

Heavenly Joy on Earth

Isaac Watts

(Come, We that Love the Lord)

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

[The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.]

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

[The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;]

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

[The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

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

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