

Come, All Whoe'er Have Set
by Charles Wesley

1 COME, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return;
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all, is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.