

How Weak the Thoughts, and Vain
By: Rev. Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
From: Hymns Occasioned by the Earthquake, 1850
Tune: Irene
Comp: Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704

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) 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!

6) 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. Amen.