

What joy there is in coming

Johan I. Dannstrom, 1812-1897

Sanctuary
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What joy there is in coming
To God's own courts so fair,
Where faithful souls are blooming
Like lilies in His care!
They raise their chalices tender
For Heav'n's refreshing dew,
'Mid blessings God doth render
They life and strength renew.
'Mid blessings God doth render
They life and strength renew.

How beautiful the union
Of souls redeemed and free,
Who hold with God communion
In faith and purity!
While songs of praise are filling
Their sacred place of rest,
Who then can be unwilling
To join their circle blest?
Who then can be unwilling
To join their circle blest?

Come, see the Lord's salvation
And taste His love sincere;
Come, pray without cessation,
Watch with His people here.
Outside, the world makes merry,
Unhappy 'mid its toys,
But in God's sanctuary
The soul finds heav'nly joys.
But in God's sanctuary
The soul finds heav'nly joys.

May ne'er my footsteps falter
Tow'rd night away from day;
My light shines from God's altar,
My Sun I'll seek always.
Here in His presence glorious
It is so good to be—
Let here my soul victorious
Its tabernacle see.
Let here my soul victorious
Its tabernacle see.

Johan Runeberg