

OUR special day, O Lord, has come
That calls us to Thy earthly home,
Thy glories to proclaim;
With joy the summons we attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And call upon Thy name.

- 2 We see with faith's enraptured eyes
The Heaven-built towers of Zion rise,
The works of God survey;
We think of mansions that contain
Angels and saints, a glorious train,
Shining with cloudless day.
- 3 There from the earth's remotest end,
All the redeemed of God ascend,
Their triumph-song to sing;
There, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
They hail the immortal King.
- 4 There in Thy house not made with hands
May we amid the heavenly bands
Thy glorious name adore;
There all Thy works of grace resound
When of *this* house no trace is found,
And time shall be no more.

*James Merrick, 1720-69,
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823*