

LOCKPORT. S.M.

399

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind, Be banish'd from this place; Religion never was design'd To make our pleasures less.

3. Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God; But children of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a-broad.