

Jesus, My All, to Heaven Is Gone
John Cennick, 1743.
William Bradbury, 1861.

Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Lo! Glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

The original has 4-line stanzas; here are the third through fifth:

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No ravenous tiger shall be there.

No nothing may go up thereon
But traveling souls, and I am one:
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.

Nor fools, by carnal men esteemed,
Shall err therein; but they redeemed
In Jesus' blood, shall show their right
To travel there, till Heaven's in sight.