

1. Come, ye that love the Sa-  
vior's name, And join to make it known,  
The Sov'-reign of your heart pro-claim,  
And bow be-fore his throne,

2. Be-hold your King, your Sa-  
vior, crowned With glo-ries all di-  
vine, And tell the wond'ring na-  
tions round, How bright these glo-  
ries shine,

3. In-fi-nite pow'r and bound-less  
grace, In him u-nite their rays;  
You that have e'er be-held his  
face, Can you for-bear his  
praise?

4. When in his earth-ly courts we  
view The glo-ries of our King,  
We long to love as an-gels do,  
And wish like them to sing,

The Sov'-reign of your heart pro-claim,  
And bow be-fore his throne.

And tell the won-d'ring na-  
tions round, How bright these glo-  
ries shine.

You that have e'er be-held his  
face, Can you for-bear his  
praise?

We long to love as an-gels do,  
And wish like them to sing.

5. And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise!  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
6. O happy period, glorious day,  
When heav'n and earth shall raise,  
With all their pow'rs, the raptured lay,  
To celebrate Thy praise.