

Song 11

- 1. Come ye that love the Lord
And let our joys be known,
Join in the song with sweet accord - 2
And thus surround the throne - 2**

**We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion
The beautiful city of God.**

- 2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly - 2
May speak their joys abroad – 2**
- 3. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields - 2
Or walk the golden streets – 2**
- 4. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;**

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground - 2
To fairer worlds on high - 2