

DESCEND from Heaven, Immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things, . . .

- 2 Up far beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul!
- 3 O for a sight, a moving sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne;
Where sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines glorious through the Man,
And sheds His glory on them all.
- 5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand amazed among them there,
And view Thy face, and sing Thy love?

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748