

How Happy Are the Little Flock  
By Charles Wesley

How happy are the little flock,  
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,  
In all commotions rest!  
When war's and tumult's waves run high,  
Removed above the storm they lie,  
They lodge in Jesus' breast,  
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

Such happiness, O Lord, have we,  
By mercy gathered into Thee,  
Before the floods descend:  
And while the bursting clouds come down,  
We mark the vengeful day begun,  
And calmly wait the end,  
And calmly wait the end.

The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
Our Savior's swift approach declare,  
And bid our hearts arise;  
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;  
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,  
To meet Thee in the skies,  
To meet Thee in the skies.

Thy tokens we with joy confess:  
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace,  
The earthquake speaks Thy power,  
The famine all Thy fullness brings,  
The plague presents Thy healing wings,  
And nature's final hour,  
And nature's final hour.

Whatever ills the world befall,  
A pledge of endless good we call,  
A sign of Jesus near;  
His chariot will not long delay,  
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
Triumphant Lord, appear!  
Triumphant Lord, appear!

Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,  
Thy word and mystery to fulfill,  
Thy confessors to approve,  
Thy members on Thy throne to place,  
And stamp Thy name on every face,  
In glorious, heavenly love!  
In glorious, heavenly love!