

Come, Let Us Now Forget Our Mirth
Words: Jane Taylor, 1809
Music: Patterson's Church Music, 1813.

Come, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die:
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high?

A sad and sinful world is this,
Although it seems so fair;
But Heaven is perfect joy and bliss,
For God Himself is there.

Here all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there for ever last,
And can not fade away.

Here many a pain and bitter groan
Our feeble bodies tear;
But pain and sickness are not known,
And never shall be, there.

Here sins and sorrows we deplore
With many cares distressed;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

Our dearest friends when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

Then let us love and serve the Lord
With all our youthful powers,
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.