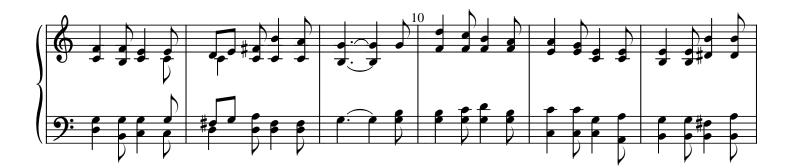
How happy every child of grace







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, Which yet by faith I see, The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepared for me."

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. 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 Saviour stands, My merciful High-priest, And still extends His wounded hands To take me to His breast.

O what a blessèd 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.

Charles Wesley