

O Glorious Hope of Perfect Love  
John/Charles Wesley, 1742.  
From Mozart.

O glorious hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above;  
It bears on eagles' wings.  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesus' priests and kings,  
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the lands below.  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow,  
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil;  
Favored with God's peculiar smile,  
With ev'ry blessing blest;  
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps His own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest,  
And everlasting rest.

Oh, that I might at once go up;  
No more on this side of Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
A howling wilderness,  
A howling wilderness!