

How Happy Every Child of Grace
By:Rev. Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
From: Funeral Hymns, Second Series, 1759
Tune:Edgbaston
Comp:Alfred R. Gaul, 1896

1)How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven!
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O! By faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2)A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! The bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3)To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Savior stands,
My merciful High-priest,
And still extends His wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

4)O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled. Amen.