

How Weak The Thoughts, And Vain
by Charles Wesley

1 HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men!
Men who, fixed to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee?
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shattered earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own
Which cannot be o'erthrown;
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immovably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand:
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansion there;
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers
(Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepared;
Purchased by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
The place for us designed;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here;
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear!

7 High on thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down!
In the new Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end!