

# Concord

No copyright. Transcribed from *The Union Harmony*, 1793.

C Major  
Oliver Holden, 1793

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. The hill of Zi-on yields a thousand sac-red sweets; Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, -

Be - fore we reach the

Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, -

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

heav'n - ly fields,

Be - fore the reach the heav'n-ly fields Or walk the gol-den streets. Be -

heav'n - ly fields,

Be-

2. Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

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

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

3. The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

6. This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He shall send down his heav'nly powers  
To carry us above.

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

4. Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God;  
But favorites of the heav'nly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

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

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