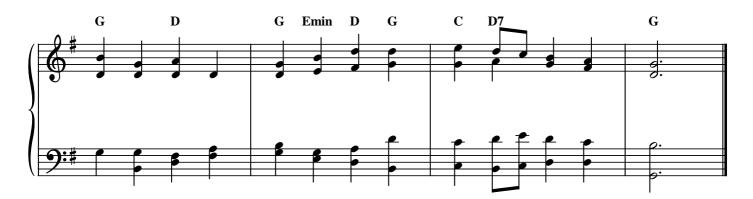
Come, we that love the Lord

St. Thomas S.M.

Aaron Williams, 1763





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

Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But favorites of the heavenly King, May speak their joys abroad.

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

Isaac Watts