

O How Happy Are They Who the Savior Obey

Charles Wesley, 1749.

William Monk(1823-1889)

O how happy are they
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

On the wings of His love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe,
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

I rode on the sky,
Freely justified !!
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

O the rapturous height
Of the holy delight,
Which I felt in the life giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.