasure and in praise.

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

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

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
Up to Thy blest abode;  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see,  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
My Savior and my God,  
My Savior and my God.