

Descend from Heav'n, Immortal Dove  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-09.  
Music: Virgil Taylor, 1850

Descend from Heav'n, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things:

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight  
Of our almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Savior crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around Him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on every heav'nly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their king!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view Thy face, and sing, and love?