

WHAT sinners value, I resign:
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 Life is a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Has joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake in wonder there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748