588 Придите, все сердца

- Come, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known.
 Join in a song with sweet accord, (×2)
 And thus surround the throne. (×2)
- Придите все сердца,
 Кто любит труд Отца!

И пойте, окруживши трон, Со всеми, кто спасён.

 $(\times 2)$

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Припев

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

2. Пусть те лишь не поют, Кто Господа не чтут;

Но дети Божьи пусть поют, Забыв печаль и труд.

 $(\times 2)$

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Припев

- 3. The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields, (×2)
 Or walk the golden streets. (×2)
- 3. Уж ныне нам Сион Шлёт радостей миллион,

Пока ещё мы не пришли К полям святой земли.

 $(\times 2)$

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Припев

4. Then let our songs abound,And ev'ry tear be dry.We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground

 $(\times 2)$

To fairer worlds on high.

 $(\times 2)$

4. А там, где нет обид, Пусть вечно песнь звучит;

С Эммануилом мы идём

В мир лучший, в вечный дом. (×2)

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Припев