

Return, O God of Love

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: John Dykes, 1868.

Return, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, Thy children, mourn
Our absence from Thy face?
Let Heavn succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

Thy wonders to Thy servants show,
Make Thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls Thy glory know,
And own Thy love was great.
Then shall we shine before Thy throne
In all Thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.