

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

2. The sorrows of the mind, Be banished from the place; Religion never was designed, To make our pleasures less, 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, May speak their joys a-broad.

4. The hill of Zion yields, A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets, Or walk the golden streets.

5. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching thru Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high.