

AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
That city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction, or sin,
Nor shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever has stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And shines with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is darkened by night,
For there Jesus' people display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus unspeakably one,
And bright in His radiance divine.