

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

- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.