

Come, Happy Souls, Approach Your God  
Words: Isaac Watts, ca. 1708.  
Music: Carl Glaser, 1828.

Come, happy souls, approach your God,  
With new melodious songs;  
Come, tender to almighty grace,  
The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent His equal Son  
To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry;  
Trust in the mighty Saviors name,  
And you shall never die.

See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept Thine offered grace;  
We bless the great Redeemers love,  
And give the Father praise.