

Sweet Place; Sweet Place Alone!  
by Charles Wesley

1 SWEET place; sweet place alone!  
The court of God most high,  
The heaven of heavens, the throne  
Of spotless majesty!  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

2 The stranger homeward bends,  
And sigheth for his rest:  
Heaven is my home, my friends  
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

3 Earth's but a sorry tent,  
Pitched but a few frail days,  
A short-leased tenement;  
Heaven's still my song, my praise.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

4 No tears from any eyes  
Drop in that holy choir:  
But death itself there dies,  
And sighs themselves expire.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

5 There should temptations cease,  
My frailties there should end.  
There should I rest in peace  
In the arms of my best friend.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?  
==4-6s & 2-8s. SECOND PART

6 JERUSALEM on high  
My song and city is,  
My home whene'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

7 Thy walls, sweet city! thine  
With pearls are garnished,  
Thy gates with praises shine,  
Thy streets with gold are spread.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

8 No sun by day shines there,  
No moon by silent night.  
O no! these needless are;  
The Lamb's the city's light.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

9 There dwells my Lord, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live;  
There angels to him sing,  
And lowly homage give.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

10 The patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease:  
The prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of peace.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

11 The Lamb's apostles there  
I might with joy behold:  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

12 The bleeding martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found;  
All clothed in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crowned.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

13 Ah me! ah me! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay;  
No place like this on high;  
Thither, Lord! guide my way.  
O happy place! When shall I be,  
My God, with thee, To see thy face?