

Marching to Zion

Amy Grant

Come ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet acc
ord.

And thus surround the throne, and thus surround the throne.

We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion; the beautiful city of God

Then let our songs a bound and every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground; weæ□@e marching throu
gh Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high, to fairer worlds on high.

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We're marching upward to Zion; the beautiful city of God

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