We're Marching to Zion

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." (Ps. 149:2)

ISAAC WATTS

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're March-ing through Imman-uel's ground, We're March-ing through Imman-uel's ground,

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

We're March-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're March-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on;
We're March-ing on to Zi-on,

We're March-ing up-ward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.