

HARK! a voice divides the sky—
Happy are the faithful dead
Who in Jesus sweetly die,
Who from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit has declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

- 2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Lord has gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace has opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and prepared for Heaven.
- 3 Borne into the world above,
Angels bright the saints shall greet,
Bear them to the throne of love,
Place them at the Saviour's feet;
Jesus smiles, and says, 'Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou;
Enter, and receive thy crown,
Reign with the triumphant now.'

Charles Wesley, 1707-88