St. Thomas S. M.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known:
Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad.

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

4. The hills of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

5. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry;
Were marching thru Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.