

Come, Let Us Anew Our Journey Pursue
By Charles Wesley

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear,
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here,
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!"
"Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!"