

Hymn XXX, Bk. 2, Isaac Watts, 1707

From the John Moore MS ca 1837

Treble

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Come ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known, and

Come ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known, and

⑦

let your joys be known. Join in a song of sweet ac - cord,  
Join in a song of sweet ac - cord,  
let your joys be known. Join in a song of sweet ac - cord,  
Join in a song of sweet ac - cord,

⑬

*p* join in a song of sweet ac - cord, *f* While

join in a song of sweet ac - cord, while ye sur-round the throne, while

*p* *f*

*Inst.* while ye sur-round the

The earliest publication of this tune, under the name of NEW BIRMINGHAM, has so far been traced to a publication entitled *Marr's (late Cameron's) Sacred Music . . .* (Glasgow, n.d.), where it is attributed to 'Sallers', and is set to "Come all that love the Lord . . ." The date of the publication has been put variously as post 1838 to as late as 1850.

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ye sur-round the throne, while ye sur-round the throne.

while ye sur-round the throne.

ye sur-round the throne, while ye sur-round the throne.

throne, while ye sur-round the throne.

1\* Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song of sweet accord  
While ye surround the throne.

6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

2\* The sorrows of the mind,  
Be banish'd from the place!  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasure less.

7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

3\* Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

8\* The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below,  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas;

9\* The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

5 This awful God of ours,  
Our Father and our love;  
He shall send down his heav'nly  
pow'rs  
To carry us above.

10\* Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

Notes. 1 Watts' words in verse 1 are.. "Come we..." and "Let our..."

2 Alto taken down the octave.

3 Taken from West Gallery Harmony, WGMA, Albrighton, 1997 with consent of Gordon and Isabella Ashman.

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